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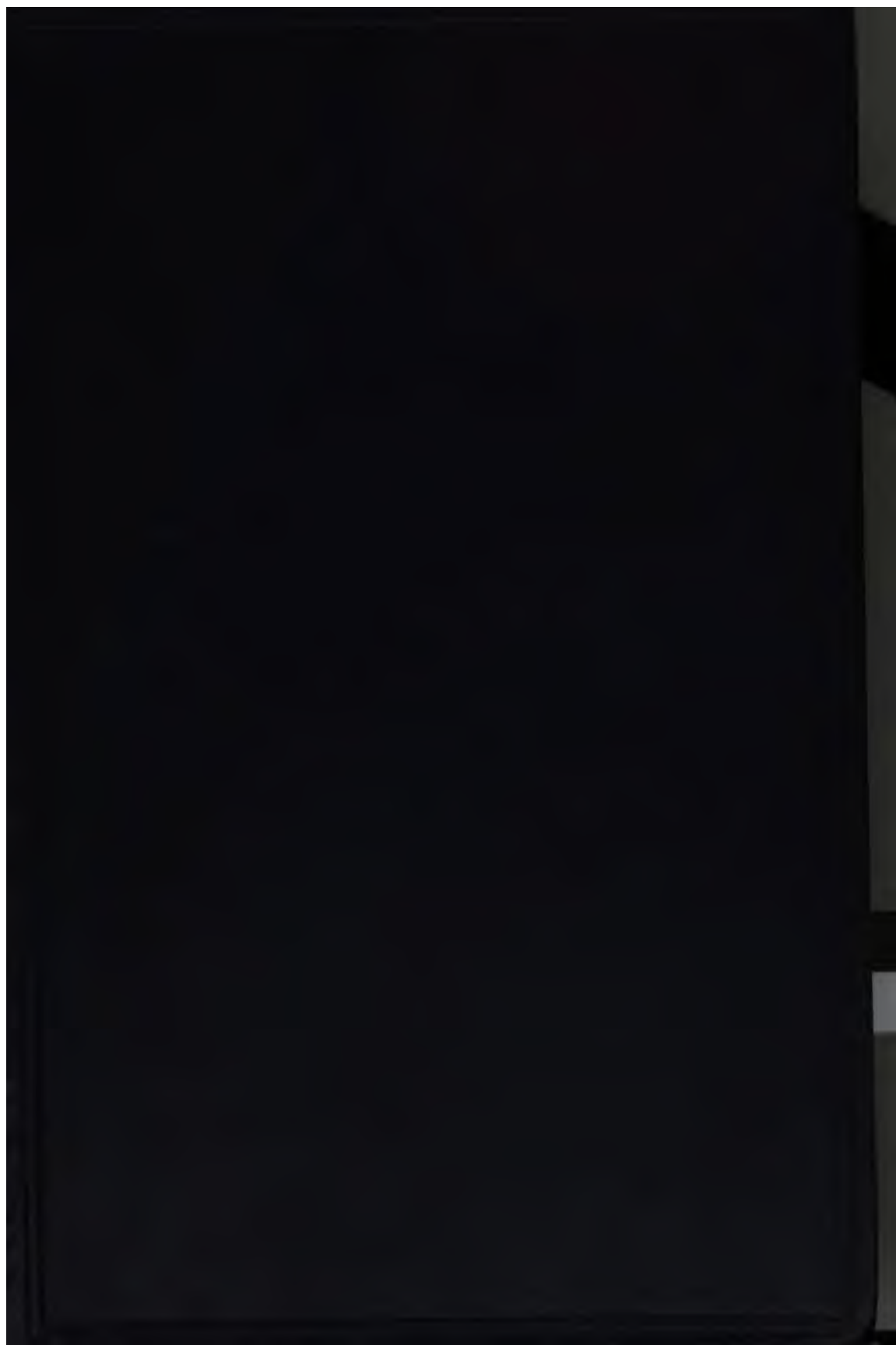
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**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
TORU DUTT**

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BY FREDERICK HALL



Fors. Dalt.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF TORU DUTT

BY

HARIHAR DAS

WITH A FOREWORD BY

THE RIGHT HON. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P.



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**THIS MEMOIR
OF HER BELOVED INDIAN FRIEND
TORU DUTT
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
MARY E. R. MARTIN
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF
HER TENDER SYMPATHY**

Mais elle étoit du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

WORDSWORTH.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth :
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

TENNYSON.

FOREWORD

THE subject of this volume is an Indian girl who, dying at the age of twenty-one, has left behind her a legacy in verse and prose which, quite apart from its true and delicate poetic quality, constitutes an amazing feat of precocious literary craftsmanship. Toru Dutt was a poet with a rare genius for the acquisition of languages not her own. In her all too brief life she mastered Sanskrit and wrote in French and English with a grace, a facility, and an individual distinction which have given her rank among the authentic voices of Western literature. Her ear, indeed, sometimes betrayed her. On points of diction she was not always beyond reproach. Here and there in the *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan* or in her amazing renderings from the French poets, we come across a word, a phrase, a discord, which remind us that the poet was not of our race or speech, and much the same has been said of her French prose romance by those best qualified to judge of it. Yet when every deduction has been made for unessential blemishes, this child of the green valley of the Ganges has by sheer force of native genius earned for herself the right to be enrolled in the great fellowship of English poets.

I do not think that there was ever a mystery about the character of this frail and sensitive Indian lady.

Even were nothing known of the external facts of her life, we should have been able to infer from her published writings the essential qualities of a nature, pure, innocent, religious, alive to beauty in all its forms, and capable of a wide range of appreciation in the field of poetic literature. The pious labours of Mr. Das have now added some welcome and altogether attractive touches. They show us how devoid was Toru of the foibles often attaching to the literary character, how exempt from ostentation, vanity, self-consciousness, how childlike and eager, with how warm a glow of affection she embraced her friends, how free was her composition from all bitter and combustible elements. They enable us also to realize how much she was helped by the fact of her Christian training to an appreciation of certain aspects of Western literature (her love of *Paradise Lost* and Lamartine are illustrations) not usually congenial to the Indian mind, and how personal friendships formed during a girlhood spent partly in France and partly in England united to strengthen her hold upon the essential soul of the two languages in which she wrought. It is pleasant too to learn more of that garden home in Calcutta which is described in 'Our Casuarina Tree', one of the loveliest of the lyrics contained in the *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*. Here is a *vignette* taken from one of her letters :

'The night was clear, the moon resplendent, one or two stars glimmering here and there; before us stretched the long avenue bordered with high casuarinas, very like the poplars of England, dim in the distance the gateway; around us the thick mango groves; the tall

betel-nut trees, straight "like arrows shot from heaven"; the cocoanut palms with their proud waving plumes of green foliage, and all wrapped in a sweet and calm silence.'

Yet it is characteristic that all this tropical loveliness never completely contents or confines her. Home, after all, is in part exile. She cannot forget the beloved West, the enchantments of frost and snow, the delicate landscapes of France, the vivid, eager College life at Cambridge. In comparison with the stir and bustle of the West, the days in India seemed monotonous and without event. So in the midst of the profuse splendours of the East her thoughts continually reach out to that other home beyond the Ocean, which travel and study had made so dear to her, as, for example, to the world (known only through books) of the Brontë sisters, living 'among the lonely wild moors of Yorkshire, all three so full of talent, yet living so solitary amid those Yorkshire wolds,' or to the days which stood out with such cameo-like distinctness in her memory, when she enjoyed the free life of a student by the banks of the Cam, passing 'nice cosy evenings' with her friend, and on Sundays drinking deep draughts of music from the College organ. In the long history of the contact and interfusion of East and West, I doubt whether there is a figure more encouraging or significant.

H. A. L. FISHER.

April 3, 1920.

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H. A. L. FISHER.

April 3, 1920.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

BIOGRAPHY is a subject which until recently Indian writers have somewhat neglected. The whole trend of India's history and philosophy has been against it. This is of itself sufficient to account for the fact that, although it is now forty-three years since Toru Dutt's death, no biography of her has yet been written. But now that India is beginning to realize her own solidarity as an Empire, along with the birth of this consciousness she has begun to cherish the memory of those who have added to the literary wealth, not only of India, but also of the world.

I feel, then, that no further apology is needed from me for this attempt to do honour to an Indian maiden, in truth an 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown', in view not only of what was lost to the world through her early death, but also of the comparative oblivion into which her name has sunk.

It was during boyhood, in my native village at Sidhipasa, that I first heard the name of Toru Dutt from a student in whose examination text-book her poem 'Buttoo' was included. After reading these verses a desire to know something of its author was immediately born in me—a desire that was for several

years to remain unsatisfied. Then, on glancing through a Bengali book, which contained sketches of famous Indian women, I found one of Toru Dutt. It was, however, so incomplete that it merely served to whet my appetite for still further knowledge.

A few years later, on scanning the titles of the books in my father's library, I found a beautiful volume entitled *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* by Toru Dutt. Seizing it eagerly, I found in it a prefatory memoir written by her father. Even this was not full enough to allay my thirst for a thorough acquaintance with the biography of my heroine, and at this juncture the idea of writing myself what I could not find elsewhere began to take shape in my mind.

In December 1911, I began the task of collecting materials for the biography, and was fortunate in obtaining an introduction to some of Toru Dutt's relatives in Calcutta. Through them I was placed in touch with Miss Martin, who had known Toru intimately in Cambridge. In reply to my request for reminiscences, she wrote, 'I am much interested in hearing that you are wishing to bring out a memoir of my dear friend, Toru Dutt; I have already begun my notes for it. It is very wonderful after these many years of silence, that people should be beginning to think of her again.'

Miss Martin's visit to India in the winter of 1913 gave me an invaluable opportunity of gaining the information I sought. Through her kindness I am able to publish Toru's letters, which had been treasured with zealous

care for so many years. My indebtedness to Miss Martin for her unvarying kindness in giving me access to all the available material in her possession, in addition to her constant and stimulating encouragement, cannot be over-estimated. Suffice it to say, that without this help the biography would never have been written. The correspondence between Toru and Mlle Bader concerning her *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique* has been translated and added to the appendix.

I should like to thank my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barun Chunder Dutt, and other members of the Dutt family who have supplied me with useful information. Grateful acknowledgements too are due to another friend, Principal E. J. Thompson, B.A., M.C., of the Wesleyan College, Bankura, Bengal, who has revised the MS. and written the supplementary review which appears in this book. Mr. P. C. Lyon, C.S.I., sometime Member for Education on the Bengal Executive Council, the late Bishop Lefroy of Calcutta, and my friend Mr. G. C. Ghose, President, Christian Convention League, Bengal, have also laid me under a debt by their kindness in giving advice, encouragement, and many valuable suggestions.

I have also to thank Mr. Edmund Gosse for permission to quote from the Introductory Memoir to the *Ancient Ballads of Hindustan*, and the following publishers for permission to quote from the books mentioned after their names: Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (*The Dutt Family Album*); Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. (*Ancient Ballads of Hindustan*); and

Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. (Mr. R. W. Frazer's
Literary History of India).

‘Read no history: nothing but biography, for that is life without theory,’ said Disraeli, and I venture to commend this Memoir to my readers, in the hope that they may find in it an illustration of the truth of that maxim.

H. DAS.

LONDON.

January 20, 1920.

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CHAPTER I

THE DUTT FAMILY

AMONG the poets whom the gods have loved there are, surely, few more remarkable than Toru Dutt. Writing in a foreign language, seeking her models in a foreign literature, interpreting a foreign religion, she built up in three years an eternity of fame. In an Introductory Memoir prefixed to Toru's *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote in 1881 : ' If Toru Dutt were alive, she would still be younger than any recognized European writer, and yet her fame, which is already considerable, has been entirely posthumous.' The great French critic James Darmesteter says of her: ' This daughter of Bengal, so admirably and so strangely gifted, Hindu by race and tradition, an Englishwoman by education, a Frenchwoman at heart, poet in English, prose-writer in French ; who at the age of eighteen made India acquainted with the poets of France in the rhyme of England, who blended in herself three souls and three traditions, and died at the age of twenty (*sic*), in the full bloom of her talent and on the eve of the awakening of her genius, presents in the history of literature a phenomenon without parallel.'

It will interest the reader to learn something about the family from which the poet descended, more especially as genius must derive much of its form, if not its force, from the environment in which it has been nurtured. The following summary will show that Toru Dutt owed something to her ancestry, and that the gift of poesy may have been inherited from her father Govin Chunder Dutt, who with his brothers had embraced Christianity under circumstances that will be described in their due place. Govin Chunder was a man of large views, great sympathy, and freedom from prejudice, and possessed a remarkable command of the English tongue. He contributed a great number of his own verses to the *Dutt Family Album*, and of him it might almost be said that ' he lisped in numbers for the numbers came '. Toru Dutt thus breathed in her infancy an

atmosphere in which lofty thoughts naturally found rhythmical expression.

The Dutts of Rambagan are an old and well-known *Kayastha* Hindu family of Calcutta.¹ The early home of the family was at Ajapur in the district of Burdwan, where Nilmoni Dutt, one of the patriarchs of the family, was born on the 3rd January, 1757. We do not possess any reliable information as to the time when the Dutts left Ajapur for Calcutta, but we know that while one branch of the family went to Burdwan, Nilmoni Dutt's father migrated to Calcutta and finally settled there. Nilmoni Dutt was a distinguished resident of Calcutta during the latter part of the eighteenth century, that is, shortly after the foundation of the British power in Bengal. It is said that Nilmoni threw his house open to all sorts of guests and was famous far and wide for his hospitality. Pious Brahmins and others who went every day to perform their ablutions in the sacred stream of the Ganges gathered at Nilmoni's house on their return and received a warm welcome. The foremost citizens of Calcutta regarded him as one of their chief friends. Maharaja Navakissen of Sobhabazar and Maharaja Nandkumar were constant visitors at his house. His opinions were so liberal and he himself was so sympathetic that many prominent Englishmen even among the Christian missionaries were his friends. When the missionary² William Carey was destitute and without a home, harassed by his wife's insanity and his children's illness, Nilmoni gave him a home in his garden-house at Manicktollah. Carey never forgot the deed, and long afterwards, when his benefactor was in poverty, returned the kindness. A well-known, honest, hospitable, and kind-hearted man, he lived the blameless life of a Hindu of the highest class in the eighteenth century. Orthodox in his principles, he never omitted to perform the usual *Pujas* and ceremonies enjoined by the Hindu *Shastras*, and spent money lavishly in alms and charities. He died in the early part of the nineteenth century.

In tracing the various influences which help to form people's

¹ For this and other facts about the Dutt family see *The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt*, by J. N. Gupta, M.A., I.C.S. (Dent, 1911.)

² See p. 83 of the *Life of William Carey*, by George Smith, LL.D., John Murray, London, 1885.

characters in this world, it is sometimes necessary to go far back in order to estimate the value of the forces acting on future generations. In the days of the East India Company and afterwards, when the knowledge of English was in its infancy, it would have required a prophet's foresight to predict the extraordinary revolution in Indian thought and literature which was to result from the general dissemination of the English language. It was the failure to estimate the influences of the future which caused the controversy between the Orientalists and the Anglicists, resulting as every one knows, in the triumph of the latter in 1833. The latter party were clearly of opinion that, in order to ensure progress in the Arts and Sciences, to build up national greatness and to keep abreast of the enlightened peoples of the West, it was necessary that English should be made the vehicle of instruction in the East ; and teaching on the lines laid down by the master-minds of England would assuredly tend to bring about the much-desired result in India. A study of the writings of the great Sanskrit and Arabic authors was looked upon as merely subsidiary to the real end of education. It was in connexion with this controversy, that Lord Macaulay wrote his famous minute of 1835 in which he said : ' What Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India.' Sir John Seeley referring to Macaulay's minute says, ' Never was there a more momentous question discussed.' But even before the publication of Macaulay's Minute advising the use of the English language for purposes of higher education, other influences tending in the same direction were already at work. David Hare founded the Hindu College in January 1817, and so gave an impetus to the study of English literature in Bengal. Carey founded the Serampore College in 1818 mainly with a view to Christian enlightenment. But it was reserved for a European missionary, in the person of Dr. Duff, when establishing his scheme for the education of the youth of Calcutta in 1830, to set forth the effect that the English tongue would have on the religious atmosphere of India. Dr. George Smith¹ remarks that Dr. Duff had argued years

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before that ' what the Christian Reformation did for Europe through the Greek tongue, the Roman Law, and the Bible in the vernaculars, it would similarly do for India and Further Asia through the English language and the British administration. It is difficult to say whether he showed more genius in instinctively seizing the position in 1830, in working out the parallel down to 1835, or in influencing the Indian Government and the British public by his heaven-born enthusiasm and fiery eloquence.'

Moreover, apart from the ideals of higher education as conceived by Dr. Duff and others, the growing trade of Calcutta was causing the practical importance of the English language to be felt in commercial and Government circles. 'Interpreters, clerks, copyists, and agents of a respectable class were in demand, alike by the Government and the great mercantile houses.'

Among the leading Bengali gentlemen in Calcutta at that time were Raja Ram Mohun Roy, founder of the Brahmo Somaj, one of the earliest fruits of the new educational movement, who had gained a first-hand knowledge of the Bible by the study of Greek and Hebrew ; Dwarkanath Tagore¹ and his cousin, Prosunno Kumar Tagore ;² Ram Komul Sen ;³ Ram Gopal Ghose ;⁴ and Rasamoy Dutt, at that time 'Banian' to Messrs. Cruttenden, Mackillop and Co. The last mentioned was the most distinguished of the three sons of Nilmoni Dutt,

¹ Dwarkanath Tagore was the father of Maharshi Debendranath Tagore and grandfather of our poet, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. He was among the most enlightened Indians of his time and a friend of the great Raja Ram Mohun Roy. He was well known for his princely and charitable disposition. He died in London in 1846, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

² Prosunno Kumar Tagore was a big landholder and lawyer. It was he who founded the Tagore Law Lectureship in the University of Calcutta. His statue now adorns the portico of the Senate House of the University.

³ Ram Komul Sen was 'Dewan' of the Bank of Bengal. He distinguished himself as the author of the *English and Bengali Dictionary* which was published by the Serampore Press in 1834, and dedicated to Lord William Bentinck.

⁴ Ram Gopal Ghose was a partner of the firm of Messrs. Kelsall, Ghose and Co. He became famous rather as a public speaker than as a literary man. He obtained a seat in the Council of Education through the influence of Mr. Bethune, and was an influential member of the British Indian Association.

great-grandfather of Toru Dutt. All these personages were great friends, and, being conversant with English culture, were amongst the most active in spreading English education among their countrymen. The British Government welcomed the participation of such influential Bengalis as these in spreading English education and in the adoption of other measures calculated to promote it, and soon came to appreciate the brilliant abilities of Rasamoy Dutt. He was appointed Honorary Secretary to the Hindu College Committee and afterwards Judge of the Small Cause Court, then a position of the highest trust and responsibility. Later, he was made a Commissioner to the Court of Requests. He led the way in all public movements during the first part of the nineteenth century, and was a staunch advocate of the cause of education at a time when few people in Bengal recognized that in that direction lay the line of most useful service to the motherland. He had a rare and choice collection of English books, and created in his children that remarkable devotion to English literature which distinguishes the family to this day. He was catholic in his views, and opposed the extravagance in connexion with Hindu *Pujas* and ceremonials which had involved his father in pecuniary difficulties. He was consequently in bad odour with the Brahmins and other orthodox people. The life of Rasamoy Dutt constitutes a landmark in the history of the transformation of Hindu society under the influence of the English. He died on the 14th May, 1854.

Rasamoy Dutt had five sons—Kishen Chunder, Koilash Chunder, Govin Chunder, Hur Chunder, and Girish Chunder, of whom Govin Chunder became the best known. In describing the early life and times of Govin Chunder we should say something about the English professors who moulded in a large measure the character and aspirations of the rising generation and who made India the land of their adoption. Govin was a pupil of the celebrated Professor Richardson of the Hindu College.

David Lester Richardson, better known as Captain Richardson, came out to India in the service of the East India Company in 1819. Although he was a soldier by profession, his natural

inclinations were towards literature. He soon severed his connexion with the army and devoted himself to the cause of education. In 1836 through the influence of Lord William Bentinck, at that time Governor-General of India, he joined the staff of the Hindu College, Calcutta. He had already made some mark as a man of letters by publishing poems and contributing to the literary periodicals of the day. Richardson's works, particularly his *Literary Leaves*, exerted a more profound influence on the immediately subsequent generation in Bengal than those of any other contemporary writer. His poetry and the polish of his style elicited admiration from all interested in literature and were largely responsible for the efforts of the Bengalis of his day in the direction of English scholarship. He excelled as a teacher. All the leading artists connected with the theatres of Calcutta made a point of taking lessons from him in the recitation of Shakespeare, and even Lord Macaulay is reported to have said to him, 'I can forget everything of India, but not your reading of Shakespeare.' Like Mr. Henry Vivian Derozio, one of his predecessors at the Hindu College, he aimed at developing the minds of his pupils. But there was an essential difference between the methods of these two great teachers; Derozio sought to stimulate the thinking powers of the students committed to his charge by discussing social, moral, political, and religious questions, whereas Richardson confined himself to the literary aspects of education and attempted to awaken the dormant energies of the mind by creating in his students a true literary taste, which would enable them to appreciate graces of style. Both, being poets and thinkers, were well calculated to inspire their young pupils with noble and lofty thoughts.

The teaching of Professor Richardson exercised a wholesome influence on the future life of Govin Chunder. Among his contemporaries signally distinguished in the field of literature and other callings, were Michael Madhusudan Dutt,¹ Peary Charan

¹ Michael Madhusudan Dutt, born at Sagardari in the district of Jessore. He was educated at the Hindu College and afterwards at Bishop's College, where he was baptized. He became early known to the world of letters by an English poem 'The Captive Ladie', and later on by that marvellous creation of fancy *The Megnadh Badh*, the first successful attempt at Bengali blank verse. He is sometimes called the Milton of Bengal.



MR. GOVIN CHUNDER DUTT

Sirrear,¹ Ganendra Mohun Tagore,² Bhudeb Mookerjee,³ Bhola-nath Chunder.⁴ Govin Chunder was a proficient linguist, and he added to this a talent for poetry. A small volume of English verses composed by him at an early age received an appreciative review from *Blackwood's Magazine*. *The Calcutta Review* for December 1849, in a critical notice of his poems and those of his brothers and his cousin Shosee Chunder, singled him out for special commendation. These early productions of his, with additions, and others by his two brothers and a nephew, were published in England in 1870 in a handsome little volume under the title of *The Dutt Family Album*. He married Kshetramoni Mitter, daughter of Babu Brindaban Mitter, a son-in-law of the well-known Dutt family of *Hatkhola*. She knew the vernacular well and was well versed in Hindu Mythology, and although at the time of her marriage her knowledge of English was very limited, in later years she translated from English into Bengali a book, *The Blood of Jesus*, which was published by the Tract and Book Society of Calcutta. Her philanthropy was well known, and after her death in 1900 she left a handsome contribution towards the building of the Oxford Mission Church at Barisal, one of the finest in Bengal.

Govin Chunder held a high post under the Government of India and was afterwards promoted to the position of Assistant Comptroller-General of Accounts, which he soon resigned, owing to his claims not finding recognition at the hands of the superior authorities, for at that time they hardly did justice to the merits of their Bengali subordinates, being obsessed by the notion that the latter were unwilling to transplant themselves far from their place of birth. But Govin Chunder was a man of independent spirit, and offered to serve the Government anywhere they pleased to appoint him. He was

¹ Peary Charan was a Senior scholar of the Hindu College. He was Editor of the *Education Gazette*, and was for some time a Professor of the Presidency College, where he distinguished himself as a teacher.

² Ganendra Mohun Tagore was the first Bengali barrister, and also Professor of Bengali language and Hindu Law in the University College, London, from 1860-6.

³ Inspector of Schools in Behar and North Central Divisions, Bengal.

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accordingly transferred to Bombay ; but this not bringing him the promotion he had been led to expect, he threw up his post the very same year. Being now free to follow his own inclinations, he devoted himself to the cultivation of letters and to the prosecution of religious studies. Later in life he was an Honorary Magistrate and a Justice of the Peace in Calcutta, and was also made a Fellow of the University. His disposition was gentle, and his erudition and literary attainments place him in the front rank of Indian writers of English in those days. He became a Christian, together with all his family. As a fuller account of these conversions to Christianity may be of interest, we quote the following extract from a letter sent home by Dr. W. S. Mackay dated Calcutta, 29th June, 1854 :¹

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I regarded him as one of my dearest friends. The father of our dear Toru Dutt had a deep affection for me, and this, he used to say, made him always associate my name with his daughter's memory. His great soul, warm heart, and high mind, revealed themselves strongly in his letters, and above all, his firm and valiant faith, which on his death-bed was the support of his last moments as it had been during his life. The Attorney-at-Law,¹ who in Mrs. Dutt's name wrote to announce our friend's death, described with eloquent brevity the religious beauty of that supreme moment: 'A word or two, indicative of firm trust in God, an assurance, twice repeated, that he departed in charity with all, and everything was over.' You are right, dear Mademoiselle, he is happy, happy in having at last rejoined the dear and well-beloved children whom he was longing with such courageous patience to see again. In endeavouring to console his widow, I could only quote from himself the beautiful words of resignation found in his letters. It seemed that thus she might hear again the beloved voice, for ever silenced on earth. . . . May the memory of our dear Calcutta friends now passed away form a link between us, dear Mademoiselle. With my best sympathy,

CLARISSE BADER.

The life of Govin Chunder Dutt and the history of the Dutt family would be incomplete without a brief reference to the careers of the other members of his family. Hur Chunder his fourth brother and Girish Chunder his youngest brother shared his inheritance of literary taste and his poetic gifts. Hur Chunder was a regular contributor to the pages of the *Bengal Magazine* and the author of two beautiful works entitled *Writings, Spiritual, Moral and Poetic* and *Heart Experience or Thoughts for Each Day of the Month*. Girish Chunder's best work is his *Cherry Blossoms*. Having been the chief instrument in bringing the whole Dutt family within the fold of Christianity, the name of Abraham was bestowed on him by his niece, Toru. Mrs. Barton has written a few lines from her recollections, for the present memoir, which bear testimony to the literary and spiritual attainments of both Mr. and Mrs. Girish Chunder Dutt. 'Girish Babu was such a cultivated man, and taught his wife both French and German. One day Mr. Barton called and found them both reading Schiller.

¹ Mr. N. C. Bose, a second cousin of Toru—the well-known attorney-at-law of the Calcutta High Court.

Girish Babu said " God has denied us children, so these are our children ". And, turning to his wife he said, " Show Mr. Barton how many of these classics we have read. " She got up shyly and ran her fingers along a shelf containing twelve or twenty volumes.'

The cousin of Govin Chunder, the ' estimable ' Rai Shosee Chunder Dutt Bahadur, was a voluminous writer in English. He continued to be a voracious reader almost to the last moment of his life. His *Historical Studies* are his best-known work. Of his minor works, *The Reminiscences of a Kerani's Life* are the most interesting. Shosee Chunder's work bears the impress of an original and independent mind. His ' Vision of Sumeru ' and ' My Native Land ' are two of his best poems. Mr. J. N. Gupta tells us in his *Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt* that ' the success of Shosee Chunder as a writer lay, said the *Indian Echo*, in the extreme ease and felicity of his style, directness of narrative, brilliant anecdote, quiet humour, and chaste sentiment '. His services for thirty-four years as Head Assistant in the Bengal Secretariat were recognized by successive Lieutenant-Governors. On his retirement the title of *Rai Bahadur* was conferred on him, a mark of distinction bestowed in those days only on the most distinguished men.

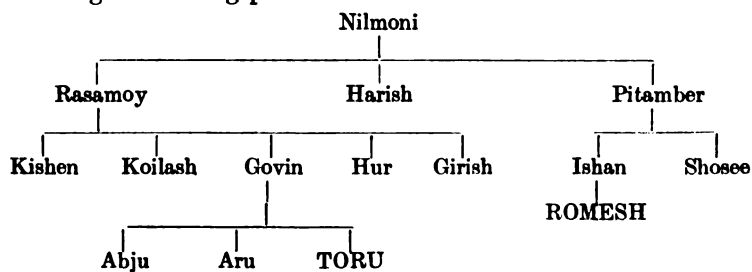
Omesh Chunder Dutt, also well known as a French and German scholar, was a nephew of Govin Chunder. He wrote original verses in English and made metrical translations from some of the French and German poets. The major portion of the poems in the *Dutt Family Album* is his work.

The literary mantle of the Dutt family latterly fell on the shoulders of Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E., one of the ablest members of the Indian Civil Service, and also one of the greatest administrators that Bengal has ever produced. His literary abilities were unquestionably of a very high order. Romesh Chunder's first Bengali novel *Banga-Bijeta*, a tale of the times of Akbar ; *Madhavi-Kankan*, which he afterwards translated into English under the title of *The Slave Girl of Agra* ; *Rajput Jivan-Sandhya* ; and two social novels *Sonsar* and *Somaj*, the first of which he translated into English as *The Lake of Palms* :— all these works have passed through several editions in Bengali,

and all combine to place him in the front rank of Indian novelists. In consequence of the love he bore to his mother tongue, he was reluctant to accede to entreaties to translate his works into English, although he was as facile with his pen in English as in Sanskrit and Bengali. His translation of the *Rig Veda* into Bengali, and those invaluable works, *The History of Civilization in Ancient India*, *The Literature of Bengal* (in English), besides his translations from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* into English verse forming part of the published collection of the Temple Classics, afford evidence of the spirit of research into ancient literature which pervades his later writings.

Enough has been said to show that the Dutts of Rambagan far excelled the other aristocratic families of Bengal in their intelligence and literary culture. They did not share in the general belief that English education served only to undermine the deep-rooted ancient faiths and the ideals of life cherished by the Indian people ; they saw in it the hope of a new intellectual life and a means of gradually uplifting the whole nation. Poetry seemed to be as natural to them as song to birds. Indeed, it was a happy expression of Professor Richardson's when he styled them ' The Rambagan nest of singing-birds '.

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CHAPTER II

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TORU, the youngest of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Govin Chunder Dutt, was born in her father's house in Rambagan, 12, Manicktollah Street, in the very heart of Calcutta, on the 4th of March, 1856. 'The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day' is peculiarly true in her case. The intelligence shown in her early years, while going through the alphabet and the rudimentary parts of education under the eyes of her loving father, foreshadowed her astonishing literary achievement. Her mother exercised great influence over the formation of her children's characters, and the old songs and stories of the country recited by her had an irresistible attraction for Toru and fired her youthful imagination. At the same time Mrs. Dutt inspired in her heart a deep reverence for Christ. The glimpses we get of Toru in those early years gave promise of those Christian graces with which she became so richly endowed in after life. The intense reality of religion to children is not always appreciated. The following anecdote brings us face to face with one of the difficult problems of Christian ethics: When Toru was five years old, one day as they were playing together, her elder sister Aru said to her, 'You are a Christian, are you not? It is written in the Bible that, if any one smites you on one cheek, you must turn the other also. Now, supposing any one struck you on one cheek, would you be able to turn the other to him?' Toru replied, 'Yes, I should.' Aru immediately gave Toru a hard smack on her cheek. Toru burst out crying, but did not retaliate.

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' He used to teach us English when we were quite young. As children, we were very fond of him ; and older, that affection grew, mixed with esteem. He was gentle, yet so firm, during lessons. He is such a truly Christian man and sympathizes in all our joys and sorrows. How we used to try and wile away lesson time, by chatting, talking about trifles ! But he never allowed us to chat long. We used, I remember, to ask one by one about the health of every one engaged in the Financial Department. How interested and anxious we used to get all at once, about Mr. So-and-so's doings, health, and affairs. We used to read Milton with him latterly ; we read *Paradise Lost* over and over so many times that we had the first book and part of the second book by heart.'

Here were two Bengali sisters deep in the beauties of *Paradise Lost*, and appreciating its wealth of imagery ' far more completely than do most English girls of seventeen '.¹ Toru learnt the art of singing under the care of a European singing mistress, Mrs. Sinaes, and soon grew proficient in it.

Toru's early years were spent in Calcutta and in the country house at Baugmaree—an extensive garden in the suburbs of Calcutta, covering many acres of land and shaded by fruit-trees and having in the centre a comfortable and spacious house, a perfect place for repose and a fitting place for poets. In after life Toru Dutt described the country house and its surrounding garden in a beautiful sonnet. It was the delight of Toru's childhood to spend her holidays there and to share rural sports with her brother and sister.

The photograph facing this page represents Abju standing between the two sisters. Toru, somewhat short for her age, hardly coming up to Aru's shoulders, is gazing with all her might at the camera.

In 1863, the family went by sea to Bombay, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, there being no railway in those days between the two cities. They returned to Calcutta in 1864.

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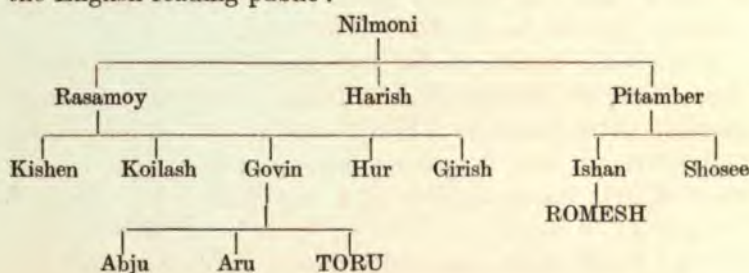
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for Paris is indeed, gainsay it who will, the greatest of all cities in point of beauty, comfort, climate, and cleanliness, taken all in all'. After a prolonged stay in Paris, they started for England, via Boulogne, in the spring of 1870. Mr. Dutt determined this time to travel in a more leisurely way. Boulogne, too, was a place worth stopping at for a while; a quaint old place, of which Thackeray wrote so often.

When they arrived at Boulogne—in Mr. Dutt's words—'on the one hand it appeared such a wretched little maritime town with houses apparently built for sailors only, and on the other hand, the sky seemed so cloudless, the sun so bright, and the sea so calm, that it was unanimously resolved not to delay there a moment, but to cross over at once to England, and take the train at Folkestone for London.' On arriving in London they stayed at the Charing Cross Hotel, and afterwards took a furnished house at Brompton. It was here that Toru began to develop a taste for translating poetry and later wrote poetry herself. Mr. R. C. Dutt, who was then in England preparing for the Competitive Civil Service Examination, describes the times spent with his relatives: 'It is needless to say that I often visited them there, and spent many pleasant hours with my young cousins. Literary work and religious studies were still the sole occupation of Govin Chunder and his family, and they made the acquaintance of many pious Christians.'

In London they knew Sir (then Mr.) George Macfarren, and his wife was their singing mistress. Sir Bartle Frere¹ and his family they also knew very well, and 'many a merry day did Aru and I pass with them at Wimbledon'. Another friend the Dutt's knew very well by correspondence was the Chevalier de Châtelain, a friend of Victor Hugo, and a well-known translator of several of Shakespeare's plays and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

In 1870, *The Dutt Family Album* was published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., with the following preface:

'The writers of the following pages are aware that bad poetry is intolerable, and that mediocre poetry deserves perhaps

¹ Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere, Governor of Bombay from April 1862 to March 1867.

even a harsher epithet. There is a glut of both in the market. But they venture on publication, not because they think their verses good, but in the hope that their book will be regarded, in some respects, as a curiosity. They are foreigners, natives of India, of different ages, and in different walks of life, yet of one family, in whom the ties of blood-relationship have been drawn closer by the holy bond of Christian brotherhood. As foreigners educated out of England, they solicit the indulgence of British critics to poems which on these grounds alone may, it is hoped, have some title to their attention.'

Mr. R. C. Dutt wrote: 'When the *Dutt Family Album* came out, Govin Chunder presented me with a copy, marked out the poems which were his own, and read, almost with tears in his eyes, the verses he had written on his deceased son.'

The sisters passed their days happily in London in reading books and in intercourse with earnest-minded Christians. Of Toru her father wrote: 'She had read more, probably also thought more, and the elder sister generally appeared to follow the lead of the younger; so that I have often been asked by strangers, which of the two is Miss Dutt? . . . It seemed perfectly natural to Aru to fall in the background in the presence of her sister. The love between them was always perfect.'

In another place he says¹:

'Let me recount two scraps of conversation out of a hundred that come crowding into my memory. The scene is in London, and not very long after our arrival there.

'G. C. Dutt. "I say, Aru, you wanted much to see Lord L.² when in Calcutta. Here is Lord L. as our visitor." Lord L. "Did you want to see me—well! and what do you see? (rather pathetically)—an old, broken, weary man. What book is that you have in hand?" Aru. "One of Miss Mulock's novels, *John Halifax*." Lord L. "Ah! you should not read novels too much, you should read histories." No answer from Aru, Toru answering for her sister. "We like to read novels." Lord L. "Why!" Toru (smiling). "Because novels are true, and histories are false."'

With regard to the latter part of this conversation, Mlle Bader

¹ See *The Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*, Calcutta edition.

² According to surviving members of the Dutt family this refers to Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India 1864-9.

observes in the memoir prefixed to Toru's *Le Journal de Mlle d'Arvers* : 'Toru Dutt, in replying with such a paradox, proved a true daughter of this poetical Hindu race who prefer Legend to History.'

Another conversation is quoted as having taken place between Sir Edward Ryan¹ and the sisters :

'Aru. "I often wish, Sir Edward, we had made your acquaintance some years ago." Sir Edward. "Why?" Aru (hesitating). "Well!" Toru (taking up the word). "Because then you could have introduced us—that is Aru's thought, I am sure—to Mr. Justice Talfourd, the author of *Ion*." Sir Edward. "Ah yes! I should have been so happy; *Ion* was played at his house, and there was such a literary company. Everybody of any note in London. But how do you know I was a friend of Talfourd?" Toru. "He mentions you in *Ion*, in the preface, and speaks of your walks together, when life was young, between Ross and Monmouth, or in the deep winding valleys indenting the tableland above Church Stretton, 'or haply by moonlight'—those are his words, I think—in the churchyard of Ross." Sir Edward. "Ah, yes, yes." Toru. "And he mentions you again in his *Vacation Rambles*, when he met you on the continent quite by chance." Sir Edward. "Ah, yes (looking pleased), yes, you seem to have read a great deal."

Both sisters had been assiduous novel-readers.

'It was ever thus', wrote Mr. Dutt, 'that Aru walked under Toru's protection and guidance. The fostering wing of the younger was stretched forth from earliest childhood to protect the more gentle elder sister.' With touching pride in her achievements, Mr. Dutt delights to acknowledge her superiority, laying aside the authority of a father, and deferring to her judgement as one scholar to another. He writes :

'Not the least remarkable trait of Toru's mind was her wonderful memory. She could repeat almost every piece she

¹ Sir Edward Ryan was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Calcutta, from 1833 to 1843, when he retired. He became a Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, 1843, and Vice-chancellor of the University of London, June 1871 to June 1872.

translated by heart, and whenever there was a hitch, it was only necessary to repeat a line of the translation, to put an end to it, and draw out of her lips the whole original poem in its entirety. I have already said, she read much : she read rapidly too, but she never slurred over a difficulty when she was reading. Dictionaries, lexicons, and encyclopædias of all kinds were consulted until it was solved, and a note taken afterwards ; the consequence was that explanations of hard words and phrases imprinted themselves, as it were, in her brain, and whenever we had a dispute about the signification of any expression or sentence in Sanskrit, or French, or German, in seven or eight cases out of ten, she would prove to be right. Sometimes I was so sure of my ground, that I would say, " Well, let us lay a wager ". The wager was ordinarily a rupee. But when the authorities were consulted, she was almost always the winner. It was curious and very pleasant for me to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile, then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek, then perhaps some quotation from Mrs. Barrett Browning, her favourite poetess, like this : " Ah, my gossip, you are older, and more learned, and a man ", or some similar pleasantry.'

Here are some more personal recollections by Mr. Dutt in the *Bengal Magazine*, July 1878, of the time when he and his daughters were all on their way to Sir Edward Ryan's.

'Very pleasant is the journey from Onslow Square. Past Holland House with its glorious reminiscences of Lord and Lady Holland, and Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Rogers. One beloved child says she had seen the very snuffbox which Napoleon gave Lady Holland—at the British Museum, a few days ago—and repeats, in her sweet soft voice, the verses which Byron ridiculed, and which Archdeacon Wrangham translated into Latin so beautifully :

Lady ! reject the gift, 'tis tinged with gore,
These crimson spots a dreadful tale relate.
It has been grasped by an infernal power
And by that hand which sealed young Enghien's fate.

Lady ! reject the gift—beneath its lid
Discord and slaughter and relentless War,
With every plague for wretched man—lie hid,
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

Think on that pile, to Addison so dear,
 Where Sully feasted, and where Rogers' song
 Still flings its music on the festal air,
 And gently leads each Muse and Grace along.

' And another beloved child pulls her father by the sleeve with "Won't they let us see Holland House, if we stop a moment?" Then on, along the road through fields of cabbages and turnips and mangel-wurzel until: "Here we are—Addison Road—this must be it." "Not at home. Sir Edward Ryan has gone out." "Ah, what a pity! Let us leave our cards—we shall call again."

' Next day, just as we had done our breakfast, rat-tat-tat goes the knocker. *Sir Edward*. "I am so sorry I missed you yesterday. You must come again. Will you now come with me in my carriage and see my office, the place where the Civil Service candidates are examined? Would you like to see the Duke, the Secretary of State for India? Not to-day? Well, never mind; but I shall expect to see you at my house very soon." Then long conversation about old times and Indian friends—and then Sir Edward takes his leave.

' A few days after we are in Addison Road again. Sir Edward Ryan is at home and we have a warm welcome. In the vestibule there is a beautiful marble bust of Dwarkanath Tagore. There is an exact copy of this bust in the Town Hall at Calcutta. In the dining-room there is an engraving of Rasamoy Dutt, from the painting by Charles Grant; an oil-painting of Lord Macaulay—the hair combed back, thick, bushy, Walter-Scott-like eyebrows—and a portrait of Lord Auckland. "But you must come and see my library first." So we moved onwards out of the dining-room.

' I think it is Sir John William Kaye, the historian of the Afghan War and the great champion of the late East India Company, who said in an essay in the *Cornhill Magazine* that he had never seen any place more suitably fitted up for the work of a literary man than the library of Lord Macaulay. Was Sir Edward Ryan's library fitted up in imitation of that of his friend, the great historian? I do not know, perhaps it was; certainly it looked a paradise for a literary man. A table near the window—large, clean, free from litter, with a few bundles tied in red tape upon it; another table opposite, with sundry articles thereon, which we did not notice at first, but which were afterwards shown to us by the owner. Book-cases all round the walls rising up to the ceiling, filled with books, and on the top of them, rolled up inside wooden frames, maps

which when pulled out would cover and conceal the book-cases and form a sort of geographical tapestry. One or two globes and telescopes, I think. Not many pictures, one only I remember—an oil-painting of Mr. Babbage (of the calculating machine), who was a relative of Sir Edward Ryan. Glancing over the books I thought the collection complete. Not a history, not a poem, not a novel of any celebrity, wanting; and the whole so beautifully arranged. Sir Edward Ryan let us look at his books for some time. There were many presentation copies from recent authors, living and dead. A copy of Henry Sumner Maine's *Village Communities* was open on a small table in a corner. Sir Edward Ryan, who had evidently been reading it very recently, spoke very highly of it. Then he took us to the table with the mysterious objects to which I have already made a reference. What do you think they were? Masks, a crown, daggers, a sword, false beards, periwigs, and all the small paraphernalia of the stage. There had been amateur theatricals in the house lately. Sir Edward was always stage-struck when in Calcutta, and was one of the warmest patrons of the Chowringhee and Sans Souci theatres, though I do not know that he ever acted himself. Perhaps the office of Chief Justice which he held was the obstacle in his way. Members of the Board of Revenue, like H. M. Parker, or Secretaries thereof, like Henry Torrens, might wear the buskin—but a Chief Justice! He put on one of the masks and donned the crown, to the great amusement of my young ladies. "Had they been to any of the London theatres yet?" "Yes." "Where had they been?" "Drury Lane, the Queen's, the Gaiety, Covent Garden." "Well, and what had they seen?" "Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*." "Ah, that was very good; it had been got up magnificently. What else?" "*Amy Robsart*." "Ah, had they seen *Amy Robsart* at Drury Lane? I was just going to recommend you to take them there. Sir Walter Scott's plot has been altered—I cannot say for the better. It is Varney who falls through the trapdoor and not Amy. Did you enjoy it?" "Yes, Sir Edward, we enjoyed it immensely." Then there was talk of Talfourd and Dickens, and Thackeray, and what not besides. "You at least know"—to the youngest lady in the room—"that Talfourd was a friend of my youth. Dickens I knew." "Yes, he dedicated *Pickwick* to Talfourd, and as Talfourd was so much your friend, we thought you must have known him also." "Oh yes, I knew him, but Thackeray was a very intimate friend." "Thackeray was born in Calcutta and was a relative of Mr. Ritchie, our Advocate-General in Calcutta." "Do you know Thackeray's

daughters ? they are living in your neighbourhood ? ” “ No.” [We did not then. But afterwards we made the acquaintance of Miss Thackeray at the house of the Master¹ of Trinity College in Cambridge.] “ Which of Thackeray’s novels do you like best ? ” “ Oh, *Esmond*, of course.” “ Which do you like ? ” “ *Pendennis*.” “ *Pendennis* is the most popular novel. But surely *Esmond* is far superior as a work of art.” “ I think it is the best novel that ever was written—better than the best of Scott’s—and that surely is high praise.” “ Ah, you are young, you will modify that opinion by-and-by—but Thackeray himself considered it his best work, and Trollope, no mean judge, thinks very, very highly of it. Have you read *The Small House at Allington* ? ” “ Oh yes, and I like it very much. There is nothing sensational in Trollope, that is what I like best in him. His novels are so like ordinary life.” “ Is that praise or censure ? ” “ Well, that is as you take it ; ordinary life is dull and insipid often, so are the novels of Trollope ; sensational stories can only please the young.” “ And what are you ? are you not young ? I consider your father quite a young man. I have seen him when he was younger than you are now. I have got the silver vase still, which you students of the Hindoo College gave me when I came away from India.” Some of the ladies in the house, Sir Edward Ryan’s daughters, having taken entire possession of my womenkind, Sir Edward and I had some conversation on serious subjects—religion, social progress in India, Civil Service Examinations, and the like. He was surprised that myself and all my brothers had become Christians. “ Prosono Coomar Tagore’s son too”, he added thoughtfully ; “ as to social progress”, he continued, “ you have brought such evidence with you, that I can hardly believe my own senses. It is a very great credit.”

Toru was very fond of children, and wrote a characteristic Bengali letter from Brompton, London, on September 26, 1870, to a little cousin in Calcutta. It also shows the poor knowledge she had of her mother tongue, even to the extent of mis-spelling her own name.

¹ Dr. Thompson.

२ अनामिका रक्षाणां प्रसूतिः नरकतः २७ अक्षय्य १८९०.

આમાદ પ્રિય મુકામાલા

ଆଦି ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଶ୍ରୀ ମାର୍ଗ୍ୟା

ਅਰੰਭੁ ਆਰੰਭਿਤੁ ਹੁੰਦਾ। ਆਰੰਭਿ ਮਾਨੁ ਕਥਿਯਾਦੁ ਨਾਮ
 ਏ ਪੁਰੰ ਆਰੰਭੁ ਭੁਲਿਯਾ ਗਿਯਾਦੁ, ਕਿੰਨੁ ਆਰੰਭਿ ਲਾਭੁ
 ਜੇ ਪੁਰੰ ਭੁਲਿਯਾ ਨਾਹੀਦੁ ਏ ਪੁਰੰ ਆਰੰਭੁ ਭੁਲਿ
 ਨਾਹੀ, ਤਾਂਹ ਭੁਲਿਯਾ ਆਰੰਭਿ ਹੁੰ ਆਰੰਭਿਤੁ ਹੁੰਦਾ।
 ਆਰੰਭਿ ਲਾਭੁ ਭੁਲਿ ਨਾਹੀ।

ଆମି ବାହାଲାଏ ଭାଲ ଚିଟି ଲିପିରେ ମାନ୍ୟତା, ଏବଂ
 ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଓ ଲିପିରେ ଦିନୁ ଆମି ମାନ୍ୟତା ଦେଖାଏ ଏବଂ
 ଭାଲ ବାନ୍ଧି, ଏହି କ୍ରମେ ଦେଖାଏ ଏବଂ ଆମି ବାହାଲା
 ନାମ ଲିପିରେ

ଦୁମି ଏହା ଶହାସ ଶହେ ସାହସାଳା ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ହାସିଲୁ,
 ତୋହାର ମାତ୍ର ଶହେ ନା ସହସ୍ର ଶହେ? ଦୁମି କି ଏହା
 ହିସାବି ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ହାସି? ଆଉ ଦୁମି କି ଆମାନ୍ୟ
 ଶଲିଳାତର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାତିଦିନ ସାତ? ଆଉ ମିଳିମିଶ୍ରଣ

ও কৃষ্ণের পূর্ব চাঁকাত, যেমন আমরা থাকিলাম
 চাঁকাত? আর আমরা মড়াখোলা কেমন আনন্দ?
 যে দিনে আমরা চাঁকাতখোলা মড়া খাওয়া? আমরা
 যেদিনে সাক্ষি সুলিমে যেমন আনন্দ? আমরা
 মড়ান যে দিবি জিনে তাঁহার একটি দেহের
 সাক্ষিরে আমরা যে দাঁড়িও দাঁড়িয়া জিয়ালাম, যে
 দেহেদাঁড়ি আমরা একটি মর্জীর পার্শ্বস্থ। জিনে এটি
 সুন্দর দাঁড়িও

আমরা জিনে পানি এতকাল দেহে হইল হইয়া
 লান জিনে, যাঁহার দিগে মরি মরি জিনে যে দিগে
 জিনে দেহে.

আমরা জিনে পানি জিনে, ও জিনে, ও জিনে ও জিনে ও
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 ও জিনে জিনে ও জিনে জিনে; ও জিনে জিনে জিনে
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আমরা জিনে জিনে জিনে জিনে জিনে জিনে ও
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আমরা জিনে জিনে জিনে জিনে

১৮৭০ খ্রিঃ ২৬ জ্যৈষ্ঠ ১৩৭০
১৮৭০ খ্রিঃ ২৬ জ্যৈষ্ঠ ১৩৭০

আমার প্রিয় সুখামালা

আমি তোমার নব সার্থী

অন্য আত্মা দিত হইলাম। আমি যার কথিয়াছিলাম
যে তুমি আমাকে ভালিয়া গিয়াছ, কিন্তু আমি তোমার
নব দ্বারা দেখিতে পারিলাম যে তুমি আমাকে ভাল
নাই, তাহা জানিয়া আমি বহু আত্মা দিত হইলাম।
আমি তোমাকে ভাল নাই।

আমি বাঙালীরা ভাল চিঠি লিখিতে পারিমা, এবং
কখনও লিখিয়া কিন্তু আমি নাই তোমাকে অন্ত
ভাল জানি, এবং কখনও তোমাকে একবারি বাঙালী
নাই লিখিতেছি

তুমি এখন হাজার হাজার বাঙালী জিজ্ঞাসা করিতেছ,
তোমার মায়ের নাম বাবার নাম? তুমি কি এখন
ইংল্যান্ড জিজ্ঞাসা কর? আর তুমি কি আমাকে
কলিকাতার বাটতে প্রত্যাগমন যাও? আর সুস্বাস্ত

ও কৃত্রিম পুত্র হইল, যেমন আশ্রয় পাঠিল
 হইল? আর তোমার মতামতের কোন আছে?
 যে দিনে এখন হঠাৎবিষয় মত পায়? তোমাদের
 যেদিনে সাক্ষি মূল্যের কোন আছে? আশ্রয়
 মতের যে দিবি জিন অংশের একটি দেয়
 সাক্ষির আশ্রয়ে দাঁড়ি দাঁড়িয়া দিয়াছে, যে
 দেয়দাঁড়ি এখন একটি অংশ পাইল। জিন অতি
 সুন্দর দেখিলে

আমার জিন পাই অতিশয় দূর হইল হইল
 হইল জিন, যাঁহা দিবে সব জিনের যে দিবে
 অতি দূর.

আমার প্রথম পুত্র, ও জিন, ও জিন, ও জিন ও
 দিবে মতের অতি, ও অতিশয় ও অতিশয়
 প্রথম দিবে, ও জিনের মত ও মত, ও জিন ও জিন,
 ও জিনের দিবে ও জিনের; ও জিনের মত
 আমার প্রথম পুত্র দিবে

আমাদের প্রথম জিনের মতের দিবে ও
 আশ্রয় দিবে.

আমাদের দিবে জিন দিবে

The following letters were sent from the same address to Arun Chunder and another cousin in Calcutta.

No. 9, Sydney Place,
Onslow Square,
Brompton, London.
October 7, 1870.

MY DEAR ARUN,—I was very glad to receive your letter, but very sorry to answer it, for, really there is great dearth of news. I had not been able to go out for nearly two weeks, on account of having got a rather bad sprain in my foot. I am now quite well.

We have now hired a new house, and came to it on Tuesday night. It belongs to Mrs. Murray, who, now being married to the clergyman of our Church, is very glad to let it. It is a very nice little house, not as large as our other house was. We have no piano in this house, so Papa is going to-day to hire one.

The cat which we brought from the Square is still with us, and the kitten is very playful now.

Does Mrs. Sinaes come to teach Saccon?¹ And if she does, what piece is she learning now? I suppose by this time she has finished Hamilton's *Instructions*.

You ask when we are coming back. When Plato's year comes round, eh? But really I know as much about that subject as you do. We will go back some day, or perhaps we shall not go back any more, for man proposes, but God disposes.

May God keep us all in His holy keeping, and bless us.

My love to you, and my respects to my uncles and aunts.—
Yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

November 3, 1870.

MY DEAR ARUN,—I have just come in from my walk, that is, from my six turns in the Square. It is densely foggy and cold to-day. We went to the Mildmay Park conference. We

¹ A sister of Arun.

heard Saphir, who is the translator of Auberlen from the German, deliver a speech. He spoke English very well. When coming out of the Hall we saw a Highlander standing near the entrance. Mrs. Barton was here to-day with Arthur, and her brother, Mr. Elliott, a Punjab Civil Servant.

The trees are now quite bare, except a few. The square looks quite desolate with the naked trees. We see robins every day when we go to the square, hopping about the ground, or sitting on the bare trees. They are very pretty little birds, as you know.

We are now reading *Extraits Choisis* with Mrs. Lawless.¹

How is Saccoon getting on with Signor Nicolini? We are getting on capitally with Mr. Pauer. I am now learning with him *Schmetterlinge* or *Butterflies*. It is a very pretty and easy piece. Aru is learning a Sonata by Mozart, edited and revised by Mr. Pauer.

Mrs. Macfarren, our singing governess, is coming to-morrow. She has a beautiful contralto voice. We are now learning to sing a duet 'Hame never cam He', a very pretty and touching Scotch song. Aru is learning for a solo, 'Sunbeams of Summer,' and I am learning 'My soul to God, my heart to thee', a very pretty French song. I have now exhausted my news-bag, so adieu.—Yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

November 22, 1870.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have hardly time to write any letter, as our time is entirely given up to study. First we practise on the piano from seven to half-past seven, when we have our breakfast, then we have our Bible reading. It is generally over at half-past eight. Then we practise again on the piano till half-past nine. After that I read *The Times*, for I take a great interest in the War, and I am sure I know more about it than you do. At ten, Mrs. Lawless comes. She goes away at half-past three. Then we generally read with papa at four,

¹ Toru Dutt's governess, a lady of birth.

and on Fridays, Mrs. Macfarren comes to teach singing, and on Mondays we go to have our music lessons from Mr. Pauer. We then practise again on the piano.

We are going to meet Dean Alford at dinner at Mr. Bullock's, who is his son-in-law.

We want to speak French more fluently than we do, and for this purpose we speak in French with our servant, who is an Italian, and knows French very well. I hope to speak it much better than I do, in a few months.

I am now learning with Mr. Pauer *Souvenir de Collonges* and *Schmetterlinge* No. I. I have learnt No. II, and am going to learn No. III.

I think my letter will be worse than yours. I have given all the news I could muster to *ma cousine*, and I cannot think of anything to write to you.

I hope that England may not embroil itself in a war. *The Times* of to-day says that Russia's intentions are very pacific.

There is something the matter with our bath again. Mamma went to see to it, but it was nothing.

We have taught Isabella to cook some Indian dishes, and on our table, with mutton cutlets and roly-poly, comes up hot *Kuchooree* or cabbage *Churchuree* or *ambole* of eels. Isn't this nice?

My love to all of you. Hoping you are all well,—Yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

To Omesh C. Dutt, Esq.

December 11, 1870.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I did not yawn while reading your letter as you predicted; on the contrary, like Dr. Johnson after reading *Robinson Crusoe*, I wished it were longer.

We had a great deal of snow on Monday and Thursday last. On Monday we went to Mr. Pauer's to take our music lessons. The streets and the front steps of our house were so slippery from the snow that at the outset I got a fall on the doorsteps in the snow. Was not this pleasant? In this cold weather

too? On Thursday I got another fall in the snow. But, excluding the falls that I got, it was very pleasant (though I am sure Papa did not think so) walking on the snow. It was very funny to see the street boys snow-balling one another, first in play, and then in real earnest, many a foot-passenger getting his share of the snow-balls. We too made some snow-balls. Our balcony was quite white with the snow. We threw our snow-balls at Mamma's conservatory, or at the chimney—not having anything better to throw them at!

You ask why we do not go to any theatre. Well, we are going to the Drury Lane Theatre next Wednesday to see *Amy Robsart* acted. I am sure we shall enjoy it very much.

It is sure, as you say, that the Rev. Mr. — has long passed the noon of life. His new wife has long passed hers too. You ask if she is pretty. Well, she is what English people call sweet-looking, and what I consider plain enough. We did not go to church to-day, for the newly-married Reverend gent holds forth so long, that he realizes what that hymn says:

Where congregations ne'er break up
And sermons never end.

We are now reading with papa Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We have finished *Waverley*. I like Fergus MacIvor so very much. I like Evan Dhu too. *Waverley* is all very good for a hero, but he is rather too sentimental. Is not he?

You seem to be quite a Republican, and very much against the Emperor. I am not, though. The *Evening Standard* calls Gambetta; *Shambetta*, for generally all his news about French victories are fabulous. I will give you a pun of Shirley Brooks in lieu of the *bon-mot* of the Pope. What is the difference between a certain agile animal of the Alps and the present war? Do you give it up? Because the one is a Chamois (*Sham* war) and the other a real war.

I am learning with Mr. Pauer a piece called *Myrthenblüthen* No. III. It is very pretty, soft, and melancholy. We are learning to sing the duet 'I know a Bank' with Mrs. Macfarren.

I am very glad that you like the *Dutt Family Album's* exterior. . . .

My dear cousin, I think I must stop here, for I have had my lunch just now, and it is not very pleasant to do anything after one has had a very good repast.

I must apologize if my letter is dull, but I hope you will not find it so. My love to all of you and my respects to my aunt. May God guard us from all kinds of danger and sin!—
Yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

To Omesh C. Dutt, Esq.

Toru was a good singer. Aru also could sing, but she was greater as an artist. 'In the performance of all domestic duties Aru and Toru were exemplary. No work was too mean for them. Excellent players on the piano were they both, and sweet singers with clear contralto voices.'

Toru was an enthusiastic admirer of France, and had deep sympathy for her misfortunes of 1870.

'Toru Dutt loved not only our language and literature,' says Mlle Clarisse Bader, 'but also our country, and gave proof of her affection when France was dying.' The following account will give us some idea how deeply Toru was stirred by the contrast between the magnificence of France as she first knew it in 1869 and the sufferings and ultimate defeat of 1870. The 'child who was barely fifteen at the time, the Asiatic girl has drawn and written our patriotic sufferings', says Mlle Bader, 'with an anguish worthy of the heart of a French woman.' Toru was in London during the Franco-German War, and the unfortunate plight of the French made a deep impression upon her. She recorded in her diary at this time: '29th January, 1871, London, No. 9, Sydney Place, Onslow Square. What a long time since I last wrote in this diary! How things have changed in France since the last time I took this diary in hand. During the few days we remained in Paris, how beautiful it was! what houses! what streets! what a magnificent army! But now how fallen it is! It was the first amongst the cities, and now what misery it contains!

When the war began, my whole heart was with the French, though I felt sure of their defeat. One evening, when the war was still going on, and the French had suffered many reverses, I heard papa mention something to mamma about the Emperor. I descended like lightning, and learnt that the French had capitulated. The Emperor and all his Army had surrendered at Sedan. I remember perfectly how I ascended the stairs, and told the news to Aru, half choked and half crying.'

Toru was an earnest Christian, and she thought that the misfortunes that befell France at this time were due to the depravity of the French people. She remained unshaken in her love for the French in spite of their defeat and of her Christian education, which caused her to consider the downfall of France a punishment for irreligion.

'Alas! thousands and thousands of men', says she in her diary, 'have shed their hearts' blood for their country, and yet their country has fallen into the hands of their enemies. Is it because many were deeply immersed in sin and did not believe in God? There have been, however, and there are still, thousands among them who fear God. O France, France, how thou art brought low! Mayest thou, after this humiliation, serve and worship God better than thou hast done in those days—Poor, poor France, how my heart bleeds for thee!' She had hoped for a long time, and hoped till the end. Here is a posthumous poem, one of her early attempts, which refers to the disaster of 1870, and expresses a ray of hope for the future.

Not dead,—oh no,—she cannot die!
 Only a swoon, from loss of blood!
 Levite England passes her by,
 Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;
 Who shall stanch me the sanguine flood?
 Range the brown hair, it blinds her eyne,
 Dash cold water over her face!
 Drowned in her blood, she makes no sign,
 Give her a draught of generous wine.
 None heed, none hear, to do this grace.¹

¹ *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, amongst the *Miscellaneous Poems*.



ARU AND TORU

Aru barely nineteen ; Toru seventeen

The family went to Cambridge in 1871. Here Toru, with her sister, sedulously attended the Higher Lectures for Women, with great zeal and application. Toru knew that her knowledge of French was defective, but now in Cambridge it was ably directed by the late M. Boquel, in his French lectures, and also afterwards privately by M. Girard at St. Leonards, during the last part of their stay in England. Mr. J. C. Dutt tells us, in his article in the *Twentieth Century* on Toru Dutt, that she and her sister had had their first lessons in French from his father, Mr. O. C. Dutt. In a letter referring to this time at St. Leonards, Toru says: 'Mr. Girard, the French teacher, used to come twice or thrice a week to give papa and me lessons in French. Aru, of course, did not read with us.¹ He is very fond of poetry and translated some two or three pieces from the *D.F.A.*² into French verse.' Later on he spoke with warm admiration of the *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*. When they were girls of sixteen and eighteen respectively Miss Arabella Shore³ met them in Cambridge. She records the impression made upon her mind by their excellent command of English and especially by their wide knowledge of European life and thought. The photograph of Aru and Toru taken together at St. Leonards shows Aru sitting, still suffering from the effects of her recent illness, and Toru standing beside her, in an attitude of affectionate protection, beaming and vivacious, with abundant curly black hair falling over her shoulders, dark eyes full of fire, the picture of health and strength. In September, 1878, the Dutt family returned to Calcutta in the P. & O. steamer *Peshawur*.

Toru wrote two letters to Miss Martin on their return voyage to India, dated respectively, September 29, 1878, Gibraltar, and October 3, Alexandria. Before the original letters were destroyed, the following *résumé* of their contents was taken. Both the sisters had suffered from sea-sickness during the

¹ This was because of her recent illness, when Toru tended her most affectionately.

² *The Dutt Family Album*.

³ Author of 'Fra Dolcino' and other poems and editor of the 'Journal of Emily Shore'.

somewhat rough weather, which had now passed away, and they were both enjoying the present beautiful weather and the sunsets. The pets, guinea-pigs, &c., were doing well so far, and Toru's father visited them every day and reported on their condition to Aru. In the second letter it was mentioned that one of the birds had died. The Dutts had made friends on board, but they were too shy to join in the singing and playing, and the time was passing pleasantly but idly. Toru had been reading some of Erckmann-Chatrian's stories from the *Contes et Romans populaires* and also some pieces of Shakespeare translated into French by the Chevalier de Châtelain. Mention was made of a very nice service held on deck one Sunday. Porpoises had been seen and birds had alighted on the deck.

We have referred already to Toru's English friend, to whom this volume is dedicated, and whose life and work are so inseparably connected with the name of Toru. Miss Martin is the only child of the late Reverend John Martin, M.A., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and vicar of Saint Andrew's the Great, in the same town, from 1859 to 1884. In 1856 he married Sophia Jane Rodd, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rodd of St. Just, in Roseland, and later of Trebartha Hall, Cornwall. After Miss Martin grew up, she shared with her mother the ordinary duties of a clergyman's family, and in consequence of her friendship with Toru she early grew to love the missionary work of the Anglican Church and became an ardent student of the problems connected with the spread of Christianity and education in India and elsewhere. Miss Martin left Cambridge after her mother's death in 1894 and has since resided in Bournemouth. She takes a keen interest in English social problems and in Indian affairs generally, for she loves the Bengali people, and sympathizes with their hopes and aspirations. Two visits have been paid by her to Calcutta in 1910 and 1913.

Miss Martin says of Toru :

' There is no note of our first meeting, but it must have been in the summer of 1872, before my fifteenth birthday. The Dutts lodged in my father's parish, at Regent House, in Regent Street, overlooking a large open space called Parker's Piece,

the latter word being a corruption of an old Saxon name for "open space", a term very familiar in Cambridge. The family did not attend St. Andrew's the Great, but St. Paul's Church, which was perhaps one reason that their acquaintance was not made as early as it might have been. Anyhow, it was not until some cousins who also attended St. Paul's said to us one day: "Why have you not called on the Dutts?" that we went. They were naturally a familiar sight in Cambridge, and the two sisters were often seen walking on the Trumpington Road and elsewhere. After we became friends, no notes were kept of our conversations or meetings, but, fortunately, many years after, some entries were found in an old diary of my mother's. None of us at that time had any conception of the fame to be connected with the name of Toru Dutt. Many friends were made by them during their stay in Cambridge and elsewhere, and though, owing to my absence at school at Malvern Wells, others had more opportunity of intercourse, yet we, from the first, claimed friendship from each other. During the school terms we wrote weekly. Her letters were always received on Tuesday mornings, and the eagerness with which they were expected is still vividly remembered.

'My mother's diary from December 1872 to April 1873 contains references to almost daily intercourse between the Dutts and ourselves, to walks with Toru and teas at 11, Park Terrace. The last entry is dated April 29, 1873: "The Dutts left for Hastings." We never met again, and perhaps our correspondence became the more intimate in consequence.'

Alluding to these happy meetings, Toru wrote as follows in one of her letters from India:

'I remember some of our walks so vividly. Do you remember the visit we paid with your mother to Addenbroke's Hospital and how on our way back your mother stumbled in Downing College, while we were coming through that building's grounds? And that long walk, when you showed me the Gog Magog Hills in the distance? It seems all so far off, dear, does it not? And those nice cosy evenings, when I took tea with you, dear, only you and I; once we had A. L. with us and papa used to come at nine or ten to take me back to our lodgings. Do you think we shall see each other again? I do not think we shall, but we shall meet in that happier world. I long to see our

darlings again, and each day past but brings us nearer to the happy goal,

A day's march nearer Home.

And again : ' How is Mrs. Babington's Orphanage getting on ? I well remember the day when we visited it. You were with me and the J.'s, our fellow-lodgers. You said to me in a whisper that " You would have better liked the walk alone with me ".'

CHAPTER III

RETURN TO INDIA

THE four remaining years of Toru's life after her return from Europe were spent partly in the city house at Rambagan and partly in the Garden House at Baugmaree, where

The light green graceful tamarinds abound
Amid the mangoe clumps of green profound.

Mr. Gosse has told us ' she was born to write, and despairing of an audience in her own language, she began to adopt ours as a medium for her thought '. The story of these later years is best told in her letters. Toru's letters written in England contained constant references to French and English literature. These letters were destroyed many years ago, a source of great regret, as they would have thrown additional light on a life of which the slightest detail is precious. We believe, however, that they were neither so well written nor so interesting as the later ones from India.

In July 28, 1874, her only sister, Aru, died of phthisis at the age of twenty, the seeds of which were sown in her constitution when in England, and Toru, now left alone, engrossed herself in her literary pursuits. Her proficiency in the French language was, as we have seen, acquired in Europe. Her departure from Europe interfered with her studies for a time, but she never lost sight of the object on which she had set her heart. Shortly after her return home, when she was barely eighteen, she published her first essay, on Leconte de Lisle, in the *Bengal Magazine*, December, 1874, containing some translations from his works into English verse. Of this essay, Mr. Gosse tells us that the subject was ' a writer with whom she had a sympathy which is very easy to comprehend '. In the same number of the *Bengal Magazine* appeared her essay on Henry Vivian Derozio. This was followed by occasional translations from French

poetry. Her knowledge of French literature, especially of contemporary French poetry, as we shall presently see, was very unusual for a girl of her age. 'To the end of her days,' says Mr. Edmund Gosse, 'Toru was a better French than English scholar. She loved France best, she wrote its language with more perfect elegance.' She was soon to complete also the translations contained in *The Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*.

Toru Dutt commenced the study of Sanskrit in conjunction with her father, who remained to the last her constant companion in all pursuits, literary or otherwise. To her rich store of Western learning there was now added a good acquaintance with Sanskrit literature. Unfortunately, her failing health prevented her from plunging into its depths, and her study of Sanskrit lasted not quite a year. During that period she made several translations.

Let us add that a few months before Toru's death, a book written by the late Mlle Clarisse Bader, a French authoress of repute, *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, fell into her hands. Toru was so charmed with it that she asked the writer to allow her to translate it into English for the benefit of Indian readers less informed than herself. The correspondence ensuing therefrom ripened into a warm friendship between minds which, though widely separated by race and language, were united by similarity of sentiments. Toru's letters to Mlle Bader, written in French, have a charming simplicity. It begins with Mlle Bader's response to Toru's request.

Paris, ce 16 Février 1877. Rue de Babylone 62.

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,—Eh quoi ! C'est une descendante de mes chères héroïnes indiennes qui désire traduire l'œuvre que j'ai consacrée aux antiques Aryennes de la presqu'île gangétique ! Un semblable vœu, émanant d'une telle source, me touche trop profondément pour que je ne l'exauce pas. Traduisez donc *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, mademoiselle ; je vous y autorise de tout mon cœur ; et j'appelle de tous mes vœux le succès de votre entreprise.

Je montrai hier soir votre lettre et votre charmant recueil à un illustre indianiste, dont la réputation doit vous être connue, M. Garcin de Tassy, Membre de l'Institut. C'est un ami de votre savant voisin, Rajendralala Mitra. M. Garcin de

Tassy fut si émerveillé de votre généreux courage qu'il prit votre adresse pour vous envoyer aujourd'hui même l'un de ses ouvrages.

Vous êtes Chrétienne, mademoiselle : votre livre me le dit. Et, en vérité, votre rôle nous permet de bénir une fois de plus la divine religion qui a permis à une Indienne de développer et de manifester cette valeur individuelle que le brahmanisme enchaîna trop souvent chez la femme.

Si, comme historienne de la femme, je suis charmée de féliciter en vous une émule, je ne suis pas moins touchée comme Française d'avoir à remercier en vous l'élégante traductrice des poètes, mes compatriotes. Votre beau livre m'apprend que vous aviez une sœur qui, elle aussi, partageait vos goûts poétiques. Le Seigneur a rappelé auprès de Lui l'âme qui avait si fidèlement interprété le chant de 'La Jeune Captive', et qui cependant, parvenue à l'heure suprême, n'a plus redit :

The world has delights, the Muses have songs :
I wish not to perish too soon.

Lorsque vous aurez publié dans l'Inde votre traduction de *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, je vous serai reconnaissante de vouloir bien m'envoyer deux exemplaires imprimés de votre version. Je serais aussi très-heureuse de recevoir votre photographie si toutefois vous la possédez déjà.

Laissez-moi vous redire, en terminant, combien la sympathie d'une enfant de l'Inde m'est précieuse. Depuis les heures délicieuses que m'avaient fait passer vos ancêtres, j'ai suivi la femme, chez les Hébreux, chez les Grecs, chez les Romains. Quatre volumes ont ainsi succédé à *La Femme dans l'Inde* . . . et cependant il y a peu de jours encore, comme mon second père, le grand Evêque d'Orléans, me demandait chez quelles femmes j'avais trouvé le plus de beauté morale, je répondais : ' Si j'en excepte les femmes bibliques, c'est chez les Indiennes que j'ai trouvé le plus de pureté et de dévouement.'

Croyez, mademoiselle, à mes cordiales sympathies.

CLARISSE BADER.

Chez son père, officier supérieur en retraite, officier de la Légion d'Honneur, attaché au Ministère de la Guerre, rue de Babylone 62, à Paris.

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que dans le cas où cette version serait publiée en Angleterre quel'intervention de mon éditeur serait nécessaire. Mais, comme il me l'a dit lui-même, il ne voit aucun inconvénient à ce que votre traduction paraisse dans une région aussi lointaine que l'Inde.

Miss Toru Dutt to Mlle Clarisse Bader.

Calcutta, ce 18 Mars 1877.

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,—Je vous remercie bien sincèrement de votre bienveillante autorisation de traduire *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, et aussi de votre bonne et sympathique lettre, qui m'a causé le plus vif plaisir.

Je suis désolée de n'avoir pu commencer la traduction encore ; mais ma constitution n'est pas très forte ; j'ai contracté une toux opiniâtre il y a plus de deux ans, qui ne me quitte point. Cependant j'espère mettre la main à l'œuvre bientôt.

Je ne peux dire, mademoiselle, combien votre affection—car vous les aimez ; votre livre et votre lettre en témoignent assez—pour mes compatriotes et mon pays me touche ; et je suis fière de pouvoir le dire que les héroïnes de nos grandes épopées sont dignes de tout honneur et de tout amour. Y a-t-il d'héroïne plus touchante, plus aimable que Sita ? Je ne le crois pas. Quand j'entends ma mère chanter, le soir, les vieux chants de notre pays, je pleure presque toujours. La plainte de Sita quand, bannie pour la seconde fois, elle erre dans la vaste forêt, seule, le désespoir et l'effroi dans l'âme, est si pathétique qu'il n'y a personne, je crois, qui puisse l'entendre sans verser des larmes. Je vous envoie sous ce pli deux petites traductions du Sanscrit, cette belle langue antique. Malheureusement j'ai été obligée de faire cesser mes traductions de Sanscrit il y a six mois. Ma santé ne me permet pas de les continuer. Je vous envoie aussi mon portrait et celui de ma sœur. Dans la photographie elle est représentée assise. Elle était si douce et si bonne. La photographie date de quatre ans, quand j'avais dix-sept ans et elle dix-neuf ans à peine. Moi aussi, mademoiselle, je vous serai reconnaissante de vouloir bien m'envoyer votre photographie. Je la garderai comme un de mes plus grands trésors.

Il faut que je m'arrête ici, je ne veux plus empiéter sur votre temps. Comme M. Lefèvre-Deumier il faut que je dise

Adieu donc, mon amie, que je n'ai pas connue,
car, mademoiselle, je vous compte parmi mes amies, et parmi
les meilleures, quoique je ne vous aie pas vue.

Croyez, mademoiselle, à la nouvelle assurance de mon amitié.

TORU DUTT.

Chez son père, M. Govin C. Dutt, Honorary Magistrate and
Justice of the Peace, Calcutta.

P.S. J'ai retardé jusqu'ici de faire remettre ma lettre à la
poste ; j'espérais recevoir le livre que M. Garcin de Tassy
voulait bien m'envoyer. Mais je ne l'ai pas encore reçu, et la
poste part demain. Je crois que peut-être j'aurai bientôt le
bonheur de vous serrer la main. Nous espérons quitter l'Inde le
prochain mois. Mon père veut absolument partir pour l'Europe.
Il dit qu'il y a en France et en Angleterre des médecins plus
savants que ceux de Calcutta ; et de plus, nos médecins nous
conseillent de changer de climat ; cela, disent-ils, me fera plus
de bien que toutes les drogues d'une pharmacie. Ce changement
de nos projets m'oblige de vous prier de ne m'écrire qu'après
avoir reçu encore de mes nouvelles.

Miss Toru Dutt to the same.

Calcutta, ce 13 Avril 1877.

MA CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,—Ecrivez-moi, je vous prie, à
l'adresse que je vous ai donnée dans ma lettre précédente. Je
suis très malade au lit depuis une quinzaine ; votre lettre et
votre portrait me feront du bien. Tous nos plans sont changés ;
nous ne pourrons pas aller en Europe en Avril. L'homme pro-
pose et Dieu dispose.

Voulez-vous bien avoir la bonté, mademoiselle, de remercier
M. Garcin de Tassy de ma part pour sa Revue ? Elle est très-
intéressante. Je lui écrirai quand je serai plus forte.

Croyez, mademoiselle, à la nouvelle assurance de mon dévoue-
ment et de mon amitié très-sincères.

TORU DUTT.

Mlle Clarisse Bader to Miss Toru Dutt.

Paris, ce 11 Mai 1877.

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE ET GRACIEUSE AMIE,—Quelle déception m'apporte votre dernière lettre ! Je m'étais fait une véritable fête de vous voir, et de vous offrir verbalement l'expression de la vive sympathie que m'inspirent non-seulement vos œuvres si remarquables, mais vos lettres, qui révèlent une âme délicate et charmante, et aussi votre portrait si vivant et si expressif ! Je prie Dieu qu'il vous guérisse bien vite, et croyez que dans ce vœu il y a aussi une part d'égoïsme, puisque c'est de votre rétablissement que dépendent vos projets de voyage. Vous êtes jeune, et la jeunesse est si puissante en ressources, surtout quand elle est doublée de la belle constitution que révèle votre charmant portrait ! Savez-vous, chère mademoiselle, que ce portrait et vos lettres font des conquêtes dans mon entourage, à commencer par mon père et par ma mère ? Ma famille et mes amis partageaient mon vif désir de vous voir, et aujourd'hui, hélas ! ils prennent grandement part à ma déception !

S'il m'avait été possible de me faire photographier en ce moment, j'eusse recommencé à votre intention de tenter une épreuve qui ne m'a jamais réussi. Il paraît que la mobilité de mes traits fait le désespoir des photographes. Mes portraits sont tous plus laids les uns que les autres, et si j'étais coquette je ne les donnerais jamais, surtout à ceux qui ne me connaissent pas. Mais je ne suis pas coquette. Je vous envoie donc sous ce pli deux photographies qui remontent à 1872. C'était peu de mois après les terribles épreuves patriotiques que nous avons subies pendant les deux sièges de Paris, et j'avais encore les traits fatigués par de cruelles émotions. Ces portraits ont été faits à la campagne par un amateur, un officier supérieur de nos amis. Mon père est auprès de moi dans l'une de ces photographies. Lui aussi a été singulièrement vieilli par cette épreuve.

Quand je poserai de nouveau je vous enverrai le résultat de cette tentation si celle-ci est couronnée de succès. Je ferai mon possible pour seconder le photographe par ma tranquillité.

Je suis bien touchée d'avoir la douce image de votre regrettée sœur, qui partageait vos savantes et poétiques occupations. Je vous remercie de tout cœur de m'avoir envoyé ce pieux souvenir de famille.

Quand je verrai M. Garcin de Tassy je m'acquitterai de la mission que vous me confiez auprès de lui.

Je vous écris dans le petit oratoire qui est aussi mon cabinet

de travail, et où je prie le bon Dieu de vous rendre force et santé. Je confie cette prière à la sainte Vierge.

Croyez, chère mademoiselle, que vous avez en France une amie qui serait heureuse de presser votre main.

Toute à vous,

CLARISSE BADER.

The next letter to Mlle Bader, written on the 30th of July, 1877, is pathetic in its simplicity, and shows that almost to the very last she was curiously unconscious of the approaching end.

Miss Toru Dutt to Mlle Clarisse Bader.

Ce 30 Juillet 1877.

CHÈRE ET TRÈS-AIMABLE AMIE,—Voilà bien quatre mois que je souffre de la fièvre ; cela m'a empêchée de vous écrire et de vous exprimer plus tôt le grand plaisir que votre lettre et les portraits m'ont causé.

Cette bonne et sympathique lettre, arrivée dans un temps où je souffrais beaucoup, m'a fait plus de bien que tous les remèdes du médecin.

Je vous prie, chère mademoiselle, de vouloir bien m'excuser la brièveté de cette lettre ; je ne suis pas tout à fait rétablie encore ; et je ne puis aller de ma chambre à la chambre voisine sans sentir de la fatigue.

J'ai été bien malade, chère mademoiselle, mais le bon Dieu a exaucé les prières de mes parents ; et je me rétablis peu à peu.

J'espère vous écrire plus longuement avant peu.

Toute à vous,

TORU DUTT.

Mlle Clarisse Bader to Miss Toru Dutt.

Ce 11 Septembre 1877.

CHÈRE ET CHARMANTE AMIE DE L'INDE,—J'ai manqué le dernier courrier de Brindisi, et je regrette d'autant plus ce retard involontaire que votre bonne et affectueuse lettre m'apprend que vous avez été malade et que vous étiez encore convalescente au moment où vous m'avez écrit. Eh quoi ! la maladie a pu atteindre cette vive organisation que révèle votre portrait ? Ces beaux yeux pleins de feu ont pu s'alanguir ?

Oh ! mais alors, cela n'a pu être qu'un choc accidentel ? Vous êtes tout à fait rétablie, n'est-ce pas, à l'heure actuelle ? Et, à l'époque de l'Exposition, vous viendrez dans notre doux pays de France, dont les tièdes brises vous feront du bien, vous qui avez souffert de votre ardent climat. Des cœurs amis vous attendent avec une joyeuse espérance. Mes parents et moi nous vous aimons beaucoup — sans vous avoir jamais vue ; mais vos lettres et vos œuvres nous ont révélé la bonté de votre cœur, la candeur de votre âme. Venez donc, mon aimable amie, sceller de votre présence une affection qui vous est déjà acquise.

Un véritable torrent d'occupations ne me permet pas de prolonger cette lettre, écrite d'ailleurs sous l'impression d'une extrême fatigue nerveuse. Je me ressens encore d'une indisposition qui n'a assurément rien de grave, mais qui vient d'ébranler ma forte santé. Cette indisposition m'a été amenée par un surcroît de travail que je me suis récemment imposé pour continuer à défendre la grande cause religieuse, qui malheureusement est toujours attaquée dans mon cher pays, mais qui, grâces en soient rendues à Dieu, trouvera toujours des défenseurs parmi nous. Qu'importe si, dans ces luttes où nos seules armes sont la foi et la charité, nous ressentons quelquefois l'atteinte de la fatigue et de la souffrance physiques ! Ce sont là les blessures du combat, et ces blessures nous sont chéries.

Dites à vos dignes parents combien nous les félicitons de votre retour à la santé. Mon père et ma mère ont été particulièrement émus de cette phrase si simple et si touchante qui termine votre lettre : ' J'ai été bien malade, mais le bon Dieu a exaucé les prières de mes parents, et je me rétablis peu à peu.'

Et moi aussi, chère et intéressante amie, je demande au Seigneur de vous conserver la bonne santé qu'Il vous a sans doute déjà rendue, et, en faisant ce vœu, je vous embrasse avec effusion.

CLARISSE BADER.

P.S. Je dépose sous ce pli une fleurette de mon pays. C'est ma plante favorite. On l'appelle rhodanthe. Cette jolie fleur rit toujours, même desséchée. Je trouve que par cela même c'est un vrai emblème de l'affection. La fleur que je vous envoie provient de ma petite chapelle domestique. Puisse-t-elle vous apporter une douce bénédiction du Seigneur en même temps que mon fidèle souvenir !¹

¹ This correspondence first appeared in a memoir of his daughter, written by Mr. Dutt, in the edition of *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*, published by Kegan Paul & Co., in 1880.



CITY HOUSE
12, Manicktollah Street

If Toru's life had been spared, the acquaintance thus begun would have ripened into a deep and lasting friendship. But no sooner had it begun than it ended, and Mlle Bader had only the melancholy satisfaction of seeing Toru's French novel through the press. 'Without ever having seen Toru, I loved her,' says Mlle Bader, in her preface to this novel, *Le Journal de Mlle d'Arvers*, to be noticed hereafter. 'Her letters revealed a frankness, sensibility, and charming goodness and simplicity, which endeared her to me, and showed me the native qualities of the Hindu Woman developed and transformed by the Christian civilization of Europe. And how could I rest insensible to such spontaneous and ardent affection evinced for me, across the distant seas, by a descendant of those Indian women who had inspired the work of the twenty-second year of my life?' The late Dr. A. C. Dutt of Hull, whilst on a visit to Paris, called on Mlle Bader. This was the only opportunity afforded her of personal intercourse with any member of the Dutt family.

CHAPTER IV

LETTERS TO MISS MARTIN

DECEMBER 1873-DECEMBER 1875

THE letters of any well-known character are of twofold interest: the one biographical, the other literary. In many cases, the literary interest is but secondary, for the main purpose of a letter is never to produce a literary creation, but it may be an equivalent to talking with a friend. They should be, in fact, more or less 'Table Talk'. 'Letters must not be on a subject', says Mackintosh; 'conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation; nor must letters.' There is, then, as much difference between the author's 'works' and his 'letters' as between the truthful snapshot and the pose of the professional portrait; and the severely critical point of view is as out of place in the one as it is right and necessary in the other.

Letters, therefore, very rarely can (from the nature of the case) rank as classics (although where the writer is an author, literary style becomes more or less of a habit). The letters of Chesterfield, Cowper, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, and Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, may fairly rank among their authors' 'works'. In the case of Toru Dutt, too, we have reason to believe that, if her genius had been allowed to reach maturity, her letters might have ranked as English classics.

The beautiful colouring of a dish of Indian fruit, the strong, sweet-scented flowering shrubs of the garden, the personalities by whom she is surrounded, all are visualized by her graphic pen before the eyes of her English friend. The artist's soul reveals itself even in the sick chamber, as the invalid watches the wonderful effect of the patterns woven on the floor by the sunshine falling through the window bars.

Apart from the keen artistic sense, which the letters of Toru reveal, their prevailing characteristics are naturalness and sincerity, and in these they remind one of the letters

of Cowper. Like his, too, is the quiet vein of humour running through them, which is touched, sometimes, into a pathos caused by physical weakness—like his, too, is the deep religious feeling, a piety natural as breathing.

From a biographical point of view, the letters of any literary character are invaluable. The main purpose of any biography is to throw light on the personality of the individual concerned. Without actual letters, however, this light is apt to become artificial, the unnatural, steady glare of the limelight, rather than the natural play of sunlight and shade. 'Biographers', says Cardinal Newman, 'varnish; they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nod—but contemporary letters are facts.' In letters written to intimate friends, if anywhere, we may expect to find a man at his best, because most at his ease. In reading them, we become unseen visitors in his home, and watch him at his relaxations. We gain some idea of him in his most intimate relationships, and also see his attitude towards the world at large. Sometimes, it may be, we are privileged to read his very soul. In short, we have before us the living, breathing man. So it is with Toru's letters. Their chief value for us lies in the revelation of her character, and before attempting to sketch that character, we would first of all leave the reader to study them and then form his own judgement.

The first letter from India is dated December 19, 1873, and was 'most eagerly looked for'. This was written from the loved Garden House, 'the scene of many family reunions and the favourite playground of all the younger generation'. The letter gives a charming description of the young people she had last seen as little ones, four years ago, and who were now fast growing up.

Baugmaree Garden House,
Calcutta.

December 19, 1873.

MY DEAR MARY,—I got your welcome and very interesting letter some days ago. I could not answer it before; the reason is, we were very busy settling ourselves for the first several

days. I hope you will excuse this delay in writing on my part.

All at home were so glad to see us back. Old Maja, our favourite cat, is as pretty and well mannered as ever ! Everyone, especially the children, were so changed. We hardly recognized the little toddlings we had left four years ago, in the big boys and girls who stood to welcome us at the gateway. The children were at first rather shy and silent, but now they are fast friends with us ; at any mention of our return to England, they immediately cry out that they will never let ' Aunts Aru and Toru ' return to England !

Our voyage all through was very pleasant ; only after we had passed Madras, we had two or three days of rather rough weather and some rain. We all landed at Ceylon and spent a very pleasant day there. Unfortunately, our steamer was detained at Galle, for four days—that was very tiresome ; while we were in harbour there, our steamer bumped three or four times pretty strongly against the sunken rocks, which are rather dangerous around Ceylon. The captain took our steamer out of harbour every night, for he was afraid she might sustain some injury from these rocks. Many of the passengers, about two hundred, left us at Galle and went in another steamer, *The Bangalore*, bound for Australia. Among these, there were some very nice and agreeable people, and we were sorry that they left us so soon. There was one very interesting little girl—one of the Australian passengers—who was both deaf and dumb ; but she had such high animal spirits, never quiet, always laughing and playing. We used to speak with her in signs ; she, her elder sister, and her father were all very agreeable acquaintances. There were also Mr. Layard, the brother of the celebrated Nineveh explorer, who was going out as Governor of the Fiji Islands ; his wife and son were with him, the latter as the Consul of the Fiji Islands. They too were very nice people. Mr. Layard and his son were very fond of shooting, and used to land at almost every place where the vessel stopped, with their guns and accompanied by Lieutenant Brewer of the Royal Navy ; they used to bring on board lots of seagulls and other birds, which

Mr. Layard used to stuff. He would sit stuffing them a whole day without being tired. Lieutenant Brewer was a very nice fellow too, not given to much reading, but knowing his own business thoroughly. He would insist on talking French with us, which he knew very imperfectly, and he went away with the idea that he had improved himself thereby highly in that language; he had a high opinion of our French; he was a thorough sailor and seemed 'to have come out of a book'. He left us at Ceylon to join his vessel, *The Pearl*, in Australia.

We stuck two or three times in the Suez Canal, but only for a few minutes. We went at a very small rate through the canal, and at night we had to anchor at Ismailia. The canal is very narrow, and you see land all the way on both sides; the salt lakes are very pretty. The land on both sides is very arid and sandy; we hardly saw any trees or houses near, only at Ismailia there is verdure and houses, the French engineers having settled here.

Aru is progressing pretty well, her general health is much better, but she has still got a very bad cough. I hope by next summer she will have got rid of it. Her birds, those that are left of the thirteen she brought, are thriving well; but five of them died, three linnets in the canal because of the heat, and one goldfinch and canary here. She bought some very pretty birds at Ceylon; they were not love-birds, but they were very like them; three of them are dead already and only one is left.

Last Saturday one of my cousins caught a very large fish from the 'jheel', or the little lake, that is in our garden. That was the only fish we ate of our own garden since our return, and didn't we relish it! Aru and I angle or play croquet in the afternoon. It soon becomes dark here after six o'clock; there is hardly any twilight.

I am now reading *Histoire d'un Paysan*, by Erckmann-Chatrian. It is very interesting, and relates the Revolution of 1792. I have been reading lately some of De Vigny's works. Have you read any of them? *Grandeur et servitude militaires* is very good.

We are very comfortable here in our own garden-house. The

Calcutta residence is so hedged in, as it were, by other buildings, that there is hardly room enough to walk about. The Garden is all that can be wished in that respect. Though it is December now, there are roses, hibiscus, marigold, asters, &c., blowing plentifully. While you are in deep winter, with snow on the ground, and the roads hard with frost, we are enjoying a cool summer ! For here the coldest winter is like an English summer. Mamma has planted many English flower plants in our Garden. She brought a packing case, full of bulbs, roots, and seeds from England. The hyacinths are just beginning to grow. I hope Mamma will succeed in her attempt to introduce English plants in India. Our tanks look very pretty with white water-lilies and blood-red lotus !

Aru's guinea-pigs are thriving. Mamma has bought one pair of geese, very large and white, which she means to give to Aru ; I am going to have a pair too in a few days ; as we have got three or four tanks, it is very convenient for keeping ducks and geese, &c.

We get plenty of fresh fruits now ; guavas which are something like the English pears, plantains, oranges, of which you can never get the like in England, Batavian limes (you may have seen the latter in Covent Garden), and other kinds of Indian fruit. In summer we shall get mangoes, jumrools, &c. Aru and I long to taste a mango of our own garden. Our garden is famed for its mangoes.

We have got a piano, a rather old and cracked one, but Papa says he will get us a new one as soon as possible ; the present one answers pretty well now, but I am afraid that in a year or two it will become quite useless. We have also got a harmonium ; it has now gone to be tuned.

All our books have been removed from the town house to the Garden, and I read to my heart's content. What with our own library and the Calcutta library, of which Papa is a shareholder, I have no lack of books.

The other day we killed a snake in our garden ; it was a pretty large one, about four feet, but it was not very poisonous. We see plenty of wild monkeys ; it is very pretty to see the young ones play with each other ; their mothers are very fond

of them, and embrace them as affectionately as any human mother! Some of the males are very big, almost as tall as papa, my papa I mean, not the young monkey's papa; these large ones are rather dangerous; but they will all run away at the very sight of a gun. We never shoot them, for they stanch their wounds with their hands and act like a human being, and it seems as if you had shot a man. They are very destructive to young plants, and sometimes eat up all the young leaves off the rose plants.

I have been some time writing this letter. I began it on the 19th and I am finishing it on Christmas Day. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, dear Mary, and yours. We hope (D. V.) to return to England and settle there for good; wouldn't that be jolly? Please give my love to A. L. and remind her of her promise to give us her photograph. To-morrow the mail goes off early, so I must send off my letter to-day, if I wish to post it this week. Your letters you may be sure will be always welcome, and I answer them with the greatest pleasure.

My best love to you and your mamma, in which Aru joins, and with kindest regards from us all to your father,—Believe me, yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

Baugmaree Garden House.

March 10, 1874.

I was so glad to receive your two letters dated respectively the 30th December 1873 and 3rd February 1874. You must forgive me for not answering them sooner, for I have been ill with a bad fever and cough. I was laid up in bed and could not go a step beyond my bedroom for more than a month; for the last four or five days I am feeling much better and am allowed to stir about a little. The hot weather has set in, and I hope to be quite well in a few days. Aru is getting on very well, her cough is much better, and she is, I hope, gaining ground.

You will, I am sure, sympathize with me and Aru in the loss of Maja, our favourite cat, which died on the 23rd February, 1874. When I received your first letter, she was quite well,

a few days after she got a kitten, and eleven days after she left her poor babe an orphan. Fortunately another cat of ours (Maja's grown-up daughter) had also just then presented us with four kits ! We placed the poor orphan under her care ; she loves it as any of her own little ones. Maja was buried under the shadow of some South Sea pines in our Garden near our little lake. Papa and Mamma attended the funeral ; I was unable to go, being laid up in bed then. Aru *could* not go, she was so sorry. You must be told that Maja had lived with us for more than eleven years, so no wonder everybody is sorry she is dead ; her illness was acute asthma ; for the last seven or eight days of her illness she refused all food and drink, she got so thin, poor thing ! she used to search out the quietest corner and would sit there for hours, her mouth open, gasping for breath ; death was a relief to her, she suffered very much.

I am obliged to drink milk (the doctors being very peremptory on that head), though I dislike it very much. A week ago our cow calved, and in a day or two I shall be able to drink fresh *home* milk every morning. Aru wants to try once to milk the cow herself ; unfortunately that is not very feasible, for our cow is very obstinate, and kicks everybody who tries to milk her, except the man we keep especially for her. The calf is not very pretty. Aru and I hoped it would be a white one, but it is a light brownish colour.

We have caught a very large porcupine near our garden ; I have not seen it yet (for I am not allowed to go out yet), but Aru and Papa say it is a splendid animal. Unhappily in the struggles which it had made to get out of the trap when caught a great many of its quills had fallen off, and it has got some rather deep scratches here and there. It takes every kind of fruit greedily ; plantains and potatoes it is very fond of.

We caught yesterday a very large fish from our small lake ; it is called the *Rohit* in Bengali and is the Indian salmon. We have caught another to-day, which Papa weighed and found to be fourteen pounds ; we caught besides many small fishes of the stickleback and whitebait species.

I wish you could see the basket of beautiful flowers, roses especially, which Papa gathers for me from our Garden every

morning: they are so lovely and fragrant. There is very little fragrance in English flowers compared with ours. Mamma's English flower plants have grown and budded, hyacinths, nasturtiums, crocuses, &c.

We have got a big poultry yard; just now Mamma sent up a bevy of chickens newly hatched for me to see; aren't they pretty little creatures? We get fresh eggs every morning for breakfast.

12th.

I could not write any more of my letter yesterday, firstly because grandfather and grandmother came to spend the day with us, secondly, I had a slight return of the fever. To-morrow the mail leaves for England, so I must try and finish my letter to-day. Yesterday also we caught another large fish from our jheel (that is the Bengali name for the small lake in our Garden). It is generally one of our servants who catches these fishes. He has been long in our service and is a good hand at angling. Aru has not yet tried to catch any fish of size; she says she will wait till she is a little stronger, as she is afraid that the fish when hooked, might, in its attempts to get off, drag her into the water! I abstain from angling for big fishes, for these same excellent reasons also! The fever has rendered me rather weak.

I was glad to learn that Mr. Bose¹ took such a good place in the Mathematical Tripos; I hope his success will induce many of my countrymen to enter the English Universities and try to win University Honours.

The doctor who attended me in my illness, Mr. Day, has a son at St. John's; he is going up for the Classical Tripos, I hope he will succeed. It is indeed surprising that the Senior Wrangler should be of Caius this year; I am glad of it, though, for after Trinity and St. John's, Caius is the one I like best.

The monkeys in our Garden are very mischievous; they destroy so many young plants; they are very fond of the tamarind fruit, and there are always many of them to be seen on the tamarind tree opposite our window; they are very bold, and sometimes even come into the dining and bed rooms!

¹ The late Mr. A. M. Bose, barrister-at-law, first Bengali Wrangler.

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¹ The late Mr. A. M. Bose, barrister-at-law, first Bengali Wrangler.

I was so glad to receive Miss A. L.'s photograph; I will try and write a note to her this mail.

The other day we killed another large serpent. Now that the summer has come, I am afraid they will be getting out from their winter quarters to bask in the sun. The kittens have become very playful now; and it is very interesting to see them at their gambols. Maja's kitten is the most active one among them all, and runs about the whole room.

I have not been downstairs for a long time, and so have been unable to touch the piano for weeks.

I have been lately reading Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*. It is very interesting, and I am sure you will like it when you come to read it.

I am so very, very glad you have done so well in the Examination.

I have not read the book you mention, *Voyage sous la terre*. Is it by Jules Verne? I am now reading *Valentine*, by George Sand. It is very interesting.

Many thanks for the Christmas cards. I need not assure you how prized they will be.

Have you read M. Huc's *Souvenirs d'un voyage*? It is very interesting. I have not read it myself, but Papa has and likes it very much.

Aru's guinea-pigs are doing well; lately they added three more young ones to their number; the little ones are very pretty and active; there are altogether six of them now. Aru wants to get rid of some of the big ones, for they quarrel with each other very much. The birds are flourishing. How are your doves and canary? You do not speak a word of them in your letters!

Many thanks for your kind wishes for my birthday.

We hope to go to England, I do not know if we shall be able to go; this time Papa says he will sell all we have here and go to England and settle there for good.

I hope to be able to write to you again soon. Papa and Mamma send their kindest regards to your father and mother, in which we join.

Best love from me and every one to yourself. The Lord be with us all wherever we are.

Bangmaree Garden House,
May 9, 1874.

Your welcome and long-looked-for letter came to hand this evening. I was rather anxious about you at not getting any news from you for some time. I am glad to learn from your letter that you are all quite well, and that you are enjoying your holidays to your heart's content. Your letter is very interesting and I read it aloud to Papa, Mamma, and Aru.

You will be glad to hear that I am quite well now ; my cough is almost gone, so is Aru's—but I am afraid that Aru does not make the progress she ought to ; she is suffering now from a slight attack of fever and her stomach is out of order, which makes her weak and thin. I hope she will soon be better.

It is dreadfully hot now here ; the heat is quite unbearable during the middle part of the day. No noontide walks here as in England ! If you walk even a mile or two, you are sure to have cholera ! We do so miss our country walks in England. In the evening it gets cooler and pleasanter, and then it is very refreshing to sit out on the verandah. The rainy season will be soon upon us and then we shall have to move to our town residence, for the Garden gets unhealthy at that time. It is very jolly, though, during the rains, when the tanks overflow in our garden, and the fish come out on the grass. It is such fun catching them with a piece of rag or even with your handkerchief ; one is sure to get numberless shrimps and Indian sticklebacks and whitebaits. We had a hailstorm some weeks ago ; the hailstones here are fifty times larger than the biggest I ever saw in England.

The leechies, mangoes, water-melons, dates, and other kinds of fruits are now in season. The two former are the best fruits in the world. They are so refreshing, cool and juicy. We have let out our fruit trees to husbandmen, and we buy from them daily what we want. It is difficult to keep the fruit trees ourselves, for then the fruits are sure to be stolen, so the best way is to let them out—and it saves trouble and expense. I wish I could send you a basket of our fruits of the season. It would gladden your eyes ! Yellow or vermillion mangoes, red leechies,

white jumrools and deep violet *jams* ; this last resembles the plum. How I wish you were here or that we were all in England ! But that is impossible.

I am now reading *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, by Mignet. It is very interesting, as you may well conceive, but I find the subject rather stale, for I have read three or four histories of the Revolution, including Carlyle's. I have been lately reading another of Erokmann-Chatrian's stories, *Les Deux Frères*. It is very interesting. I like Erokmann-Chatrian's tales very much, for they are always healthy and amusing. I have also been reading some of Corneille's and Molière's plays. I like the latter's comedies very much, but I have not read his *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* ; I mean to read it whenever I get hold of his works. I like Shakespeare immensely—I have read all his plays except five. I read in some French book that Lord Collingwood, the great English Admiral, wrote to his daughters to read Shakespeare 'tant qu'il leur plaira'. Papa often says that when he sees me with a copy of the Bard of Avon in my hand. I must stop here for to-night.

11th May.

Maja's (our late beloved cat) kitten is doing well ; her elder sister ('Missus' is her name) has now only one of the four kittens she had ; we disposed of the three others to some of our friends. The remaining one Aru kindly gave to me on my last birthday. It is a great favourite of mine and has no rival in my affections, as I have no other pets ! It is very playful, and I call it 'Baguette'. I often address to it the lines of the French song :

' Baguette,
Si bien faite,
Donne-moi ton cœur,
Ou je vais mourir ! '

It is 'Rojette' in the song, but that is all the same.

We have got a number of ducks now, seventeen, and all except three are home-reared—is it not satisfying ? We have also got a turkey chicken : some turkey's eggs were given to us by our grandfather, our hens sat upon those eggs, and



MISS MARTIN IN EARLY GIRLHOOD

hatched five young turkeys. One has been, unhappily, carried off by a kite, and three others have died. The one that is living has grown big and strong and is likely to live. Aru's guinea-pigs have had young ones again, five this time; one of the little ones is very pretty, all white like snow with ruby eyes. Her birds are flourishing; they seem to have got accustomed to the Indian climate. We have got two squirrels, which we caught in our Garden some time ago. They are not of the reddish-brown colour of the English squirrels, but are striped on the back. They are very frisky and amusing. We keep them in a large cage.

I have not heard from the Miss Halls since our return. Mary (the eldest) was inclined to be very tall always. I suppose Reginald, their brother, is gone to school, as there was talk of his going during our last visit to Cambridge.¹ Please give our best remembrances to old Mr. and Mrs. Baker,² if you see them. Are the Joneses still lodging there?

We all want so much to return to England. We miss the free life we led there; here we can hardly go out of the limits of our own Garden, but Baugmaree happily is a pretty big place, and we walk round our own park as much as we like. If we can fulfil our wishes and return to England, I think we shall most probably settle in some quiet country place. The English villages are so pretty. But before we go, we have to get *quite well*, and then sell our property here, for it is very expensive keeping up two houses here, we being in England in another.

I practise pretty often on the piano now; the instrument we have got is rather an old and cracked one, but it answers our purposes for the present; no use buying a splendid piano, if we do not mean to stay here. We have also got a small harmonium; we used to play it in our Church before we went to England.

Please give Aru's and my love to A. Is she going to leave school soon? It is a pity that you are not in the same class with her, for it would have been so much nicer. When are

¹ The son and eldest daughter of the late Rev. H. Hall of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge.

² The proprietors of Regent House, where the Dutts lodged in Cambridge.

you going to leave Cambridge House ?¹ I do so want to see your dear old face again ! ' Oh, to be in England now that April's there ! ' sing I with Robert Browning.

12th May. I was rather too hasty in saying that I was quite well—for the last two days I have had a very bad cough, with spitting of blood ; Aru has still got some fever. At nights the fever generally comes on very strongly, but during the day she feels better. I hope she will soon get well. My cousin, Charoo Chunder Dutt, who went to be a barrister, to England, has come back. He came only a few weeks before the end of April. His wife and children are very glad to have him back again. He also wants to go back to England. My uncles and other cousins are quite at a loss to find out what there can be so attractive in England, as to make us all long to go back there ! We assure them that if they went once to England, they would very soon be of our opinion. The other day, Uncle Girish (Papa's youngest brother, his sonnets are very good in the *D. F. A.*), invited us to lunch at his house. He had a freezing-machine, and he made a delicious ice-cream in our presence. We enjoyed the day immensely. Uncle is so hearty and aunt is so kind. They are talking of accompanying us to Europe on our return to England, but we have no more faith in Uncle's ever going to England : he has been so long talking about it, for the last four years ! It would be nice though, if he could go. Our grandfather and grandmother never can hear of our return to Europe ; the latter weeps at even the mention of it. I wish you knew her : she is, I am sad to say, still a Hindu, but she is so gentle and loves us so much. She had many children, but now only Mamma and Mamma's brother are living.

The other day one of our geese was killed by a snake : it had been bitten on the beak and near the eyes ; the beak had become quite blue. It had been bitten during the night. All the poultry are shut up in a room at night. There were some holes in the floor of the room, and the serpent, no doubt, came out from one of them ; the goose very likely

¹ The school at Malvern Wells where her friend Miss Martin was.

pecked at the reptile and so was bitten. This morning, one of our servants saw a very big snake in the room where we keep our fire-wood ; it was very likely the same serpent which bit the goose. All the holes have been filled up, and I hope there will be no more deaths by snake-bites among our poultry. A large cobra was killed the other day at our town house. If the small piece of ground there is to be infested with cobras, I do not know what we shall do. This is the third cobra that has been killed there.

I shall write to you again as soon as I can. I often think of you, dear, and long to see you again. If we ever go to England, we shall be sure to find you out the first thing. Your letters give me great pleasure, and I look out for them every mail.

We think of going on the banks of the Ganges for a change—it would be very pleasant, especially at this time of the year.

How gay Cambridge would be during the whole of this month. I should like to be there now. I hope you will enjoy all the gaieties of the May term. Our kindest regards to your father and mother and love to you, especially mine. God bless you and be with us all.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

September 19, 1874.

I could not write before to you. The Lord has taken dear Aru from us. It is a sore trial for us, but His will be done. We know He doeth all things for our good. She left us on the 23rd July last, at eleven in the morning. She was very peaceful and happy to the last, though she suffered intensely from fever, dyspepsia, and great debility during her last illness. She lies beside my brother in our little cemetery beyond the bridge. We feel lonely without her, who was the life of our small family. She was so cheerful and happy always. Think of us sometimes, dear.

I have received your letters. One, I received during Aru's illness, so I was unable to reply to it, the other I have got this morning by the early post. I thank you sincerely for it. Please write to me as often as you can, for your letters are

a source of great pleasure and enjoyment to me. I have to thank you also for the photograph of Cambridge House, which you enclosed in your last letter but one. I penned a letter to you some time ago, but could not send it on account of Aru's illness. I will try and write oftener and more interesting letters.

I am glad to hear you are well and enjoying yourself. Westmoreland is a place where Papa longs to live, for it was by the Windermere Lakes that Wordsworth lived, and you know he is Papa's favourite poet. Southey used to live at Keswick, and Coleridge and Professor Wilson of *Blackwood's Magazine* had their homes there too. The latter (Professor Wilson) had a small sailing boat of his own on the lake, and he used to be on the lake whenever he pleased in his own little boat ; was not that jolly ?

I hope you will have better weather by and by. I believe it rains a good deal up in Westmoreland. The items in your letter are very interesting. I remember Miss Pullen very well ; she used to attend the French lectures. Mr. Jebb¹ too, you say, is to wed an American widow—he is such a shy man, he dared hardly deliver his lectures to us with his face towards the class ; he used *almost* to have his back towards us while he was at his desk delivering lectures on English Literature. I do not remember to have seen the lady he is going to be united to.

To-day is Sunday, but we were unable to attend service in the Old Church as it is undergoing repairs. The services are held at St. John's, but at such an unreasonable hour, 7 a.m., that we can hardly get ready to be in time ; it is also a great distance from our place. Mr. Goldsmith, curate of the Old Church, is a Cantab, and we like him very much. Mr. Welland, the pastor, is an old friend of ours ; he went to England with us in the same steamer four years ago ; he returned here sometime before we did. He is a very pleasant man, an Irishman ; his sister has just been married here. The poem in the Appendix of the *Dutt Family Album* is from his pen ; it

¹ Afterwards Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, Public Orator ; Fellow of Trinity ; Professor of Greek, Cambridge.

was written in answer to one of Papa's poems. I should so like to go back to Cambridge and have a look at you all.

20th.

In May last a dreadful thing happened in our Garden. One of our gardeners, while going round the jheel (lake) found a man hanging on a tree, stark dead, just between our garden and a neighbouring field. Papa immediately sent notice to the police station and soon two policemen arrived and they were quickly followed by the police sergeant. Nobody could identify the body. Papa was asked by the police officer to come and see the body. Papa went, though he did not like it very much. He said the man must have been about fifty, and was of course a native. The police officer ordered the body to be taken to the station that same night—all this happened about four in the afternoon. The case was investigated and the body examined but no clue was found to the mystery, as to whether the man had been murdered or had committed suicide. Our Garden becomes very lonely at nights, for there are very few houses round it and our grounds are very extensive. We heard of a dacoity having been committed very near it when we were in England. The servants said that the robbery was committed by night, and in the morning they gathered up some weapons which the dacoits had thrown in our Garden after they had done their work. This makes it rather unpleasant, and Papa bought a good revolver a few months ago in case of need. I was so frightened after that affair about the dead man, found hanging from the tree, that I could not sleep the whole blessed night!

Aru's was such a lively and merry disposition, that she seemed to fill all the large Garden House with life and animation.—Now, without her, the place seems so lifeless and deserted that Mamma can hardly bear going there. We are thinking of disposing of it, if we go to England; for if we do go, as we all wish to, again, we shall settle there. The free air of Europe, and the free life there, are things not to be had here. We cannot stir out from our own garden without being stared at, or having a sun-stroke. And the streets are

so dirty and narrow, that one feels quite suffocated in them. Of course not *all* the streets, for there *are* a few broad and clean streets newly opened.

Aru's pets are getting on very well : her guinea-pigs have increased wonderfully their number ; they are now eighteen, although we have given some away—dear Aru would have liked to see them come and take their breakfast of bread and milk. It makes one sad looking at her pets though, she is so far away ; God have mercy upon us. Her pet kitten, *Peenoo*, is now become pretty big, so is *Baguette*, the kitten she gave me on my last birthday. *Baguette* has now got three kittens of her own. I am in a great perplexity how to dispose of them. *Baguette* and *Peenoo* are very fond of each other ; *Peenoo* is the sharper of the two, she catches butterflies and brings them to *Baguette* to play with ; is not that friendly of *Peenoo* ?

I am now brushing up my arithmetic with Papa. I am rather backward in it, so I am now going into it heartily. We are looking out for a German master : it is hard getting a good one here ; I wish we were in Cambridge under the teaching of Herr Steinhelper.

Papa has disposed of our piano, as it was a very old and jingling instrument : he means getting a new one soon.

21. To-morrow is mail-day, so I must try and post this letter to-day.

I am now reading from the volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The magazine is conducted very ably, and its contents are always very interesting and instructive, we get the volumes from the Calcutta Public Library, of which Papa is a shareholder—we can get as many books as we like at a time and keep them as long as it pleases us—unfortunately there are not many French works, I mean readable French works, in the Library, but the volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* make ample compensation for this defect. The library possesses all the volumes of the *Revue* from the beginning. I had also been lately reading a tale recently published from the pen of Victor Hugo—*Quatre-vingt-treize* is its title. It is a *very* interesting work and treats of the French Revolution of '93, I liked

the book exceedingly ; some parts of it are highly poetical ; it is a very big book, three large volumes : but I never got tired in getting through it. I was also reading a criticism of his poem 'Les Châtiments' from the *Revue*. I should like to see the poem itself very much ; the extracts I read of it are sublime.

I am so glad of your success at school—I knew you would be first in French, for you are a great scholar in French. I congratulate you heartily. . . .

We see very few people here, except our own relations and friends—indeed we seldom go out of our own house and garden. Oh, for the walks in Cambridge with you !

Baguette is here interrupting me, coaxing me for a caress and a loving pat—breakfast is also ready, so I must stop here for the present ; I shall finish this letter after breakfast. I shall post it to your address in Cambridge.

There has not been much rain this year, and the famine is beginning to be felt in Lower Bengal ; already famine-stricken people are coming down from the up-country. I hope that this time it will be not so great as it was some years ago, while we were at Calcutta. I remember then, there used to come to our garden, women, men, and children, thin as skeletons, all their bones sticking out : when food used to be given them, it was painful to see how they fell greedily to it. Mothers would snatch out of their children's hands. They used sometimes to stay in the garden for a few days for the sake of the simple rice and dal they got every morning.

The weather is very hot now, especially at nights—Papa does not allow me to sleep with my window open on account of my cough ; this makes me very uncomfortable in bed. I am quite well at present, though I have still got some cough. Mamma has had very few attacks of her pains since she has been in India ; Papa thinks it is from the change of diet, that she has necessarily undergone, from meat to rice. She is now suffering from a persistent rheumatic pain in her left foot. I hope as soon as this damp weather is over she will be quite well. Papa has had two or three attacks of fever lately, but he is pretty well now.

I am sorry to hear of your father's indisposition, I hope

he is now quite well. I suppose you will leave Cambridge House soon. Did you not write sometime before that you will leave it by next May?

We have got a large turkey now; it was hatched by a hen from a turkey's egg that my grandfather gave us—he gave us several, and seven young turkeys were hatched, but they all died when young (two were stolen), except this one. It has grown a fine-looking bird now. The ducklings I wrote to you about some time ago have grown into very beautiful ducks now, of varied and sleek plumage.

I must close here. Papa and Mamma send their kindest regards to you all, in which I join. With best love to you from me.

P.S. I enclose a small flower and some leaves from the *Toru-Lota* plant. They have not been pressed and dried very well, but I know you will like to have them.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

November 17, 1874.

This letter will reach you just about Christmas time, so I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with many many happy returns of both.

We are keeping pretty good health here. Papa had an attack of fever a few days ago, but he has got over it at present. I have still got a slight cough, but there is no blood-spitting with it now. Mamma seldom gets her old attacks of pain here; we think that the climate and the diet of this country have done this benefit to her health.

It is beginning to be pleasantly cold here; the mornings are often rather chilly like those of an English summer. The cold season is very pleasant in India; it reminds us of English springs or early summer weather.

We all long to go to Europe again. We hope, if we go, to settle in England and not return to India any more. I expect my youngest uncle and aunt will accompany us to Europe this time; it will be very nice if they do so. My uncle is

a thorough *casanier*, as the French have it, and it will be a miracle if he goes with us ; (he says he will ;) he has never been a whole day from home I believe ! The pets are all doing well, there are now twenty-four guinea-pigs ! We hope to dispose of some of them soon ; the birds are thriving, especially the canaries, the bullfinch died some months ago ; our cats had a litter of kittens ; we gave them away as soon as they were old enough ; they are all sought after, on account of old Maja, who was famed, all the country round, for her hunting powers ! We caught a wild parrot some time ago ; it must have been very hungry, for it came on the table to pick some dried peas that we had strewn there to entice it. We have got two turkeys now ; unfortunately the male one has lost one eye, through fighting with a cock of the neighbourhood,

I have been reading a good deal lately, French especially. I finished a translation of Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, a few days ago. I have not read the original, but the translation is excellently done, and the book has high merits. It treats of the time of Edward the fourth of England, and the *Last of the Barons* is the great Warwick, the 'King-maker' as he was called. I have also read lately Lamartine's *Lectures pour tous*. It is a very interesting collection from all his works and is very readable. I like the *Revue des Deux Mondes* very much ; as the Calcutta Public Library has got all the volumes of the *Revue* there is no limit to my reading. The articles in the *Revue* are so interesting, and give me so much information on various subjects. I have lately been reading in the *Revue* a description of the inhabitants of the Jura mountains, their occupations and their ways and manners of living. The perusal of the article gave me great pleasure. The articles are written by able writers and the Magazine is conducted excellently well.

Papa has hired a piano for me ; it is a very good one. It is unfortunate that we cannot get here the small-sized *cabinet* pianos which we got in Europe ; all the instruments dispatched here are very big and cumbrous and occupy a great deal of room.

A friend of mine wants to send his daughter to England

and have her educated there. He wants to know the terms of Cambridge House, and if a child of nine, who hardly knows any English, will be admitted in your school. He is adverse to putting his girl in one of the schools of Calcutta, as the instruction here is far inferior to what one gets in England. Please kindly let me know all about Cambridge House.

20th. We went to the Garden yesterday. It has become very *junglified* ; we are going to have it cleared in a few days, as soon as the rainy season is *quite* over. It is very pleasant now in the suburbs of Calcutta. Perhaps we shall spend the winter in the Garden, but we have not made up our minds about it yet.

Papa wants to buy a carriage and pair of horses ; but I am set against it. I tell him if he allows himself to be entravelled in Calcutta by equipages and gardens, we shall never be able to go to Europe again. I go usually of an evening to my uncle's garden. He and my aunt are never tired of listening to the accounts of Europe which we give them. We attend the ' Old Church ', of which Mr. Welland is the pastor. The Church has been lately renewed and looks very grand and magnificent.

Several weeks ago, a large cobra was killed in my uncle's garden by one of his servants. My grandfather, who was here about a fortnight ago, related how they had killed a big alligator in his tank, inside his garden. He lives at Connaghur, near Serampore, on the banks of the Ganges ; the alligator must have come from the river, during the night, in search of prey. It was killed after a great deal of trouble.

Papa has got a bad cold ; the winter here is the most dry and pleasant season of the year, still it is very damp and almost everybody has coughs or colds.

The Hooghly Bridge (a floating bridge across the Ganges) has created a great sensation here. Street ballads are sung and written in its honour and that of the builder. Hindu ladies go to see it, in closed carriages, by thousands. We have not seen it yet ; my uncles and aunts and numerous cousins have been to see it, and wonder that we do not follow

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their example. What is a floating bridge to people who have seen the Suez Canal, and have been through the underground railway in England ?

The famine is happily at an end, and Government is selling off the remaining supplies at a very low rate ; the poor people are very glad at this ; the Government is also disposing of all the horses and mules, which had been required for the transmission of supplies to the parts of India where famine had made its appearance. The cheapness of rice will make everything cheap.

Calcutta has been very noisy and gay during the past fortnight in consequence of the *Poojahs*. The streets were blocked up by crowds of devotees going to throw their idols in the river Ganges ; our ears were deafened by the continual din of drums, fifes, flutes, violins, &c., all imaginable instruments of music, playing altogethcr in exquisite discordance ! The holidays are now over, and Calcutta has re-entered into its lethargic state. Papa is going out to-day, in the city, for some little affairs.

Pinoo, one of our cats, is a great bird-catcher ; she is out all day seeking for prey, and is sure to catch either a wagtail, or sparrow, or some larger bird. She brings her prey into our sitting-room, and then I take it from her ; she is very docile, so she lets me do what I like. Often I find the bird alive, then I let it off, and reward Pinoo with a good bit of fish !

I must now close. Dear Mary, think of us sometimes. Forgive this dull scrawl.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

December 15, 1874.

I received your very welcome letter two weeks ago, as also the kind note from Miss A. L. : please thank her from me very much ; Papa has also received the kind letter from your dear mother, which you enclosed in yours.

We are all well at present, only my cough troubles me ; I hope I shall soon get rid of it, for it's a long time that I have had it.

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We are all well at present, only my cough troubles me ; I hope I shall soon get rid of it, for it's a long time that I have had it.

We purpose going to the Garden in the mornings for walking and exercise ; would you believe it ? I have hardly walked *one* mile at a stretch since we left England ! Mother gets up at five in the morning and walks about my uncle's miniature garden till sunrise. I am too lazy to get up as early as that ; I find it more comfortable to lie under the blankets at five a.m. than take exercise in the ' trim kept lawns ' of 18 Manicktollah Street (vide *Dutt Family Album*). I go on reading from *les Revues des Deux Mondes* : they afford to me a vast field of amusement and instruction, and the subjects in each number are so varied : political questions, social questions, geological, literary, theatrical, and all subjects of interest are discussed and set forth clearly before the reader. I was lately reading an article on Voltaire and Shakespeare, and another very interesting one about Sergeant Hoff who figured in the last war. Papa says he will publish our translations from the French poets as soon as there are two hundred pieces. At present, I send them to the *Bengal Magazine*, edited by Mr. Dey, a native minister ; Papa means to publish them in a collected form, as soon as the required number is ready.

Our cat Pinoo caught a bulbul the other day. The bird was quite alive and had not even a scratch ; I snatched it away and we have still got it with our other birds. Pinoo was rewarded with a good bit of fried fish. Isn't he a ' fameux chasseur ' ?

My uncle went some days ago to shoot ; he brought home only two water-fowls. He is very fond of shooting, and was in high spirits when he came back, though he had only shot two birds.

A gentleman of Cambridge, whom we met there several times, is now officiating in place of Mr. Welland (who has gone to the North West), at the Old Church. Mr. Clifford has hardly been yet a month here. He called to see us the other day. It is so pleasant to us to meet people whom we used to know in Cambridge.

December 26. It is now more than a week since I began this letter ; I had an attack of fever which kept me in bed all that time. I am well now of the fever, but the cough has not left me. The doctor advised Papa to travel a little and take me to the North-West Provinces, as it might do my chest some good. Ah ! we do not mean to go such a little way from Calcutta as that ; when *we* travel it will be for a trip to Nice and St. Leonards !

Christmas passed very quietly with us ; I was ill, so we did not go to Church. My uncles and cousins decked their houses with garlands of marigolds ; there were no hot Christmas puddings as in England, but there were Christmas cakes full of plums.

Papa is going on the 1st January, 1875, to a College Reunion, to be held at the country residence of a rich native gentleman whom he knows. He is going there because he is very likely to meet some of his old college companions. My uncle too is going with him.

December 31. To-morrow is mail-day, so I must try and finish this letter to-day.

We went yesterday to the Garden. I walked as much as I could. The sun had not then gone down, so we walked under the shadow of the mango trees ; we climbed the small mound, which is called a *hill* by everybody, and walked up to the gate ; the afternoon was very pleasant. Oranges are in full season now ; they are beautiful, we cannot get the like of them anywhere in England ; they are as large as any of the English or Maltese oranges and the skin peels off like that of the Mandarin ones, and they are sweet as honey. Then we have now in season the Batavian oranges ; our Garden is full of them ; they are quite yellow outside and red inside, they are as big as a large water melon, and look very pretty amongst the dark-green leaves. The jungle in the Garden has been thoroughly cleared off, and the place looks clean and neat.

Our cow, at least one of them, for we have got two, has got a calf. The milk which we get is therefore very fresh

and good ; we make our own butter and cream, for it is a very good cow and gives plenty of milk.

1st January, 1875. A happy new year to you, dear, and many many glad returns of the same !

We see from the papers that the winter is very severe in England this time ; the last telegram said that there has been heavy snow-storms and severe frosts during the last fortnight in England. Oh, how I should now like to be there ! though Papa tells me to thank my stars that I am out of all this severe weather with my cough !

I saw in the *Indian Daily News* last night the death of Sir Ronald Martin, an old physician in India. He was in St. Leonards when we were staying there, and Papa took dear Aru to him for consultation, and he advised us to leave England before the winter. The paper says he was seventy-five years old when he died and that he succumbed to the severity of the winter.

I was sorry to hear of the death of the father¹ of the Misses Fisher ; are they going to leave Cambridge ?

One of our parrots is beginning to learn to speak ; Mamma has a kitten called Judy, and Polly calls it so prettily—' Poor Judy, poor Judy,' and then Polly says—' Sweet—Polly ! ' Mamma is now teaching it a long sentence—' Toru dear, don't cough, take a little milk.' Polly just stutters out my name so funnily.

We went to my uncle's yesterday ; he is never tired of listening to us when we speak about England, and he questions us on the most minute details ; he will talk about England by the day till my cousin vows that he, my uncle, knows more about England, though he has never been there, than we do.

The guinea-pigs are increasing as rapidly as we are getting rid of them !

Papa promises to post my letter on his way to the College Reunion. I wonder how many of his schoolfellows he will meet there.

¹ William Webster Fisher, Downing Professor of Medicine.

I have not done any arithmetic lately. It is optional to me to do it or not, as I have finished it ; Papa means to go on to geometry and algebra, but I am afraid I am too thick-headed for that.

Dear Mary, I must now close. Please give my kindest regards to A. L. and also to your father and mother. With best love to yourself.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

. January 11, 1875.

I have as yet not got any letter from you, but as I expect one soon, I have sat down to pen a reply.

I have had another attack of fever last week, but I am much better now ; I am happy to say that both Papa and Mamma are keeping well. Last Monday we took a long drive all round the Maidan ; we went along the river for a long time ; such a number of vessels were anchored there ; two or three steamers were just having their steam up, ready to start for merry England ; I had a great mind to tell the coachman to stop, and get up in one of these ' homeward bound steamers ' !

We met the carriage and six of Sir Salar Jung, a great up-country dignitary. We saw the magnificent statue in bronze of Sir James Outram on horseback ; it is the work of Mr. Foley, the celebrated sculptor, and had been expressly made to be sent out to India. We passed the Eden Gardens, which are the admiration of all Calcutta, and the promenade of the fashionable ; and then the Calcutta Newgate or jail ; it is very large and surrounded by a high wall ;—sentries were pacing up and down, all round the building, armed with bayonets. The streets in the native quarter of Calcutta are so dirty, narrow, and blocked up that it is a wonder to me how we get through them without some accident.

The European part of the town is far better ; though far inferior to some of the fashionable parts of London. We had a drive of about twelve miles that day. Our turkey has hatched seven of the nine eggs she was sitting upon ; the young turkeys are so nimble, and it is so funny looking at them, when they

pick up their rice or grain with their tiny beaks. Two of the bulbuls died, so we let go the third one for fear it should die too.

I have not been reading anything for the last few days, but I am a regular contributor to the *Bengal Magazine*. They are so slow in Calcutta (by *they*, I mean the printers). Would you believe it? the December number of the Magazine has not come out yet!

A few days ago one of my cousins, who is a Hindu, came here with his wife and two daughters and his son; the latter is a very fine, handsome boy, 'like a prince,' as the Bengalis say, of about ten. His two sisters are younger than me, but they look much bigger and older—the eldest has a boy of four, she has just lost her two younger children; the younger sister has a girl of about two, so plump and pretty; I took her on my lap, and she sat there very quiet for some time, but catching sight of Papa's beard, she burst into tears; and her mother had to take her and send her out for a walk in the garden to calm her.

I hope you will excuse, dear Mary, my dull letters; they are a poor return for your interesting ones.

I hope you have not suffered from the severe weather this winter. The papers are full of the cold that is felt all over England; all the country covered under a sheet of snow. Here the weather is delightful, only in the mornings there is sometimes an unhealthy fog—but by nine o'clock, the sun shines warm and dispels all dampness and fog.

February 7th. It is a long time since I began this letter; I have been very ill, and it is only yesterday that I went downstairs. I have been ill with a very bad cough, accompanied with a good deal of blood-spitting and fever. I am glad to say I am better now, though still rather weak. Dr. Cayley of the new Mayo Hospital was called in, besides the native doctor. I have had such a number of blisters put on my chest and back, that they are quite sore—luckily they heal up in a day or two. Papa wishes to call in Dr. Cayley again—but I tell him, that one doctor is enough, for—

Faut des docteurs ; pas trop n'en faut ;
 L'excès en tout est un défaut.
 J'ai mis en parallèle
 Les coursiers et le médecin :
 A son char plus on en attèle,
 Plus on abrège son chemin.

Dr. Cayley says that we shall be able to go to Europe in April or May—he advises us to go to Italy or to the sea-coast in the South of England.

Papa has purchased a very nice and comfortable barouche and a splendid pair of bay mares, belonging to the Government stud ; the pair are an excellent match—I have named them ' Jeunette ' and ' Gentille '. They have to go every morning to Dunnett's to be broken in ; they are very quiet, and the coachman thinks they will be ready for us in three weeks.

By last mail we sent for some French books from London, through Messrs. Hachette & Co. We hope to receive them by April. My uncle has had a lot of books out from England, both French and German. It is a long time since we attended Church ; I have been too ill to go anywhere ; I hope next Sunday we shall be able to go to the Old Church.

One of my cousins has bought a mare very lately—the mare he had ran off from the carriage somehow or other, and in its mad course knocked down a woman who was passing, and hurt her so dreadfully that she was immediately taken to the Hospital and is not likely to live ; the animal hurt another person, but not so seriously ; it has itself got three or four very deep flesh wounds which had to be sewed up. We have sold off a lot of the guinea-pigs ; there are only six pairs left now ; we are going to keep two pairs ; one, the old pair which dear Aru brought from England, and another quite white. I have not been able to read much lately. I have neither practised much.

The weather is getting very warm here now ; last night it was very hot. I must rest a little now.

February 8th. I am not quite sure about the affair of the little girl I wrote about—whether she will be sent to England, and if so, when she is to go. When I shall hear definitely about it, I shall let you know. It will be indeed very sad for her, if she

does go, for she has never been from home, even for a day. Many thanks for the trouble you have taken for me. I shall write to Miss Fletcher either by this mail or the next ; it is very kind of her to write to me herself. I am very glad to hear that it is very likely that Mademoiselle¹ will come to stay in Cambridge.

The Rev. Mr. Dey, editor of the *Bengal Magazine*, to which I contribute, has very lately published a novel in two volumes, in English. He got a prize for it offered by a rich Zemindar for the best novel on humble rural life in India. I have not seen the book yet ; I hope it will be successful.

We have not been able to go to Church for some time on account of my illness ; I hope we shall be able to attend the Old Church next Sunday.

They have just brought into the compound Jeunette and Gentille. I regaled the pair with some sugar-cane, of which they are extremely fond. I like to look at them so much—they are my prime favourites now. They are kept in the Garden just for the present, till our stable in town is quite ready.

How are your pets getting on, doves and canaries ? How nice it is for you to be at home again in Cambridge. Parker's Piece must be full of football players now of an afternoon. And the lectures *ont leur train*, I suppose ; and is M. Boquel still in Cambridge ? and Dr. Garrett as crusty as ever ? I shall write to Mrs. Baker at the earliest opportunity.

February 9th. I began yesterday a very interesting book, *Papiers posthumes de Rossel*. You know Rossel was shot because he held some position among the Communes. He was formerly an officer in Bazaine's army, but he deserted when Metz capitulated. The last part of his diary is so pathetic. I remember all the English papers were of opinion that he was condemned unjustly—I think so too ; his mistake lay in that he, an *officier de génie* of the French army, became one of the leaders of the

¹ Mademoiselle Verry, Miss Martin's French governess, who resided for many years at Park Terrace till her pupil went to school at Cambridge House, Malvern-Wells, in 1872.

Commune; but if he had lived, he would have been one of the best soldiers of the day. He was a Protestant; he loved his country 'not wisely but too well'. He has written a book, *L'Art de la guerre*; I saw some reviews of it in the English papers.

February 10th. Yesterday, I went out for the first time since my illness; my uncle and aunt were so very glad to see me out.

I have not yet gone for a drive: as soon as Jeunette and Gentile are thoroughly broken in, I shall be able to drive about comfortably in our own carriage. The cabs here are so bad and uncomfortable that it is a feat of power and dexterity to get in or out of them!

The December number of the *Bengal Magazine* has at last come out! The January number has not come out yet, but it will soon, for they sent me the proof sheets of my translations some time ago. Papa sometimes gives an article to the Magazine, but not always.

One of our cats has now got three kittens; we shall dispose of them as soon as they are big enough, by giving them to friends.

I hope you will excuse my dull letters, they are but a poor return for your interesting ones, but

Croyez qu'avec vous de moitié
Mon cœur tout autrement raisonne,
Et qu'il ne redoute personne
Au grand concours de l'amitié.

I have handed the prospectus to the little girl's father; as soon as I know his decision, I shall write to you.

I must now close my letter. Give my kindest regards to your father and mother.

P.S.—Reading over my letter, I find I have written twice over about our going to Church, but never mind, you will excuse all such *bêtises*.

T. D.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

March 14, 1875.

I was glad indeed to receive your letter, dated the 3rd February, this morning. I enjoyed reading it so much. I am very sorry to hear that you have got a bad cold. I hope you are quite well by this time. I, myself, am much better now; the warm weather has set in and we are obliged to have the punkah going all through the day.

I asked the little girl's father about her; she is not going to England just now; I do not know if she will ever be able to go. Thank you very much for the information about Cambridge House. Please give my very best thanks to Miss Fletcher, when you see her, for her kind letter.

Yesterday, Dunnet, the horse-breaker, came here; and we had the first ride in our own carriage and pair. Jeunette and Gentile go splendidly and are very quiet. We had a pretty long drive.

My cousin's new mare was tried in his brougham; she went very well too. Dunnet is coming again to-morrow, to accustom our coachman to the horses.

April 3rd. It is some time since I began this letter; for the last fortnight Papa has been suffering from strong fever; he has now got rid of the fever, but is still rather weak.

I go out for a drive almost every day. Papa is not able to accompany me every time, because of his weakness. We are going to spend the day in the Garden and have our luncheon there.

Last night we had a thunderstorm, accompanied with hail. It is very fresh and cool this morning in consequence.

My birthday was the 4th of March. Mamma gave me Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, and Papa a beautiful volume of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems. I have already read both of them, and I like them very much.

We expect our books from England on Thursday next; I am looking forward for it.

April 5th. We went to the Garden on Saturday last, and spent the day there. My uncle and aunt joined us there in the afternoon, and we took a walk when the sun had set. Papa and I are going out shopping to-day. I am now reading Dickens's *Bleak House*. I have only just begun it, but as far as I have read, it is very interesting. We are going to live in the Garden during the hot season; I think we shall be able to remove by the end of this week.

April 6th. We had a great deal of rain last night, which has made the morning very pleasant and cool.

The delicious mangoes will be soon in season; unripe ones are already to be got; they are very nice boiled with a little sugar. Pineapples are to be got, but they are very dear, almost as dear as in England. Then we have now the *Rose-berry*, with its beautiful odour of fresh roses, and the *Lokut*, with its bright orange colour; and the water-melon, and the sugar-cane, and the *Bael*, which is very good, strained and made into a drink with ice and sugar.

I continue to contribute translations from the French poets to the *Bengal Magazine*; some of the Indian papers review them favourably, which makes me very happy and proud!

I get up early now, at five in the morning, because I have Jeunette and Gentile fed before me, and they come at six, so I am dressed and ready by the time they come. In the Garden, they will have plenty of pasture and free air. Here, of course, they are kept almost the whole day in their stable.

April 8th. I got your letter dated the 10th March this morning; oh, the long interesting letter! I was so glad to receive it, but I feel quite ashamed of my own remissness in my correspondence.

I have not got Voltaire's *Charles XII*. I returned all the books you kindly lent me. I am very sorry to hear about the Fishers; will they stay on in Cambridge? I see from your letter that your father sees Mr. Hall very often. Do you meet Mary and Lizzie sometimes? If so, give my best love to them. All the Cambridge news you give in your letter is very interesting. Mr. George Macfarren (who is one of the candidates for the

Cambridge professorship) we knew in London ; his wife, Natalia Macfarren, was our singing mistress during our long sojourn in that city. I hope Mr. Macfarren all success with my whole heart. Many thanks for the little pin-cushion ; I shall treasure it up for your dear sake. I was so sorry to learn of your illness and am so glad you are quite well now. I am pretty well now, but the cough has not quite left me yet. There is very little chance of our going to England just now, but still we hope to go soon. My uncle seriously declares that he will very soon start for England ; but we have heard this so often that we do not think he will be able. What a severe winter you have had ! Papa says we are well out of it ! Here the weather is intolerably hot. We went yesterday for a drive. Jeunette and Gentile are so quiet, strong, and fleet that Papa was quite pleased with them. I have such merry tiffs with my uncle and aunt about the merits of their horse (a grey and rather small-sized stud-bred) and Jeunette and Gentile's. My aunt calls her horse Peerless Roland, but I call him Rosinante, in remembrance of Don Quixote's famous steed !

I am afraid my letter will be very short and dull this time. Are you going to leave Cambridge House next May ? If so, you have left school by the time this reaches you. We have not been to Church for a long time, on account of sickness amongst us. To-morrow is mail-day, so I must post this to-day if I wish it to go by this mail. I am quite ashamed of this scrawl. Please give my love to your dear Mother, and best love to yourself.

Baugmaree Garden House.

April 23, 1875.

I begin this letter now, so as to be able to make it long if not interesting. Papa has been suffering very much for the last week from an abscess in his right leg. The doctor wanted to make a slight incision, but Mamma is very much afraid of operations of any kind. I am glad to say that the sore is now in a fair way of getting well. You will see by the address that we have settled down at old Baugmaree for the hot season ; it is so much cooler and pleasanter here than in town. We came here on the 15th instant.

The books we sent for from England have at last come to hand ; there are only two more to come, Those that we have already received are : *Les Châtiments*, by Victor Hugo, a book which I have been longing to see ; the poems therein are very beautiful ; if I have time and space, I shall copy and send one of the smallest pieces with a translation by your humble servant ! Then there are *Voyage aux Pyrénées* by Taine, *Seul !*, by Saintine. The latter is the well-known history of Alexander Selkirk, from which Defoe made out his *Robinson Crusoe*. Then we have received also : *Napoléon le Petit*, by Victor Hugo ; *Les Fiancés du Spitzberg*, by Marmier, 'ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française' ; *La roche aux mouettes*, by Sandeau ; *Histoire d'une bouchée de pain*, by Macé. This is a scientific book treating of the organs of the human body and also of the animals, but the whole is so simply told, and so well explained, that it is most interesting reading. Then there are two volumes of Charles Nodier's charming *Contes*. I have only read two or three of the whole lot as yet ; I was so glad to receive them that a whole fortnight was passed in looking at them and hugging them ! Yesterday our coachman, who is a good angler, caught a small *Roheet* from one of our tanks ; he is going to try again to-day. Two or three nights ago, one of our servants saw two wild boars in our Garden. We had seen one before we went to England. My uncle is anxious to have a shot at them, if they make their appearance again. I saw a weasel this morning, while I was taking my 'constitutional'. There are many weasels in our Garden ; I am going to try and catch one if possible. There has been quite a murrain among our pets : almost all the kittens have died, only two are left, and Mamma's pet cat, Judy, is dead too, and three of our rabbits also have had the same fate. Isn't it distressing ?

The *leechies* will be in soon now, the mangoes will come in later about the beginning of May. I am pretty well at present, only the cough has not left me yet. Mamma is quite well.

I went this morning to see Jeunette and Gentille bathed. They are so gentle, and are very fond of me ! I go out driving almost every day in the evening. Papa is unable to accompany me just now, and Mamma stays at home for him. My uncle and aunt came to see us yesterday.

25th, Monday. Last evening we received a letter of receipt from Messrs. Hachette & Co., accompanied by the last book of those we sent for. It is the *Scènes historiques*, by Mme de Witt, née Guizot ; it is a beautifully and richly bound volume, with illustrations. Last night, we had what the English papers would call a thunderstorm, and which we would denominate a refreshing shower ! Yesterday, our coachman caught two large fishes ; he is a lucky angler, indeed he supplies our daily consumption of fish ; it is so pleasant having fresh fish from our own tanks.

The mornings are so pleasant in the Garden. Very early, at about three in the morning, the *Bheem-raj*, a little bird, begins his song ; half an hour afterwards, all the bushes and trees burst into melody, the *Kokila*, the *Bow-kotha-kow*—which means, ‘ Speak, O bride ’—the *Papia*, &c. And the gay little humming-birds, with their brilliant colours, dive into the flowers for honey with busy twitters. Oh, it is so cool and pleasant in the morning till ten o’clock, when the warmth increases ; from noon to about four in the afternoon, all is quite still, except some lone woodpecker tapping at some far-off tree. Then in the evening, all the birds are astir again, till it gets dark, when, like wise little creatures that they are, they go to bed !

Jeunette and Gentile are thriving. I sometimes lead them to grass in our compound ; they follow me as meek as lambs. I must stop here, for breakfast is ready.

April 27th. Yesterday my grandfather came here with one of his grandsons ; he wished to consult Dr. Cayley about the health of the boy, who is rather weakly. Yesterday, in the afternoon, we had a good deal of rain and wind, which continued almost the whole night.

Of all the English birds that Aru brought from England, only six are living, two pairs of canaries, one goldfinch, and one chaffinch. The guinea-pigs increase their number weekly, and I continue to ‘ drive a roaring trade ’ as Papa says, by selling them by lots of eighteen or twenty at a time ! I hope you are all quite well. By the time this letter reaches you, you would have left Cambridge House for good, I suppose. Where are you going this summer during the vacation ? What do you think of

coming out here for a summer-trip ? We should be charmed to see you and should be happy to bring about this joyous event in any way, if you will just give a hint that it will suit you !

The weather looks cloudy, and as the Garden gets unhealthy during the rainy season, we shall soon have to decamp. Write to me at our Calcutta house, for I am afraid of the letters being lost if you were to address them here. Papa is pretty well, but as I said before, it will be some time before he is able to move about. He and Mamma join in sending kind regards to your father and mother and with best love to yourself.

CHANSON

From Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments*

(Original)

La femelle ? elle est morte.
 Le mâle ? un chat l'emporte
 Et dévore ses os.
 Au doux nid qui frissonne
 Qui reviendra ? personne.
 Pauvres petits oiseaux !
 Le pâtre absent par fraude !
 Le chien mort ! le loup rôde
 Et tend ses noirs panneaux
 Au bercail qui frissonne.
 Qui veillera ? personne.
 Pauvres petits agneaux !
 L'homme au bain ! la mère
 A l'hospice ! ô misère !
 Le logis tremble aux vents ;
 L'humble berceau frissonne.
 Que reste-t-il ? personne.
 Pauvres petits enfants !

CHANSON

(Translation)

The female ? She is dead.
 The male ? The cat has fed
 On his flesh and his bone.
 To the nest which will come ?
 Oh, poor birdlings, be dumb ;
 But they moan, the weak things, and they moan.

The shepherd ? Gone or fled.
 The dog ? Killed, and instead
 The wolf prowling alone.
 He peers in.—Ho, I come !
 He may pity, hope some,
 Oh poor lambs, the wolf's heart is of stone.
 The man ? To prison led.
 The mother ? sick-a-bed
 In a workhouse is thrown.
 It is cold—will she come ?
 They cry—cry for a crumb,
 Poor children, look to God on his throne.

From *Les Châtiments* of Victor Hugo

(*Original*)

— Sentiers où l'herbe se balance,
 Vallons, coteaux, bois chevelus,
 Pourquoi ce deuil et ce silence ?
 — Celui qui venait ne vient plus.
 — Pourquoi personne à la fenêtre,
 Et pourquoi ton jardin sans fleurs ?
 O maison ! où donc est ton maître ?
 — Je ne sais pas, il est ailleurs.
 — Chien, veille au logis. — Pour quoi faire ?
 La maison est vide à présent.
 — Enfant, qui pleures-tu ? — Mon père.
 — Femme, qui pleures-tu ? — L'absent.
 — Où s'en est-il allé ? — Dans l'ombre.
 — Flots qui gémissiez sur l'écueil,
 D'où venez-vous ? — Du baigne sombre.
 — Et qu'apportez-vous ? — Un cercueil.

THE POLITICAL PRISONER

(*Translation*)

— Paths that from trees dark shadows borrow !
 Green vale and wood and pebbled shore !
 Wherefore this silence and this sorrow ?
 — A step that came here, comes no more.

- Closed window, sign of some disaster !
Garden, where never flowers are seen !
And grey old house—where is the master ?
—Long in his home he has not been.
- Mastiff keep watch.—O stranger rather
On Desolation look thou here.
- Child why weepest thou ?—For my Father.
—And thou O woman ?—For my dear.
- Where is he gone ?—He left no traces.
—Whence come ye, Waves, that thunder loud ?
—We come from earth's dark cruel places.
—And what bear ye ?—A hammock shroud.

T. D.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

June 6, 1875.

I got your long-expected and welcome letter yesterday. So you have been to London ! Is this your first visit to it ? I am glad you enjoyed yourself ; did you go to the Royal Academy ? Aru and I were charmed when we saw the Zoological Gardens, and went there several times. I have never had the luck to see the elephant processions you mention ; they very often take place, but I never had the curiosity to go and see them.

I have read all the books we have had brought from England, except one, *Scènes historiques*, by Mme de Witt, which I am now reading. Our next batch of books will come to hand about the middle of July ; among them is M. Littré's Dictionary, in four volumes. *Les Fiancés du Spitzberg*, by X. Marmier, is a very interesting and nice book. It is well worth reading, and I should recommend you to read it, if it comes in your way.

We are all well now. Mamma lately had a very bad carbuncle on the neck. We were afraid that it would have been necessary to cut it, but happily it got well through applying warm poultices and touching it up with caustic lotion.

I am very sorry to hear what you tell me about Mrs. Baker. Does she understand all one says to her ? I will write to her and enclose the letter in yours. Please kindly send it over to her.

I have still got the cough, but have nothing else to complain

The shepherd ? Gone or fled.
 The dog ? Killed, and instead
 The wolf prowling alone.
 He peers in.—Ho, I come !
 He may pity, hope some,
 Oh poor lambs, the wolf's heart is of stone.
 The man ? To prison led.
 The mother ? sick-a-bed
 In a workhouse is thrown.
 It is cold—will she come ?
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—And what bear ye ?—A hammock shroud.

T. D.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

June 6, 1875.

I got your long-expected and welcome letter yesterday. So you have been to London ! Is this your first visit to it ? I am glad you enjoyed yourself ; did you go to the Royal Academy ? Aru and I were charmed when we saw the Zoological Gardens, and went there several times. I have never had the luck to see the elephant processions you mention ; they very often take place, but I never had the curiosity to go and see them.

I have read all the books we have had brought from England, except one, *Scènes historiques*, by Mme de Witt, which I am now reading. Our next batch of books will come to hand about the middle of July ; among them is M. Littré's Dictionary, in four volumes. *Les Fiancés du Spitzberg*, by X. Marmier, is a very interesting and nice book. It is well worth reading, and I should recommend you to read it, if it comes in your way.

We are all well now. Mamma lately had a very bad carbuncle on the neck. We were afraid that it would have been necessary to cut it, but happily it got well through applying warm poultices and touching it up with caustic lotion.

I am very sorry to hear what you tell me about Mrs. Baker. Does she understand all one says to her ? I will write to her and enclose the letter in yours. Please kindly send it over to her.

I have still got the cough, but have nothing else to complain

of. Papa is quite well, he had an acute attack of the gout lately, but is now very well. We have left the Garden House, as the rainy season has commenced. The mangoes are in their full season now, and we are enjoying them to our hearts' content.

I am not able to go out driving now, as Gentile is laid up with a strained shoulder. Jeunette is quite well and is in such excellent condition ! My cousin, who is very fond of horses, never tires looking at her, and whenever he calls, he never fails to ask me to order Jeunette and Gentile to be brought in the compound of our house. I wanted very much to have a book about horses, and Mamma gave me one yesterday ; it is written by an officer of the British army, and is intended for non-professional horse-owners in India. It is very interesting and gives so much information ; I have been reading it all yesterday.

9th. Papa has had two rooms built lately over our kitchen and store-room, because we were hard up for rooms. They are not quite finished yet, but they will be so in a few days.

Among the list of those who have passed the Civil Service Examination, there is not one Indian gentleman ; this is very unfortunate. One of our relations went up for the Examination, and has failed ; this is very sad for him. It is harder when a Bengali fails than when an Englishman has the same mishap ; the Bengali leaves all his friends and relations and stakes all his fortune for a successful examination, the expenses of going and coming are so great. There were three or four natives who went up this year, but they have all failed, it seems.

My letter will be dull this time, as I have literally nothing to write about. I get up very early now, at four or half-past four at the latest, so as to be able to pat and caress Jeunette and Gentile when they come for their morning feed. Mamma says I am mad about horses, and gives me a scolding now and then for getting up so early. One day Jeunette got loose in the Garden, and oh ! didn't she race ! jumping clean over hedges and quite wild with joy ! She was caught at last, when the grooms led Gentile to her. They are so very fond of each other. Now that Gentile is laid up with a bad shoulder Jeunette was made to go in a pair with my cousin's horse, and stayed out some time. Gentile

neighed and was restless all the time she was absent ! I am getting very tiresome, am I not ? always horses, horses, horses ! Ah ! but if you could see my Jeunette and Gentile !

The papers say that the Duke of Buckingham is coming out from England to be the Governor of Madras. This is, I believe, the first *Duke* that has ever come out to India as Governor.

The papers say that he is very likely to succeed Lord Northbrook as Governor-General of India. The Prince of Wales intends to give us the honour of a visit in November : some papers are in the seventh heaven about this visit, others depreciate it, saying it will only be an occasion for the increase of taxes. The Princess of Wales will not accompany him out, it seems, as then she will have to leave her children in England. Dr. Fayrer and Sir Bartle Frere are likely to bear him company. The Flying Squadron will come with him out to India. It will be a grand affair.

The Indian maize is coming into season. Papa is not very fond of it, but I am, when it is young and *cuit sous les cendres* ; oh, then it is delicious !

We want to sell off the Garden before we leave India, as then we shall be able to settle for good in England. Already we have had some very good offers for it, but not such as *we* would wish to have.

The front of our town house was full of huts and small shops. One of my cousins has now bought it, and cleared it thoroughly, which is a great improvement. I believe the ground will be turned into a nice garden.

Has Miss A. L. left Cambridge House ? Give her my best regards when you see her. By the time this reaches you, you will have left the old dear school. Where do you mean to go this autumn ? Are the Fishers still in Cambridge ? I suppose the usual boat-races in Cambridge between the Colleges took place in May. Who came out first ? I am afraid you were in school then and did not see the boat-procession.

Polly is just beginning to say : 'Toru, dear, give me some bread.' She is even now squeaking the sentence out in great triumph ! I want to know the date and year of your birth, because I want

to put it in my Birthday Scripture text book ; I have a good many names in it already, chiefly of our own relations.

The rains have fully set in, and the sky looks as dismal as the London *summer* skies. The rainy season will continue about two months more ; it is the most dull and unhealthy season of the year.

I enclose a letter for Mrs. Baker and a penny stamp, please kindly forward the note to her. Give my kindest regards and those of Papa and Mamma to your father and mother.

12, Manicktollah Street.

Calcutta.

July 22, 1875.

I have not got a letter from you for such a long time that I am getting a little anxious about you all. To-morrow we shall receive letters from Europe ; I hope there will be also one from you among them.

We are all well here at present. I hope to be able to go out again soon, as Gentile has got well of her strain in the shoulder under my *own* treatment. The weather is not very fine now-a-days, as the rainy season is in its height now ; the sun nevertheless shows his bright face now and then for a day or two. The weather has become in no wise cooler on account of the rains ; indeed, it is hotter now than ever. The thermometer, now, 6.80 a.m. in this room, under a punkah, stands at eighty-two !

The wife of my cousin, Charoo, who went to England to be enrolled as a barrister, had a baby, but it died the seventh day after its birth, of tetanus. The poor young mother (she is only twenty-two) is sorely tried ; this is the first child she has lost ; she has four children now, three boys and one girl. My great-grandmother died also on the 7th instant. We could not go to see her, as I had an increase of my cough, which again necessitated applying a blister on my chest.

My grandfather and grandmother came here on Thursday last, to consult the doctor about my grandmother's eyes ; she is suffering very much from them and can hardly see ; the doctor says she will get well in a month.

We got a letter from Messrs. Hachette & Co.; we learn from it that our books will come to hand by the 1st of August. They write that they have still a balance of one pound and odd shillings in our favour, so we are going to send for some more books. Our old music-mistress, who used to teach us piano and singing before we went to England, came to see us the day before yesterday from Serampore, where she now resides. She brought her daughter Marie with her. I was so glad to see Mrs. Sinaes again! She is such a good motherly woman. She was quite shocked at my not having a piano!

We shall not be able to go to the Garden till November, when the rainy season will be over. The garden is very unhealthy now, and one is sure to get malaria if one stays there during the rains. The two rooms over our kitchen and store-rooms are quite done now, and we use them. We shall be able to bring some of our bookshelves from the Garden, as there is more room here now.

I suppose you have left Cambridge House for good now. Is Miss A. L. there still, or has she left?

I am not reading anything now, except articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I have just got hold of *L'année terrible*, by Victor Hugo; I had written several times for it from the Calcutta Public Library, but the invariable answer had always been, 'Out, sorry to say!' But the librarian got tired of my perseverance, and I have received the book at last. It is much inferior to *Les Châtiments*. It has for subject the late war of 1870 and its *suites*. In one of the pieces, the poet addresses General Trochu thus:

'Participe passé du verbe Tropheoir,' &c., &c.

Some verses entitled 'A l'enfant malade pendant le siège' and addressed to his little grandchild, Jeanne, are exceedingly good. Have you read Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*? It is a very, very interesting book. I was lately reading a review of it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which interested me very much.

All the *bigwigs* are still up at Simla. I believe Lord Northbrook, our Governor-General, will go to Bombay in November, to receive the Prince of Wales there. Our new Chief-Justice, Sir Richard Garth, has been entertained at dinner by the

barristers of Calcutta at the Town Hall. He seems to have pleased everybody by his warm and hearty manner.

Our second crop of mangoes is now come in, and we get some every day ; but they are neither so plentiful nor so good as those which come to season first. To-day, the durwan from our Garden reported that a large snake had been seen in the room where the poultry used to be kept ; but they could not kill it, as it escaped through a hole. The fruits we now get are delicious : pineapples, custard-apples, of which I am very fond ; pomegranates, large and fresh, and the native almonds, very like newly-come-in and green walnuts, plantains, guavas, and the large jack-fruits which we get from our Garden.

One of my cousins, Varûna, only four years old, is fond of us, very much. He sometimes comes and stays the whole day with us. He is very intelligent and has a wonderful ear for music. You would be delighted to hear him sing some of Moody's and Sankey's hymns :

‘ Hold the fort ! for I am coming ! ’

He sings that standing, with his little hand raised in a most imposing attitude ! He is very fond of firearms ! Give him a gun or a pistol, and he will do anything for you. His love for watches and medicine-chests seems in no wise to have diminished.

July 23rd. I received your letter, dated the 22nd of June last. I am glad to see you are well, as I was getting a little anxious about you. I am sorry to hear about the Fishers. Poor girls ! it must be trying to them to live so far from home. Is Mary the one who is a little shorter than the other two, and is she the eldest of the three ? Where shall you go in September ? I shall continue to write to your address in Cambridge. I shall be so glad to get a likeness of yours, when you are taken in Cambridge. Please do not forget to send me one.

Yesterday, Jeunette was put to harness with a mare of my cousin's. As she had several days' rest on account of Gentille's lameness, she was very fresh, and went splendidly, plunging and

so fiery that Papa was afraid of some accident. She came back quieter, but still full of spirit and fire. It reminded me of Browning's description of a horse in a poem entitled 'How they brought the good news from Ghent':

'With his nostrils like pits, full of blood to the brim.'

Gentile is quite well now, and I shall be able to use her in a few days. We sold off some guinea-pigs, keeping only four. As to the birds dear Aru brought from England, only two pairs of canaries and one goldfinch are alive.

I was reading some French translations of Henri Heine's poems in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I liked them very much. 'Le Négrier,' 'Soucis Babyloniens,' 'Les fiancés prédestinés,' are very good, and also some ballads of a lighter vein.

'Polly' has learned a big sentence now; she says 'Toru, dear, give me some bread' quite plainly now; she says it to me whenever she sees me with any fruit in my hand.

I must bid you good-bye now, dear. With best love to yourself and kind regards to your father and mother.

Calcutta.

September 10, 1875.

Many, many thanks for your very interesting letter, dated the 9th August last, which I received this morning. So you have left school at last! How glad your dear mother must be to have you all to herself now! She used to miss you so much when you went back to school after the holidays. The small piece from your father's pen, I like very much; Papa also was pleased with it.

Your description of Sir Samuel Wagtail of Wagtail Hall, Berkshire, or Barkshire, is very funny. I laughed so much when I read it.¹

Calcutta is now looking forward to the proposed visit of the Prince of Wales to India. Preparations are already being made for his reception. A committee has been appointed by the native community to consider the best way of showing the loyalty of his Indian subjects to the Prince. Papa was asked to

¹ This was an allusion to a dog belonging to a friend of Miss Martin,

be one of the committee ; he is going to-morrow to a meeting, which is to be held at the British Indian Association Rooms, to consider how the Prince should be *fêted* and received by the Bengali community of Calcutta.

We have brought all our books here from the Garden, and I have been very busy arranging them. We shall go to the Garden and stay there as soon as the rains are over, which will be about the beginning of November. Our French books have arrived. Littré's Dictionary, in four large volumes, is splendid ; it is very good and instructive reading too, and I have been reading it often. The quotations and the history of each word are very interesting. Besides Littré's Dictionary, we have received Alfred de Musset's works, Alfred de Vigny's poetical works, Mme Desbordes-Valmore's *Poésies de l'enfance* and Soulay's *Sonnets* and *Vert-Vert, ou, Les aventures d'un perroquet*, by Gresset. We have sent for some more books.

Gentile is now quite well, and I go out for an evening drive very often. I went yesterday to the Strand along the river, which is the fashionable 'drive' of Calcutta.

You promised to send me a likeness of yours ; I expected that I should find it in your letter ; your father's poem made the letter feel hard to the touch, as if it enclosed a *carte-de-visite*. I suppose you have not had yourself taken yet ; when you have, please do not forget to send me a copy. You know how I shall value it, dear.

Baguette has got two kittens, and Pinoo one. Baguette's kits are very pretty : one is white, with a small black mark on the forehead and the tail black ; the other is dark grey and white, intermingled. They are so full of playful tricks, it is quite amusing to watch their funny antics.

My cousin has sold off that frisky mare of his, which ran away and killed a poor old woman some time ago ; he has now only a beautiful black mare. Just now I saw his brougham pass in the street opposite our window.

A great epidemic lately broke out among our ducks and geese ; from two to four died every day, and out of twenty only eight are now living. We kept only three guinea-pigs and sold off the others, but yesterday, on going into their room, I saw the

number increased to six ! Three little ones had been born overnight. The four canaries and the goldfinch are thriving. The young bulbul which I had in the Garden has grown into a very fine bird now. The fruits in season now are custard-apples (I am very fond of them), Batavian oranges, green almonds, Indian plums, and plantains of course.

We lead a very quiet life here, and so I have very little news to give you. I get up at half past four, prepare two cups of chocolate, one for myself and one for Papa, then I go to dress, and by the time I come out from the dressing-room, Papa and Mamma get up, and I find the former smoking his morning cigar. Then I go to the roof of the house ; it is very cool, early in the morning, up there. After that I give Baguette and Pinoo their morning pittance of fried fish. I come down and install myself in the window of this room, below which Gentille and Jeunette take their feed of gram and bran, and a delicious drink of *suttoo* (flour of oats), and water, which is given to horses in India, to keep them cool during the very hot months. Then we go down to breakfast. After breakfast we have prayers, after which Mamma goes to her household duties, I either take up a book or play for a quarter of an hour with the kittens, and Papa reads or writes or pores over the *Indian Daily News*. At twelve, we have our lunch, after which I read or write till three, when I take either a custard-apple, or a slice of Batavian orange. At five, we dress, and go out, I generally for a drive, and Papa and Mamma to my uncle's garden. At seven, we have dinner, and at half-past eight, a cup of tea, and at ten to bed. I must stop here for the present, for breakfast is ready.

We had a sharp shock of earthquake five or six days ago. We were then at prayers, and we all felt it plainly ; the punkah swung backwards and forwards ; the water in the tank at the back of our house rose and fell, like waves of the sea ; and all the clocks stopped. My uncle, who is rather nervous about earthquakes, was up in the third storey, when he felt the shock ; he rushed downstairs and stationed himself at the front door, for fear the house should topple down ! I laughed at him so much, but he declared that he felt the shock more plainly, being in the third storey, than we possibly could have felt it in the second.

September 14th. My grandfather and grandmother came to see us yesterday and they brought Mamma's brother's eldest wife with them ; for my uncle has *two* wives, as many Hindus here have the right to have three or four wives, which is not at all contrary to the Shastras ! My eldest auntie is very good, she loves us very much, and was very glad to see us : it is more than a year since she had seen us.

We went to the Garden two or three days ago and met some of our cousins, who had gone there before, with Papa's permission, to angle. They insisted on our taking a middle-sized *roheet* that they had caught, so we had fresh *roheet* fried for dinner.

Mamma had an attack of her pain some weeks ago ; it was a very sharp attack, and after that she had a little fever, but she was quite well in two or three days. Papa and I are both quite well now.

We go to the Old Church every Sunday ; it is very far from our house, that is the only inconvenience.

There has been a great deal of cholera up at Simla, where the Governor-General goes usually with his staff and officers during the hot season. Of course he was obliged to *déguerpir* as soon as the cholera broke out.

I shall address my letters to you at Cambridge, though I suppose you will probably be somewhere near the Lakes for five or six weeks.

Mrs. Baker has not written to me yet, but I hope she will soon.

Why don't you go to the Continent for a tour ? I am sure you would enjoy yourself immensely. I should like to go down the Rhine and also to the Pyrenees ; there is such a nice piece in French, descriptive of the scenery round the Pyrenees, by Napoléon Pyrénéen (Xavier Navarrot), a protestant *pasteur* ; it is the only poem he wrote, but it is a beautiful one ; his critic, M. Charles Asselineau, thus speaks of the piece : ' Ce n'est pas un pays deviné, rêvé, recréé, pour ainsi dire, par l'imagination puissante d'un poète grand magicien, mais un pays vu, compris et admirablement rendu en quelques coups d'un savant pinceau : la *vermeille* Orléans, Limoges *aux trois sveltes clochers*, l'Aveyron

murmurant entre des pelouses pleines de parfums, les grèves pensives du Tescoud, le Tarn fauve et fuyant, la Garonne aux longs flots, aux eaux convulsives où nagent des navires bruns et des îlots verdoyants, parleront à l'œil de quiconque a suivi le même itinéraire. Tout le reste de la pièce, écrit d'un mouvement rapide, comme la course du voyageur, ou comme le galop des chevaux de Muça-el-Kevir, étincelle de vives couleurs et de traits brillants qui sautent à l'œil. C'est : Toulouse, jetée comme une perle au milieu des fleurs ; les blancs chevaux à la crinière argentée, dont le pied grêle a des poils noirs comme des plumes d'aigle, c'est encore Fénelon le cygne aux chants divins,

Qui nageait aux sources d'Homère !

c'est enfin, à la dernière strophe, les armées, passant par Roncevaux :—*soldats, canons, tambours, chevaux, chants tonnant dans l'espace, &c.*—Voilà bien l'art de 1833.'

I'd better stop here, I am afraid you are yawning !

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

October 12, 1875.

I received your most welcome and interesting letter, dated 29th August, from Keswick, last Monday. I delayed answering it in hopes that something new might turn up, about which I could write to you and which would interest you, but as my hopes have been frustrated, you must content yourself with my usual long rigmaroles. Now that the modest preface has been written, I feel relieved, as you have fair warning of all the dull things that are to follow. How I should like to be with you now ! What a pity you did not see the 'four fraternal yews' ! When Papa heard it, he was scandalized ; he said he should not have thought *you* capable of such a thing !

Papa has been suffering from another small abscess, but he is now quite well. So are we all for the present.

I have bought a splendid book about horses, with beautiful large coloured illustrations. Papa has bought for me Mayhew's *Illustrated Horse-doctor*, which I have wanted long to have.

Papa has hired a piano and I am practising away all the

morning. Varûna, my little cousin, has a great ear for music. He knows almost all Mr. Sankey's hymns and sings them in English, though he does not know the language. Play the first bar of any of Mr. Sankey's hymns, he immediately catches the tune, and sings it to the last line, in perfect measure, keeping time with his foot. He is more and more attached to me, and the reason is, I let him play two or three notes on my piano when he comes !

13th. I have just come in from the small garden ; I have been leading about Jeunette and Gentille there, while the grooms were busy at something or other. Jeunette is so very fond of bread ; I have been giving her some every morning ; she searches all my dress, pokes her nose into my pockets for a slice.

The last batch of French books arrived by last mail ; they are *Fleurange* by Mme Augustus Craven ; *Anthologie Française*, a collection of small poetical pieces from the oldest times to our days ; and *Le nouveau seigneur*, and another book, I forget the name ; the two latter we did not ask for, but they were sent in place of the *Critiques et caractères contemporains* of Jules Janin, which we asked for and which is unfortunately out of print. *Fleurange* is a very interesting and readable book ; if you read it, I am sure you will be pleased. *Le gentilhomme pauvre*, by Henri Conscience, recommended by our French master, M. Girard of St. Leonards, is very sentimental, dull and worthless. *Au coin du feu*, by E. Souvestre, also recommended by M. Girard, is good in its way, but meant more for children than adults. *Gazida*, by Marmier, is very nice but inferior to his other work, which I liked very much, namely, *Les fiancés du Spitzberg*. *Germaine*, by M. About, is very readable but not very moral. M. About does not know how to be dull, for from the driest subject he can easily bring forth a generous supply of amusement and interest. Enough of books has been said, so I had better drop that subject.

Our winter is coming in rather early this year ; the weather is already pleasanter and the mornings are fresh and cool. Of course the *punkah* is yet a source of comfort, but very soon it will be no longer so. I want to go to the Garden for the winter,

but Papa is rather averse to moving again, when we have just settled down here with our books. I hope Mamma and I shall be able to persuade him to dislodge. We went to the Old Church last Sunday. Our pastor, Mr. Welland, was absent; I think he has gone to the North West for a change, and so Mr. Clifford conducted the service and gave the sermon.

The *Doorga-Poojah* holidays have come, and all business men have left town for a change. Last Sunday was the day that the Hindus throw the goddess Doorga into the river, after a three days' worship! The streets were crowded to excess, processions, with the goddess, I mean with her image, borne in a triumphal throne and with music, marched towards the river. We thought we should be able to escape all the noise and crowd by going to Baumaree for a day or two, but somehow we were prevented.

I have nothing to write about, so I will copy out for you one of my latest translations of French poetry. It is taken from the *Anthologie* which we received a fortnight ago and the author is M. Eugène Manuel, a poet of our times.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL

In secret from among the throng
God sometimes takes a soul,
And leads her slow, through grief and wrong,
Unswerving to her goal.

He chooses her to be His bride,
And gives her from His store,
Meek tenderness and lofty pride,
That she may feel the more.

He makes her poor, without a stay,
Desiring all men's good,
Searching the True, pure, pure away,
But still, misunderstood.

Beneath a weight of pains and fears
He makes her often fall,
He nourishes her with bitter tears,
Unseen, unknown of all.

He spreads the clouds her head above,
 He tries her hour by hour,
 From Hate she suffers and from Love,
 And owns of Each the power.

God's rigour never, never sleeps :
 She waits for peace ? In vain.
 She struggles or resignèd weeps,
 He strikes and strikes again.

In beings that she loves the most,
 He wounds her till, half mad,
 She wanders like a restless ghost !
 A problem strange and sad.

Thus stricken, reft of joy and light,
 God makes her fair and clean,
 Like an enamel hard and bright,
 A sword of temper keen.

Subject to Adam's debt below
 And every curse and pain,
 The Judge inflexible would know
 If she will staunch remain.

Will she fight on, 'gainst every ill ?
 Brave every storm ? Stand fast,
 Her lofty mission to fulfil
 With courage to the last ?

And when He sees her ever true,
 Like needle to the pole,
 Upon His work He smiles anew—
 Thus forges God a soul.

Do you like it ? I have not given the original because it is long.
 If you are not tired, I will put in a piece of Mme Desbordes-
 Valmore's, the original and the translation.

ROMANCE, ' S'IL L'AVAIT SU '

S'il avait su quelle âme il a blessée,
 Larmes du cœur, s'il avait pu vous voir,
 Ah ! si ce cœur, trop plein de sa pensée,
 De l'exprimer n'eût gardé le pouvoir,
 Changer ainsi n'eût pas été possible ;
 Fier de nourrir l'espoir qu'il a déçu,
 A tant d'amour il eût été sensible,
 S'il l'avait su.

S'il avait su tout ce qu'on peut attendre,
 D'une âme simple, ardente et sans détour,
 Il eût voulu la mienne pour l'entendre.
 Comme il l'inspire, il eût connu l'amour.
 Mes yeux baissés recélaient cette flamme ;
 Dans leur pudeur n'a-t-il rien aperçu ?
 Un tel secret valait toute son âme,
 S'il l'avait su.

Si j'avais su, moi-même, à quel empire
 On s'abandonne en regardant ses yeux,
 Sans le chercher comme l'air qu'on respire,
 J'aurais porté mes jours sous d'autres cieux.
 Il est trop tard pour renouer ma vie ;
 Ma vie était un doux espoir déçu :
 Diras-tu pas, toi qui me l'as ravie,
 Si je l'avais su ?

Translation

If he had known—known what a soul he has wounded !
 O heart, if thy tears had been seen but to flow,
 Or if thou at his step less wildly hadst bounded
 And guarded the power thy deep feeling to show,
 He could not, he could not so lightly have altered,
 Proud to nourish a hope now hurled from its throne,
 By a love so profound, he, touched, must have faltered
 If he had known.

If he had known what might be hoped and awaited,
 From a heart in its candour, deception above,
 For mine he had longed, with a joy unabated,
 And as he inspired, would have felt also love.
 Mine eyes bent down ever, concealed my emotion,
 Guessed he nothing from that ? was't shyness alone ?
 A secret like mine was worth search—and devotion,
 If he had known.

If I had known—I—of the empire he wielded !
 Over hearts that lived in the light of his eyes,
 As one breathes a pure air—unconscious, unshielded—
 My steps would have sought other countries and skies,
 It's too late to talk of love-sign or love-token !
 My life was a hope, but the hope now has flown !
 Wilt thou say when thou knowest ?—' Oh heart I have broken
 If I had known !'

I must close my letter now. I am sure you are quite tired deciphering it, by this time. I shall cover the next page and then close.

October 15th. All Aru's pets are doing well. My bulbul too is in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately it has lost the power to fly ; I wanted to set it at liberty, but it only hopped about ; the reason is, I think, its being so very young when I had it and reared it by hand ; it had been so long shut up in a cage that it had lost the power to use its wings, poor thing !

The Prince of Wales has left England, but he will not be in Calcutta till about the middle of December, just before Christmas. His carriages, nine in number, have arrived already in Bombay. I must close here. Give our kindest regards to your father and mother, and Papa's and Mamma's love to yourself.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

November 8, 1875.

Many, many thanks for your nice long letter, which I have just received and read with the greatest pleasure. The mail goes to-morrow, so I have sat down at once to write an answer and send it if I can, by to-morrow's outgoing mail.

We are all doing well, including Jeunette and Gentile, cats and guinea-pigs, but sad is the news about the birds : two of the canaries have been killed by rats ; how they got into the cage is a mystery, but there were the poor canaries, one half-devoured and the other with a broken wing. There now only remain two canaries and one goldfinch.

Several days ago, a snake-charmer came here to show off his serpents ; there were three cobras, two pythons and three two-headed snakes and several smaller ones, also ten or twelve mountain scorpions. Of course all the serpents had their poison fangs broken ; the men are obliged to break them at least twice a month ; it must be dreadful work. One of the cobras bit the man's finger so as to bring forth a few drops of blood, but of course it did the man no harm, as the poison tooth was broken.

There is a root called in Latin, *Aristolochia Indica*, which has a marked effect on the most poisonous snakes ; the man held this to the serpents and it was marvellous how it cowed them at once : they tried to sidle away as soon as they smelt it. But I doubt very much whether it would have any effect when a cobra is wild and free and attacks one ; it is then blind with rage and no earthly power will turn it from its victim.

Drainage works are going on near our house, just in front of our coach-house, so we have sent our carriage to the Garden. We went there yesterday ; my grandfather is ill with intermittent fever and as Connaghur (where he lives) has become very unhealthy, he wants to stay in our Garden for a fortnight or so ; we went therefore to the Garden to make things ready for him.

The Prince of Wales will arrive at Bombay to-day ; as soon as the news is received of his landing, every fort in India is to fire a salute. He will be here about Christmas. Some of the papers say he will never return to England, that his grave will be in India : cholera, fever, tigers, poison, the poniard, all are to be feared. I hope the papers will turn out false prophets !

We know the Reverend Mr. Vaughan of Calcutta ; he lately lost his wife and went to England some months ago.

I am glad you like *Mill on the Floss* ; I like it very much too. Have you read any of Thackeray's ? I like his books immensely. *Esmond* is the best, and *Newcomes* and *Pendennis* are excellent. His books make me laugh, cry, smile, look grave, by turns ; after having finished one of his books, one remains thoughtful for an hour afterwards. *Vanity Fair* too is very good.

9th. The Prince of Wales must have landed at Bombay yesterday in the afternoon, for the Calcutta Fort (Fort William) fired a grand salute. Lord Northbrook has gone over to Bombay to welcome him. Among the suite of the Prince is Sir Bartle Frere, who was formerly Governor of Bombay, and whom we know very well. His daughters are very nice and amiable ; many a merry day did Aru and I pass with them at Wimbledon. One of his daughters, Mary Frere, is the authoress of a book of Indian Tales, called *Old Deccan Days* ; it is a very readable volume, and is illustrated by one of her sisters, I believe.

I must close my letter now. I am sure you are quite tired deciphering it, by this time. I shall cover the next page and then close.

October 15th. All Aru's pets are doing well. My bulbul too is in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately it has lost the power to fly ; I wanted to set it at liberty, but it only hopped about ; the reason is, I think, its being so very young when I had it and reared it by hand ; it had been so long shut up in a cage that it had lost the power to use its wings, poor thing !

The Prince of Wales has left England, but he will not be in Calcutta till about the middle of December, just before Christmas. His carriages, nine in number, have arrived already in Bombay. I must close here. Give our kindest regards to your father and mother, and Papa's and Mamma's love to yourself.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

November 8, 1875.

Many, many thanks for your nice long letter, which I have just received and read with the greatest pleasure. The mail goes to-morrow, so I have sat down at once to write an answer and send it if I can, by to-morrow's outgoing mail.

We are all doing well, including Jeunette and Gentile, cats and guinea-pigs, but sad is the news about the birds : two of the canaries have been killed by rats ; how they got into the cage is a mystery, but there were the poor canaries, one half-devoured and the other with a broken wing. There now only remain two canaries and one goldfinch.

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I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Hall is ailing, I hope she will soon be better. I trust your father too is quite well. I am sure you will be first at the French Lectures, if you attend them. We liked them very much ; I suppose M. Boquel is the lecturer still. Do the Misses Hall attend them or have they left off ? Do you see much of Mary and Lizzie Hall ? If so kindly remember me to them and give our best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

As to our going back to England, it is still very uncertain, dear, but I hope we shall be able to go sometime or other, if not very soon. Instead of going to the Continent, as you purpose, what do you think of taking a trip out to India ? It would be so nice, wouldn't it, dear ? Oh ! I do long to see you again ! How kind of you to think so often of me ! ' Eh bien ! vous pensez donc à moi ! ' said I, when I read that part of your letter, like the old *Sergent Trubert*, in one of Erckmann-Chatrian's tales, when his host brought him a glass of *kirschenwasser* early on a cold December morning, while he was at his post on the watch for the enemy.

Papa says the mail-day has been changed and that the day is Friday now instead of Tuesday, so I shall have ample time to write my letter.

The cold weather has fairly commenced. The mornings now are exceedingly cool and pleasant. The dews are very heavy in Calcutta during the early mornings and the late evenings, and the mosquitoes become more troublesome as the cold season advances. Oranges are coming in season ; I am very glad of it, for I am very fond of oranges.

I have not received any letters from Mrs. Baker yet, but I hope I soon shall. Please give my kindest wishes to her when you see her.

An exhibition of pictures is to be opened this afternoon by Sir Richard Temple, the Lieutenant-Governor, in Calcutta. All the pictures have been brought out by an enterprising man, I forget his name, from England, and are the works of the most celebrated artists, past and present ; viz., Lely, Gainsborough, Landseer, Reynolds, Delaroche, &c. Our Lieutenant-Governor is a little bit of an artist in his way, and is very fond of paintings. Have you ever been to the Royal Academy in London ? I re-

membered how we enjoyed the pictures all the three seasons that we went there during our stay in England. I am exceedingly fond of pictures, though I cannot draw the easiest cottage, if I tried. Aru used to draw beautifully though she never learned drawing ; she did flowers and fruit exceedingly well.

My uncle Girish and my aunt are going for a day's trip on the river in a boat to-morrow. They wanted us to accompany them, but as my grandfather and his family will arrive to-morrow at the Garden, we thought it better to go there and see them settled comfortably.

A few days ago, Jeunette ran away from the groom, while he was giving her the usual hourly exercise in the morning. This is how it happened. Jeunette is exceedingly fond of Gentille, and the moment Gentille is taken away from her sight, she begins to grow restless, fret, and paw and neigh in a state of great impatience. Well, the other day, they were both at exercise, but Gentille was a little ahead, and a turn of the road hid her for some time from Jeunette, who at once grew restless and at last broke from the groom and came galloping through streets and by-lanes straight to our house. She would have been off again, but our porter caught hold of the halter and led her back to the stable. Fortunately no one was hurt.

How pleasant your trip has been ! I see from your letters, that you enjoyed yourself immensely. I am glad to hear that the Fishers have also had their holidays, and enjoyed themselves. Please give my regards to them when next you write to them. How pleasant it must be to go down the Rhine ! I remember one of the Reverend W. Lisle Bowle's sonnets,—

—On the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted ;—varying as we go,
Lo ! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire,
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.

I am glad you took some sketches, during your trip, of the scenery round you ; it will be very nice doing them up when you are at leisure.

I have not been reading much lately, except Reviews and

Monthlies. My book of French poetical translations is almost finished. I have only to translate three or four pieces more and then I shall be able to print the book if I like.

Some days ago my uncle Girish and my aunt had fireworks in their compound : we all went of course to see them, they were very pretty. There will be grand fireworks on the Maidan on the 24th December, when the Prince of Wales will be here. When the Duke of Edinburgh came here, in 1869, I think, they spent more than £9,000 in fireworks. Was it not literally converting money into smoke and ashes ?

Papa says he will take me to see the races on the Maidan, which take place usually in December. I should like to go very much.

Baguette, my pet cat, has got two very nice kittens, just like two little Persian kits ; they are very playful ; Mamma has named them ' Day ' (abbreviation of Daisy) and ' May ' respectively.

I have no news that would interest you, so I copy below two of Heine's smaller poems, translated by himself into French, and by *myself* into English.

' LE MESSAGE '

Allons, mon écuyer, en selle !
Plus rapide que l'ouragan,
Cours au château du roi Duncan,
Pour me quérir une nouvelle !

Parmi les chevaux glisse-toi,
Et dis au valet d'écurie :
' Quelle est celle qui se marie,
Des deux filles de votre roi ? '

Et s'il te répond : ' C'est la brune,'
Viens vite, et me le fais savoir ;
Si ' La blonde,' reviens ce soir,
Au pas, en regardant la lune.

Entre en passant chez le cordier,
Prends une corde et me l'apporte,
Ouvre bien doucement la porte,
Et ne dis rien, mon écuyer !

(Translation)

To horse, my squire ! To horse and quick !
 Be winged like the hurricane,
 Fly to the château on the plain,
 And bring me news, for I am sick.
 Glide 'mid the steeds and ask a groom,
 After some talk, this simple thing—
 'Of the two daughters of our king,
 Who is to wed, and when, and whom ?'
 And if he tell thee—'tis the brown',
 Come sharply back and let me know :
 But if 'the blonde', ride soft and slow :
 The moon-light's pleasant on the down.
 And as thou comest, faithful squire,
 Get me a rope from shop or store,
 And gently enter through this door,
 And speak no word but swift retire.

' NI HAINE NI AMOUR '

J'ai connu plus d'une inhumaine
 Parmi les filles d'alentour,
 J'ai beaucoup souffert de leur haine
 Et plus encore de leur amour.
 Elles ont dans ma coupe pleine
 Versé du poison chaque jour,
 C'était tantôt poison de haine,
 C'était tantôt poison d'amour.
 Mais celle qui m'a fait la peine
 La plus déchirante, à son tour,
 N'a jamais eu pour moi de haine,
 N'a jamais eu pour moi d'amour.

(Translation)

Of girls unkind, though fair and stately,
 This neighbourhood may count a score ;
 From their hate I have suffered greatly,
 But from their love, oh more, still more.
 In my brimming cup they have lately
 Their poison shed as oft before,
 Hate-potions sometimes, and then straightly
 Love-philters that distress me sore.

But she whose name I love innately,
 Who gave the wound that struck the core,
 Moves tranquil on her way sedately,
 Nor hate, nor love, she bears or bore.

Which do you prefer ? Heine, you know, is a Jew by birth ; he wrote a great deal in German : a French critic says that ' nul écrivain depuis Goethe n'a façonné l'idiome germanique avec cette puissance magistrale ; on dirait parfois de véritables tours de force '.

The *Poojah* holidays are over ; yesterday was a holiday ; there will be no more holidays till, I think, about Christmas.

Is Mr. Steinhelper, the German Lecturer, still in Cambridge ? I suppose you never see the Cowells ?¹ How are the Misses Oakes and their mother ?² Please remember me kindly to all of them, especially to ' Aunt Emily ' as Mr. Smith used to style her. We are akin, ' Aunt Emily ' and I, because here I am styled by everybody, ' Sister Toru ' ; my grandfather calls me so, and all my uncles and aunts, as also my cousins, and Papa sometimes, too, calls me ' Sister Toru '.

My letter must appear very dull to you, I am afraid, but I have tried my best that it should turn out the contrary. I have made it long, you see ; I hope you are not tired making out my scrawl, are you ?

Our pastor, Mr. Welland, has been in the North West for a change ; so Mr. Clifford had to do the whole service last Sunday.

It gets very dark soon, now that the winter is coming on ; before six it gets pitch dark and the heavy dews begin to fall. In the morning all the grassy compound and all the green leaves are glistening with big drops of dew like pearls ;

. ' Là, tous les diamants de la rosée en pleurs '.

as says a French poet, M. le comte de Gramont.

I must bid you good-bye now. Papa and Mamma send their love to your dear self and their kindest regards to your father and mother. Please give my love to your mother and my best regards to your father, and with the very best love to yourself.

¹ Professor Cowell and his wife.

² Cousins of the Martin family.

Calcutta.

November 23, 1875.

I did not receive any letter from you by last mail. But I am writing to you now that you may receive this by Christmas.

We are all well here, the weather is beautifully cool and pleasant, real Indian winter weather. I suppose it is now beginning to be very cold in England. I wish I were there! You are aware how fond I am of the snow; *you*, I remember, dislike it very much.

The Prince of Wales has been highly pleased with the reception he has met with at Bombay. He is now out shooting near Bombay, he will have fine sport and no end of it in India. He will not be in Calcutta till about the 23rd December.

My grandfather and his family have settled down comfortably in our Garden, we went to see them yesterday and passed the whole afternoon with them.

Papa and I are going to begin Sanskrit in December; Papa says as there is no good opportunity to learn German now, we had better take up Sanskrit instead of doing nothing. I am very glad of this. I should so like to read the glorious epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, in the original. I shall be quite a Sanskrit Pundit, when I revisit old Cambridge! Ah! I so long to be there, and like the Poet Laureate hear

—Once more in college fanes,
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes.

and catch

—Once more the distant shout,
The measured splash of beating oars
Among the willows—.

I was reading the 'Siege of Corinth' of Lord Byron lately; it is very beautiful; my uncle says it is the most complete of his smaller poems. Byron's 'Lines written on attaining my thirty-fifth year', are very pathetic: they were written only three months before his death.

A great many people have died from cholera and fever lately,

in Calcutta and the suburbs. One of our cousin's daughters, a girl of nine, died from cholera about a week ago; her father is a Hindu; she was taken ill on a Saturday morning and she died during the following night.

I have finished my book of French poetry translated into English; it is to be entitled *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*. I hope you like the title, do you? It is to be printed if I like. The concluding sonnet I shall copy out for you; it is not from the French, but is original.

SONNET

'A MON PÈRE'

The flowers look loveliest in their native soil
 Amid their kindred branches; plucked, they fade
 And lose the colours Nature on them laid,
 Though bound in garlands with assiduous toil.
 Pleasant it was, afar from all turmoil
 To wander through the valley, now in shade
 And now in sunshine, where these blossoms made
 A Paradise, and gather in my spoil.
 But better than myself no man can know
 How tarnished have become their tender hues
 E'en in the gathering, and how dimmed their glow!
 Wouldst thou again new life in them infuse,
 Thou who hast seen them where they brightly blow?
 Ask Memory. She shall help my stammering Muse.

Do you like the sonnet? Papa does very much. There are 165 pieces of poetry in the volume, besides the notes affixed to each and all of the pieces. I have now nothing to do, so Papa and I are going to take up Sanskrit. It is a very difficult language and it is hard to learn it perfectly in less than six or seven years; but I will try my best. My grandfather, Papa's father, used to know and understand Sanskrit like a pundit; and he only learnt it for two or three years when he was forty-two or forty-three years of age; so I hope my case will not be hopeless.

November 29th. We went to Church yesterday; and on our way we were stopped by a great crowd, with shrieking musical instruments in a narrow lane. It was some Hindu Festival.

Jeunette got a little frightened and excited, and threw up her head and shook her silky mane in a manner that filled Papa's heart with terror and mine with admiration : Jeunette looked so handsome. If the carriage had been stopped in the midst of all this babel of noise a few minutes longer, I doubt if Jeunette would have stood it ; but the cries of '*Khupper-dah*' (or '*gare*' in French) cleared the way in a trice, and we arrived at Church in safety.

My grandmother is very ill with fever ; we shall go to see her to-day ; my grandfather is quite well now, I am happy to say. It is pretty cold here now, like English spring weather, and the mornings are almost sure to be ushered in by a slight mist which puts me in mind of Longfellow's lines :

And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain.

December 4th. I have been rather busy for the last few days. On Saturday, Miss Ada Smith, a friend of ours, arrived in Calcutta from England. She came to see us on Monday ; she is very nice and amiable ; she has come here to teach in the Zenanas. We know her cousin very well, Mr. Algernon H. Smith, who was curate to Mr. Hall of Cambridge ; he is now Rector of a parish in Tunbridge Wells. Papa passed three or four days at Miss Smith's uncle's house in Kent ; Mr. A. H. Smith took him there and he enjoyed his stay with them immensely, and speaks even now about it. I like Ada very much. We took her on Friday last to our Garden. She was very pleased to see my grandmother and aunts, and was lost in admiration when my youngest aunt showed her her 'casket of gems'. She was charmed with the Garden and said she wondered we long to return to Europe when we had such an earthly paradise to live in and enjoy. She took me to be twenty-nine years old and my uncle to be twenty-six only ! She herself is twenty-nine years old. I showed her your likeness and told her what a dear good soul you are. I am going to take her for a drive on Monday evening. It is a great pity that she is not going to stay in Calcutta ; the Secretary of the Society has chosen Amritsar for her destination ; he says that there a great

field is open for Zenana teachers and that there are not half so many teachers there as are wanted. Ada is to go there by the middle of next week. I feel rather sorry at this ; I like her so very much ; she is like a whiff of the free bracing air of dear old England.

We have begun Sanskrit : the pundit is very pleased with our eagerness to learn, and hopes great things from our assiduity. It is a very difficult language, as I said before, especially the grammar, which is dreadful. It is not so difficult to read and understand it, for one who knows Bengali.

December 6th. My grandmother is now quite well, but she is quite worn out by watching by my uncle and grandfather during the night : my grandfather had a recurrence of fever for the last three days, and on Saturday he was seriously ill. He is better now, I am happy to say. My uncle Genoo (that is my mother's brother) was taken ill four days ago ; he is also in a fair way of speedy recovery. I hope he will soon be well, for my poor grandmother is in a sad state of perplexity and trouble. We went to see them yesterday, and very glad they were to see us. We met three of Mamma's second cousins there : one of them praised Jeunette and Gentile highly, and of course won my esteem at once ! He admired their action and speed (he had seen me on the Maidan, he said), and how they were always up to their bits and how beautifully they carried their heads. He came out on the verandah when we left, to see them go. I am sure if I wanted to sell off my Gentile and Jeunette he would be the first to come forward as a purchaser ; in fact he almost made an offer to buy them ! I am so happy, I like my horses to be praised and deservedly too.

A few days ago a small cobra was killed in my uncle's garden. My aunt is very much frightened ; she wants to have a snake-catcher and have the reptiles caught, if there are any more in her garden ; but uncle Girish says, it would be great folly to try such a thing, for if the snake-catcher was bitten by a cobra, sure death would follow, and that such things had better be left alone. But my grandfather says, that he is sure that no such things would happen. He has seen the most venomous snakes

caught alive by these professional snake-catchers and not one of them has he seen killed or bitten by a snake. A few days ago a cow in our Garden was killed by snake-bite ; it was well and hearty overnight, but early the next morning, when it was brought out, the cow-keeper found it quite dull and foaming at the mouth ; the floor of the cow-house was half covered with froth : the poor animal made a few steps, then tottered and fell and had frightful convulsions before it died.

The Prince of Wales is in Ceylon now ; he has been enjoying himself heartily ; he has had good sport around Bombay ; he has ordered all that he has killed to be stuffed—from a crow to a tiger—to be borne home as trophies when he goes back to England.

I have nothing else to write about, and as the mail goes to-morrow, I had better close my letter. Please give my kindest regards to your father and mother, and with best love to yourself.

P.S.—Do not forget to send your likeness when it is taken. Papa and Mamma send their best regards to your father and mother and best love to you. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl. The ink is execrably bad and pen ditto. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and yours.

12, Manicktollah Street,

Calcutta.

December 13, 1875.

On our return from Church yesterday morning, I received your most welcome and interesting letter. I first felt it when I was holding it in my hand, with my fingers, to see if it enclosed your photograph, and I was disappointed at not finding your likeness within your letter. Please have your likeness taken, dear, as soon as possible ; you do not know how anxious I am to see it. I will send you the three different views taken of our Garden House and Garden at Baugmaree ; I hope you will like them ; our Calcutta house has also been photographed, but the photograph has turned out such an ugly one that I do not care to send it to you. You need not pay for the postage, dear, I hope I am not so reduced in circumstances just yet !

We are very very sorry indeed to hear of poor Mrs. Hall's serious illness. We liked her very much, and dear Aru and I were very fond of her good motherly ways. It will be indeed a hard blow for her family, especially for Reginald, her only son : she is so fond of him and he of her. God help them all.

I do not know Mr. Haldar personally himself, but I know his father very well, for he is our family doctor ; that is, it is Dr. Haldar whom we generally call in if anybody is ill in our house. He is now treating my grandfather, who is still very ill ; indeed the doctors gave up all hope ; there was no pulse and the limbs and feet were clammy ; Papa went at midnight to see him. He got over it however, and we hope he is out of danger now. I shall tell Dr. Haldar that you met his son ; I am sure he will be glad to hear it.

Your account of your drive with the C.'s and your horror on discovering who would drive, put me in mind of one of John Leech's sketches.—Scene, Greenwich : the last train has gone, and the senior party, under the impression that the vehicle was a brougham, has accepted the offer of a lift to town.—*Senior Party*. 'Dog-cart ! Good gracious ! But *you* are never going to drive?—*Junior Party*. 'Not going—a—dwive ? Why not going—a—dwive ? Jus—ain't I, tho ?'—You should see the picture, it is a masterpiece.

Great preparations are going on to welcome the Prince. Up-country Rajas and Maharajas are coming down in great numbers. Every day we see one or two of these Rajas with mounted retinues, all in gold and purple, pass along the broad streets of Calcutta. All the thoroughfares through which the Prince of Wales is likely to pass are almost blocked with building materials for arches, &c. The fort and the barracks have been newly painted. Even the lamp posts are re-painted a bright green. The Prince is only going to stay a week here. Some Raja or other has had an upper garment made, all studded with pearls and precious stones, which he means to wear when he meets the Prince, and which has cost him fifteen lakhs of rupees ! Another will spend thirty lakhs during the three days the Prince will stay in his dominions.

During the Prince's sojourn in Bombay he visited Lady Sas-

soon, a Parsee lady : her husband is very rich, and they have bought a house and lands somewhere near London. On the landing of the Prince, Parsee maidens, daughters of rich and influential men in Bombay, went before him, scattering flowers and singing a welcome. One day when the Prince was out driving, a Parsee lady came out of the door of her mansion (I forget her name, she was the wife of a rich merchant and we used to know some of her kin, when we were in Bombay), and stopping the carriage, presented the Prince with a gold-embroidered smoking cap, made by her own fair hands. Of course the Prince accepted the present with many thanks and much grace, as befits a gallant gentleman ! The Parsee ladies are far ahead of our Bengali ones.

I have not read anything lately, so busy am I with my Sanskrit. The grammar is awfully difficult, though in reading and understanding we get on pretty swimmingly. I have not read *Middlemarch*. I have read many reviews and critiques on the book, both in French and English, and of course that gives me a good idea of the work. You should read *Wives and Daughters* by Mrs. Gaskell ; it is a highly interesting and well-written work ; I am sure you would like it.

All my pets are doing well ; Jeunette and Gentile are quite well and sprightly ; they are both exceedingly fond of me and have come to know even my step when I come downstairs ; they prick up their ears and Gentile neighs and Jeunette paws with pleasure at my approach. They are beautiful trotters, especially Gentile ; they will trot their fifteen miles within the hour easily, without sweating. I *am* so fond of my horses !

Miss Ada Smith, of whom I wrote to you in my last letter, is going to stay here till the 20th instant, and then she will leave for Amritsar ; I am very glad of this delay ; I shall see more of her.

So you are not going to have any more ' bald-headed darlings ' just now ! Papa laughed at that so, and declared what a dear little soul you were and what a good memory you had to remember all our little doings amongst you ! O Mary, I do so wish to see you again ! I hope we shall be able to sell off the Garden soon, and then set sail for England ! So Miss A. L. is making quite a sensation, and is the ' toast of a ' the town '. Please give her my love, when you next write to her.

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in Calcutta and the suburbs. One of our cousin's daughters, a girl of nine, died from cholera about a week ago; her father is a Hindu; she was taken ill on a Saturday morning and she died during the following night.

I have finished my book of French poetry translated into English; it is to be entitled *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*. I hope you like the title, do you? It is to be printed if I like. The concluding sonnet I shall copy out for you; it is not from the French, but is original.

SONNET

' A MON PÈRE '

The flowers look loveliest in their native soil
 Amid their kindred branches; plucked, they fade
 And lose the colours Nature on them laid,
 Though bound in garlands with assiduous toil.
 Pleasant it was, afar from all turmoil
 To wander through the valley, now in shade
 And now in sunshine, where these blossoms made
 A Paradise, and gather in my spoil.
 But better than myself no man can know
 How tarnished have become their tender hues
 E'en in the gathering, and how dimmed their glow!
 Wouldst thou again new life in them infuse,
 Thou who hast seen them where they brightly blow?
 Ask Memory. She shall help my stammering Muse.

Do you like the sonnet? Papa does very much. There are 165 pieces of poetry in the volume, besides the notes affixed to each and all of the pieces. I have now nothing to do, so Papa and I are going to take up Sanskrit. It is a very difficult language and it is hard to learn it perfectly in less than six or seven years; but I will try my best. My grandfather, Papa's father, used to know and understand Sanskrit like a pundit; and he only learnt it for two or three years when he was forty-two or forty-three years of age; so I hope my case will not be hopeless.

November 29th. We went to Church yesterday; and on our way we were stopped by a great crowd, with shrieking musical instruments in a narrow lane. It was some Hindu Festival.

Jeunette got a little frightened and excited, and threw up her head and shook her silky mane in a manner that filled Papa's heart with terror and mine with admiration : Jeunette looked so handsome. If the carriage had been stopped in the midst of all this babel of noise a few minutes longer, I doubt if Jeunette would have stood it ; but the cries of '*Khupper-dah*' (or '*gare*' in French) cleared the way in a trice, and we arrived at Church in safety.

My grandmother is very ill with fever ; we shall go to see her to-day ; my grandfather is quite well now, I am happy to say. It is pretty cold here now, like English spring weather, and the mornings are almost sure to be ushered in by a slight mist which puts me in mind of Longfellow's lines :

And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain.

December 4th. I have been rather busy for the last few days. On Saturday, Miss Ada Smith, a friend of ours, arrived in Calcutta from England. She came to see us on Monday ; she is very nice and amiable ; she has come here to teach in the Zenanas. We know her cousin very well, Mr. Algernon H. Smith, who was curate to Mr. Hall of Cambridge ; he is now Rector of a parish in Tunbridge Wells. Papa passed three or four days at Miss Smith's uncle's house in Kent ; Mr. A. H. Smith took him there and he enjoyed his stay with them immensely, and speaks even now about it. I like Ada very much. We took her on Friday last to our Garden. She was very pleased to see my grandmother and aunts, and was lost in admiration when my youngest aunt showed her her 'casket of gems'. She was charmed with the Garden and said she wondered we long to return to Europe when we had such an earthly paradise to live in and enjoy. She took me to be twenty-nine years old and my uncle to be twenty-six only ! She herself is twenty-nine years old. I showed her your likeness and told her what a dear good soul you are. I am going to take her for a drive on Monday evening. It is a great pity that she is not going to stay in Calcutta ; the Secretary of the Society has chosen Amritsar for her destination ; he says that there a great

field is open for Zenana teachers and that there are not half so many teachers there as are wanted. Ada is to go there by the middle of next week. I feel rather sorry at this ; I like her so very much ; she is like a whiff of the free bracing air of dear old England.

We have begun Sanskrit : the pundit is very pleased with our eagerness to learn, and hopes great things from our assiduity. It is a very difficult language, as I said before, especially the grammar, which is dreadful. It is not so difficult to read and understand it, for one who knows Bengali.

December 6th. My grandmother is now quite well, but she is quite worn out by watching by my uncle and grandfather during the night : my grandfather had a recurrence of fever for the last three days, and on Saturday he was seriously ill. He is better now, I am happy to say. My uncle Genoo (that is my mother's brother) was taken ill four days ago ; he is also in a fair way of speedy recovery. I hope he will soon be well, for my poor grandmother is in a sad state of perplexity and trouble. We went to see them yesterday, and very glad they were to see us. We met three of Mamma's second cousins there : one of them praised Jeunette and Gentile highly, and of course won my esteem at once ! He admired their action and speed (he had seen me on the Maidan, he said), and how they were always up to their bits and how beautifully they carried their heads. He came out on the verandah when we left, to see them go. I am sure if I wanted to sell off my Gentile and Jeunette he would be the first to come forward as a purchaser ; in fact he almost made an offer to buy them ! I am so happy, I like my horses to be praised and deservedly too.

A few days ago a small cobra was killed in my uncle's garden. My aunt is very much frightened ; she wants to have a snake-catcher and have the reptiles caught, if there are any more in her garden ; but uncle Girish says, it would be great folly to try such a thing, for if the snake-catcher was bitten by a cobra, sure death would follow, and that such things had better be left alone. But my grandfather says, that he is sure that no such things would happen. He has seen the most venomous snakes

caught alive by these professional snake-catchers and not one of them has he seen killed or bitten by a snake. A few days ago a cow in our Garden was killed by snake-bite ; it was well and hearty overnight, but early the next morning, when it was brought out, the cow-keeper found it quite dull and foaming at the mouth ; the floor of the cow-house was half covered with froth : the poor animal made a few steps, then tottered and fell and had frightful convulsions before it died.

The Prince of Wales is in Ceylon now ; he has been enjoying himself heartily ; he has had good sport around Bombay ; he has ordered all that he has killed to be stuffed—from a crow to a tiger—to be borne home as trophies when he goes back to England.

I have nothing else to write about, and as the mail goes to-morrow, I had better close my letter. Please give my kindest regards to your father and mother, and with best love to yourself.

P.S.—Do not forget to send your likeness when it is taken. Papa and Mamma send their best regards to your father and mother and best love to you. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl. The ink is execrably bad and pen ditto. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and yours.

12, Manicktollah Street,

Calcutta.

December 18, 1875.

On our return from Church yesterday morning, I received your most welcome and interesting letter. I first felt it when I was holding it in my hand, with my fingers, to see if it enclosed your photograph, and I was disappointed at not finding your likeness within your letter. Please have your likeness taken, dear, as soon as possible ; you do not know how anxious I am to see it. I will send you the three different views taken of our Garden House and Garden at Baugmaree ; I hope you will like them ; our Calcutta house has also been photographed, but the photograph has turned out such an ugly one that I do not care to send it to you. You need not pay for the postage, dear, I hope I am not so reduced in circumstances just yet !

We are very very sorry indeed to hear of poor Mrs. Hall's serious illness. We liked her very much, and dear Aru and I were very fond of her good motherly ways. It will be indeed a hard blow for her family, especially for Reginald, her only son : she is so fond of him and he of her. God help them all.

I do not know Mr. Haldar personally himself, but I know his father very well, for he is our family doctor ; that is, it is Dr. Haldar whom we generally call in if anybody is ill in our house. He is now treating my grandfather, who is still very ill ; indeed the doctors gave up all hope ; there was no pulse and the limbs and feet were clammy ; Papa went at midnight to see him. He got over it however, and we hope he is out of danger now. I shall tell Dr. Haldar that you met his son ; I am sure he will be glad to hear it.

Your account of your drive with the C.'s and your horror on discovering who would drive, put me in mind of one of John Leech's sketches.—Scene, Greenwich : the last train has gone, and the senior party, under the impression that the vehicle was a brougham, has accepted the offer of a lift to town.—*Senior Party*. ' Dog-cart ! Good gracious ! But *you* are never going to drive ?—*Junior Party*. ' Not going—a—dwive ? Why not going—a—dwive ? Jus—ain't I, tho ? '—You should see the picture, it is a masterpiece.

Great preparations are going on to welcome the Prince. Up-country Rajas and Maharajas are coming down in great numbers. Every day we see one or two of these Rajas with mounted retinues, all in gold and purple, pass along the broad streets of Calcutta. All the thoroughfares through which the Prince of Wales is likely to pass are almost blocked with building materials for arches, &c. The fort and the barracks have been newly painted. Even the lamp posts are re-painted a bright green. The Prince is only going to stay a week here. Some Raja or other has had an upper garment made, all studded with pearls and precious stones, which he means to wear when he meets the Prince, and which has cost him fifteen lakhs of rupees ! Another will spend thirty lakhs during the three days the Prince will stay in his dominions.

During the Prince's sojourn in Bombay he visited Lady Sas-

soon, a Parsee lady : her husband is very rich, and they have bought a house and lands somewhere near London. On the landing of the Prince, Parsee maidens, daughters of rich and influential men in Bombay, went before him, scattering flowers and singing a welcome. One day when the Prince was out driving, a Parsee lady came out of the door of her mansion (I forget her name, she was the wife of a rich merchant and we used to know some of her kin, when we were in Bombay), and stopping the carriage, presented the Prince with a gold-embroidered smoking cap, made by her own fair hands. Of course the Prince accepted the present with many thanks and much grace, as befits a gallant gentleman ! The Parsee ladies are far ahead of our Bengali ones.

I have not read anything lately, so busy am I with my Sanskrit. The grammar is awfully difficult, though in reading and understanding we get on pretty swimmingly. I have not read *Middlemarch*. I have read many reviews and critiques on the book, both in French and English, and of course that gives me a good idea of the work. You should read *Wives and Daughters* by Mrs. Gaskell; it is a highly interesting and well-written work; I am sure you would like it.

All my pets are doing well; Jeunette and Gentile are quite well and sprightly; they are both exceedingly fond of me and have come to know even my step when I come downstairs; they prick up their ears and Gentile neighs and Jeunette paws with pleasure at my approach. They are beautiful trotters, especially Gentile; they will trot their fifteen miles within the hour easily, without sweating. I *am* so fond of my horses !

Miss Ada Smith, of whom I wrote to you in my last letter, is going to stay here till the 20th instant, and then she will leave for Amritsar; I am very glad of this delay; I shall see more of her.

So you are not going to have any more 'bald-headed darlings' just now! Papa laughed at that so, and declared what a dear little soul you were and what a good memory you had to remember all our little doings amongst you! O Mary, I do so wish to see you again! I hope we shall be able to sell off the Garden soon, and then set sail for England! So Miss A. L. is making quite a sensation, and is the 'toast of a' the town'. Please give her my love, when you next write to her.

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CHAPTER V

LETTERS TO MISS MARTIN, JANUARY 1876— DECEMBER 1876

Calcutta.

January 13, 1876.

MY DEAR MARY,—I received your welcome letter on Sunday last. I have not been able to answer it sooner, on account of being very busy copying out my book for the press and correcting the proofs. The book consists of about one hundred and sixty pieces of French poems translated into English. I shall send you a copy as soon as the book is out. It is to be printed only, not published, and it will be ready about the end of February.

Many many thanks for your kind wishes, and for the Christmas card ; it will be all the more precious as being made by yourself. I should indeed very much like to have a sketch or two of your own drawings, if it is no trouble to you.

I have sent off a packet to your address, containing three photographs of our garden at Baugmarce. I hope you will receive it safely.

The Prince left Calcutta on Monday last. We had capital opportunities of seeing him, though we did not go out with the fixed purpose of seeing His Royal Highness. Once we were out driving in the forenoon, on the Strand, and we saw him driving down to the *Scrapis*, to lunch. We were going rather slowly, and his carriage was also going at a slow rate, so we had a good look at him. Our carriages passed each other, and I had a good view of his pleasant and rather handsome face and his merry blue eyes. I suppose you have seen him, have you not ? He has very beautiful auburn hair, though he is a little bald near the forehead. Russell described him, when he was going to be married to the Princess, in the well-

known lines of Scott, only varying one or two words for the occasion.

Blue was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the richest dye
His short *moustache* and hair.

We saw him again on the morning when he was going to open the Chapter for conferring the honour of knighthood on several of the big-wigs here. Papa saw him very well at the Belgachia entertainment given to him by the native community of Calcutta. We have also seen some of the Rajas and the Maharajas who came down to Calcutta during the Prince's sojourn there. The Maharaja of Cashmere had a *pugree* (head-dress) on his head, which was at least worth forty lakhs of rupees, so bejewelled it was. He has given a great many very valuable presents to the Prince, amongst which are hundred and one Cashmere shawls of the best material and the most 'cunning' workmanship, a *hookah* of gold set with diamonds and precious stones, a gold tea service, a gold dinner service, a silver bedstead, a tent of Cashmere workmanship with silver posts, and I do not remember the others: besides presents for the Princess. The Prince is now in Lucknow; at Benares a rich zemindar presented to him a crown worth six lakhs of rupees.

There is a good deal of talk at present about a Bengali gentleman and a pleader, Babu Juggodanundo Mukherjee, because he permitted the Prince to see his Zenana. All the papers conducted by natives are loudly crying out against this 'Outrage on Hindu Society'. The Prince did not visit any private gentleman at his own house, and only went to Babu Mukherjee's because he was promised that he would there be shown a real Zenana of native ladies of high position. This 'Scandalous behaviour', as the papers say, of the above-named Babu, is unpardonable in the eyes of the greater number of Hindus. The *Daily News* of Calcutta had a very sensible article on the subject. It said that if the Babu means to bring out his family, as in English society every European does, and let his friends visit and mingle with his family, as behoves civilized men and manners, he is a very well-meaning man,

and his aims are very laudable ; but if he has only made an exception for the Prince and his suite, and means to 'lock up' his wife and family, as all Hindus do, his allowing the Prince to visit his family is a bit of flunkeyism, quite unpardonable, and worthy of the highest disapprobation. Is not this sensibly and fairly put ?

Lord Carrington, who is with the Prince, is very unlucky on horseback ; he had a fall from his horse at Bombay, but fortunately escaped ; he lost some of his teeth, while out on a shooting-party near here, by the handle of a spear, with which he had speared a boar, striking his mouth, and now he has had another fall, during the last shooting-expedition, which has dislocated his collar-bone. He will be all right in a fortnight or so, the papers say. Lord Hastings, who also accompanied the Prince, died of jungle fever at Madras. He was very young, being only twenty-one years of age. It must be sad for his family, who sent him away on this pleasure trip, full of youth and hope ; it makes me sad to think of it.

Our Governor-General, Lord Northbrook, has resigned. He will be a great loss to India ; he is greatly liked both by the native and European community. He will leave in the spring. Lord Lytton, son of the famous author of that name, is to succeed him. Lord Lytton is a poet himself ; his *nom de plume* is Owen Meredith. Lord Northbrook's horses are to be sold by auction on Saturday next, which is a piece of rather interesting news to me !

The *Serapis* and the *Osborne* are open to the public, but we do not care much to go and see them.

I am very sorry to hear that your father has been so ill ; I am very glad that he is better now. Is the winter very severe and trying this year ? Our winter is now very pleasant : imagine the warmest day of spring with cloudless blue sky !

One of my aunts, who was a Hindu and a widow, and who used to live next door to us, died very suddenly, about a fortnight ago, of heart disease. She was subject to sudden and severe attacks of pain near the heart, but she did not think them anything serious. On the night of the 27th December (the night of the Belgachia entertainment) she returned at about

eight o'clock from witnessing the street illuminations ; at four in the morning she was taken ill with one of her attacks of pain, and in half an hour she died. Her death was so sudden and unexpected that her daughter (who was staying with her at the time) had not the time to send for a doctor. She sent word to her two brothers soon after her mother was taken ill, but when they arrived they found her dead. She was taken to the *Ghaut*, and burned the same day, according to the Hindu rites.

A rather amusing story is told about the Prince. While at Bombay he visited some school (I forget the name). On seeing a prismatic compass lying on the table, he asked the school boy nearest him what it was ; the boy (somewhat agitated I suppose at being questioned by Royalty itself) answered, stammering : ' A royal com—com—pass, your prismatic Highness ! ' At this the whole company could not help smiling, and the Prince himself burst into a hearty laugh.

There is another amusing story about the Duke of Sutherland. He did not come to Calcutta from Madras with the Prince, but came a day later and by rail. His train, though, was three hours later than the appointed time, and the carriages sent from Government House to receive him at the station, tired of waiting, as they well might be, returned. When the train arrived, the Duke, finding nobody waiting for him, told the station master to get him a ' cab '. The hackney coachman refused to take a *sahib* he did not know ; he had fears about his hire. He was told that the *sahib* was the *burra-sahib's* (Governor-General's) brother, but he held out till a policeman got up on the coachbox and obliged him to carry his lordship to Government House.

We went to see the horses at Chitpore, a place three miles from here, where annually, in the cold season, horses are brought down from the upper provinces and from the Government studs for sale. There are a great number of them this season. Beautiful cows and sheep are also brought down from the upper provinces for sale at Chitpore. The cows and calves are extremely handsome ; some have ears quite drooping, and hiding their pretty faces : they also give more milk than the Calcutta cows. My own Jeunette and Gentile are doing well.

I often apply to them (when speaking of them to any one) the words which M. Scaufflaire, in Hugo's *Les Misérables*, applied to his horse, when recommending him to a purchaser : ' Elle est douce comme une fille, elle va comme le vent.' My uncle used to pride himself on the swiftness of his horse, but my Jeunette and Gentille beat his horse twice ; and since then my uncle does not mention the speed of his galloway !

I am very very sorry to hear all what you say about dear Mrs. Hall. I am afraid that in your next letter you will announce her death. Poor lady ! We all used to like her very very much.

I am glad to hear that you met Mrs. Cowell. Please give her my love and Mamma's when you next meet her. I daresay the book she has promised to lend you is *Govinda Samanta*, for Professor Cowell had, I know, very kindly undertaken to correct the proofs and to do the needful.

How is Mrs. Baker ? I have not yet got any answer from her to my note. I hope she is quite well.

All the drainage works in and near our house are finished. I cannot describe the relief we find at this ! When are you going to have your likeness taken ? I hope very soon, and please to send me one as soon as you can.

I have not been reading anything lately ; indeed I have entirely been taken up with my book for the last week. The printer makes such dreadful mistakes sometimes. In one of Victor Hugo's *chansons*, where the lines should have run,

If there be a loving heart
Where *Honour's* throne is drest,

they printed as follows :

If there be a loving heart
Where *Horror's* throne is drest.

And again in another piece : 'The Mother's Birthday,' the children, addressing their mother, say :

Then to please thee in our duties,
We shall try to do our best,
Never lift our heads while *praying*,
Just before we go to bed.

The printer has it thus :

Then to please thee in our duties,
We shall try to do our best,
Never lift our heads while *prying* (!)
Just before we go to bed.

Mamma had one of her attacks of pain a week ago ; but she is quite well now, I am happy to say. I am pretty well at present; the cough is there still, a little more troublesome than it was in the summer, with blood-spitting off and on ; but, on the whole, I am better now than I was in January last, a year ago.

We are going on with our Sanskrit lessons. When we have finished the book we are reading now, we shall take up Valmiki's *Ramayana*. My uncle has followed our example, and has commenced reading Sanskrit also, with another pundit.

I hope you will be able to decipher this scrawl. Please give our kindest regards to your father and mother. Mamma sends you her love, and with best love from myself,—Believe me, yours very affectionately,

TORU DUTT.

Calcutta.

February 28, 1876.

I am so very very happy to receive your dear likeness. I am never tired of looking at it, and I have placed it already in my album. So kind of you, dear, to wear my hair always in a locket round your neck. Mamma says she will be highly pleased to get a copy of your likeness ; she says she must have one as soon as possible.

I have received two letters from you during the last fortnight, one containing the Sanskrit grammar marker¹ (for which many thanks to you and your mother), and the other enclosing your long expected photograph. I have been unable to answer them sooner, on account of my having been taken ill with fever and dysentery, with an increase of the cough. It is a fortnight or more that I have been obliged to keep my bed.

¹ This was a marker in cross-stitch, on thin perforated cardboard, with the words : ' Here I fell asleep ! '

Now I am able to get up and move about a little and take a drive in the afternoon, according to the doctor's orders. The dysentery is gone, and though the fever comes on now and then, it is always slight. The cough is still troublesome, but I hope it will soon get better. Now that my health-bulletin is written, I shall go on to other things. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl, for I am writing in bed. I do not know how long it will take me to finish this letter, perhaps a week ; but, dear, I feel such an irresistible desire to write to you, and above all, to thank you again and again for your photograph. O, I do wish to go and see you once again so much !

Des ailes, des ailes, des ailes,
Comme dans les chants de Rückert !

My book is almost ready now ; I hope to be able to send you a copy before the end of March.

I must stop here for the present, for I feel a little tired.

It is beginning to get hotter now here. The evenings are cool enough, but the days are a little too warm, though there is almost always a nice refreshing south wind in the afternoon.

I had Gentille and Jeunette taken by a native photographer. I wanted to send you two copies, but the photographs turned out so indistinct and bad after all that I rejected them, and as the artist had tried at least thirty times without success, I gave up the affair as hopeless.

We have sent for another French book from England ; it is entitled *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, and is the work of a lady ; it has been ' couronné ' by the French Academy, so it must be a well-written book.

The Prince is at present the guest of the Maharaja of Cashmere. He is having very good sport there ; one day he killed six tigers with his own gun ; the forest where the tigers are has been surrounded by six hundred trained elephants to cut off every kind of egress from the jungle. The Prince will arrive at Allahabad about the seventh proximo, on his way back to Bombay, which city he will leave about the 14th of March. The *Serapis* and the *Osborne* left Calcutta a few weeks ago ; they are now at Bombay, waiting for the Prince. Lord Northbrook

will leave Calcutta in a day or two, to meet the Prince at Allahabad and bid him farewell. The Governor of Madras, His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, is at present in Calcutta. We saw him two or three times during our evening drives. The Prince, it is said, is keeping a diary, which he means to publish on his return to England. It is to be edited by Dr. Russell, and will no doubt be very interesting reading.

Several weeks ago a man brought a large cobra to show us. He is a blacksmith by profession, but has initiated himself a little in the mysteries of snake-catching. This reptile he had caught himself only four days ago. A doctor of the neighbourhood had given him two rupees for the poison teeth, which the doctor himself extracted with a pair of pincers. The reptile was very fiery and full of life. It would not come out of the earthen vessel (in which it had been placed): at last the man had to draw it out by the tail, at which it hissed frightfully.

The visit of the Prince to Babu Juggodanundo Mukherjee's Zenana has been made into a farce and acted at the native theatre here under the title *Guzadanundo*. This was a very bad action on the part of the managers of the theatre, and Lord Northbrook has very rightly put a stop to it, and by an Ordinance has empowered the Lieutenant-Governor to suppress any play which is likely to create any disaffection against the British rule, also any play which the Lieutenant-Governor thinks immoral or unfit to be represented.

March 2nd. Mamma had a very bad attack of her pain yesterday at half past eleven in the forenoon; she suffered a great deal yesterday and last night. To-day she is much better; the acute stage of the attack is past; there is still a dull sort of pain, but I hope it will quite pass off in the course of the day. My grandfather and grandmother came to see her yesterday, and stayed all night; grandmother kept awake the whole night through, so did Papa; grandfather and I slept. I hope father will not get ill. Grandmother has now gone to the Garden-House; she will come again in the afternoon; she is an invaluable person during illness, so patient and careful.

March 3rd. Mamma is a great deal better to-day. I hope she will soon be quite well and strong again. To-day we received a visit from Mr. Jones of the Bengal Civil Service. We knew him very well at Cambridge; he used to come to learn Bengali from father. It seemed so funny to see 'Jones, undergrad of St. John's', turned into the Anglo-Indian *burra-sahib* S. S. Jones, Esqre., B.C.S., with a large *sola* hat!

He was very glad to see us again. He is now stationed at Sasseram and came down to Calcutta yesterday; he is going away again to-day.

The day before yesterday my mother's *cousine* was married. She is a Hindu and so is her family, so of course we were not invited. We heard all the particulars from my grandmother, who had been invited. Hindu marriages generally take place during the night or late in the evening. There are some very pretty ceremonies to be gone through. When the bride is unveiled she meets the gaze of the bridegroom for the first time. After a good look at each other, they exchange the garlands of flowers round their necks. Then a small bouquet is given to each, which also they exchange with each other, and which are also afterwards put by in a box. Toward morning the bride's mother takes her daughter's hand, puts it into that of the bridegroom, and tells him most pathetically and with tears in her eyes, to take care of her daughter, whom she now resigns to him.

March 4th. To-day is my twentieth birthday: I am getting quite old, *n'est-ce pas?* *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique* arrived most opportunely this morning; I received it as my birthday present. It is a big volume and seems very interesting. I was looking it over here and there.

Are the Fishers still in Germany? Have you seen Mrs. Baker lately and is she a little better?

Jeunette and Gentile are quite well and flourishing in health. If you could see all the books I have bought about horses, and the veterinary art! I have also now got a veterinary medicine-chest. I make a tincture or an ointment myself now and then, according to the prescriptions in one of my veterinary books,

and I myself doctor Jeunette and Gentile when they want it, which I am happy to say is very seldom.

Latterly there has been some rain and the days are close and sultry. I hope there will be a change for the better in the weather soon, for this hot sultry weather makes one feel very sleepy ! O, for a breath of the biting, refreshing March wind ! I hope to write to you again soon. I trust you have received the photographs of Baugmaree safely and in good preservation.

If you should see Mrs. Cowell again, please give my love and Mamma's and Papa's kindest regards. I am glad you like M. Boquel. Does he continue to live in the house opposite Sayle's shop ?

Papa went to see the sale of Lord Northbrook's horses : among the lot there was a grey Arab saddle-horse which was very beautiful ; Papa said it seemed a *little* too spirited and fiery to suit me, or else, he said, he would have bought it for me ; I have been begging so much and so long for a riding-horse ; I hope he will give me one, but as I have never ridden before, he is afraid. Dr. Cayley (who attends us during our serious illnesses) has such a beautiful roan Arab saddle-horse ; it is only a little *too high in flesh*, otherwise it is a perfect animal. I have nothing to write about, and I am afraid you will find this letter very dull. There ! I hear the carriage wheels on the gravel ; grandmother is come to see Mamma, I must leave off.

March 7th. I have been obliged to give up Sanskrit for some time. I shall begin again from to-day if my pundit comes, for his wife was unwell on Saturday, suffering from cholera.

Lodgers are coming to-morrow into the house lately occupied by one of my aunts, about whose sudden death I wrote to you in my last. Her son has let it to a native Christian Babu, who will occupy the premises with his family either to-morrow or the day after.

I have been lately only reading articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I shall now take up *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*. It will be very interesting reading, as it will give me a good

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insight into the old Hindu legends, which I hope to be able to read in a couple of years in the original Sanskrit.

I must close my letter here, as the mail leaves to-day. By the by, Sir Salar Jung is going to England. The Duke of Sutherland invited him, it is said, to go and see the ' Barbaric West '. If he is going only as the guest of the Duke, or for political reasons, is not known, though it is generally thought that he is going for the latter. Mamma is better, but she is not able to leave her bed yet, I am sorry to say.

If you call on the Misses Hall, please give them my love, and tell them how deeply I feel and sympathize with their loss.

Give kindest regards from all to your father and mother, and my best love to yourself.

Calcutta.

March 18, 1876.

Many many thanks for your long and welcome letter which I have just received. What a lot of questions all at once ! I am going to describe our house and answer your questions first of all. There is no conservatory at Baugmaree ; the shrubs that you see through the open door on the ground floor grow on the lawn ; the rooms on the ground floor are, beginning from the left-hand side, a long drawing-room with three windows, then a small antechamber, then appear the two windows of the verandah, the front door, two windows, which also belong to the verandah ; the last window belongs to a small outside room, where Papa receives his *acquaintances* ; the drawing-room being reserved for *friends*. I must go over it again, for I have omitted one room ; after the three windows of the drawing-room and the one of the antechamber, comes that of the library, then the verandah, &c. ; in front of the last room (where Papa's acquaintances are received) you see a small verandah : it is very nice sitting out there ; Mamma has had it surrounded with a wire network, which has been covered with creeping plants, and which makes the place more inviting. On the second floor, beginning from the right, first, there is the window of our dining-room (the staircase is just below that window), then the next window belongs to a small room, which is generally known

as the 'clock-room' (because our clock is kept there), and which is furnished 'à l'orientale' with cushions, &c., where we take our ease during the heat of the day; the next three windows belong to the bedroom and the last two belong to the bathroom and the closet; on the third floor, there is only one room, which is generally used as the lumber-room. On the right hand side of the house you perceive another building: this contains the pantry, kitchen, and out-offices. I have explained all that is visible in the photo, I hope satisfactorily. Now I shall say a little more of what is not visible in the photo. The rooms which appear in the photo look to the south: on the north there are similar rooms: that is, on the second floor, there is Papa's bedroom and another extra room, on the ground floor, three extra rooms, two small and the other large. You see we have quite enough room to lodge you and your father and mother if you come here! The men standing in the middle of the walk must be some of the gardeners: do you perceive Mamma's favourite cow and calf to their left? The bridge is *inside* our Garden and belongs to us; it conducts to the small island which is surrounded all round by the sheet of water (which is called a *jheel*), which is crossed by the bridge. The little island is full of mango trees which we have let out this year for a considerable sum. The building is not *on* the bridge (though it looks as if it were, on account of the bad photo), but opposite it, and is the domicile of our gardeners or *mālees*. I must stop here, for luncheon is ready. Have I explained it all satisfactorily, dear?

Skating rinks are already on the *tapis* here; I believe they have one already at Bombay. A new zoological garden has just been started in Calcutta; it is far from being complete yet, but specimens are pouring in of all kinds of animals; the tigers, elephants, Cashmere goats, &c., &c., which the Prince has received as presents from the Rajas, were kept there, pending their removal to the *Serapis*. The zoological grounds are also to contain an aquarium. Calcutta will soon be quite a European city!

Thank you very much for what you say about calling my countrymen 'natives'; the reproof is just, and I stand corrected.

I shall take care and not call them natives again. It is indeed a term only used by prejudiced Anglo-Indians, and I am really ashamed to have used it.

About my age. It is not a forbidden subject at all, and if I did not answer your question it must have been from mere carelessness. I was born in 1856, so I complete my twentieth year and enter into my twenty-first this March.

I am sure your composition will receive M. Boquel's approbation, for there are very few English girls in Cambridge that know French as well as you do.

If you see Miss Rosie Fullerton again, please give her our kind regards ; also to her aunt. I am sorry that she wants to leave St. Leonards, for we liked the place very well when we were there. Give my best wishes to Miss A. L. if you write to her on her birthday, please. Mr. Mittra is a Bengali ; I am sure of this from his name, though I do not know anything about him. There are many Bengalis now in England ; almost by every mail we see a countryman's name in the list of passengers for England. All generally go either to compete for the Civil Service, to enter the Bar, or to be created an M.D. by the Edinburgh University. If they could only enter on new careers, say, as civil engineers, naval commanders, or military officers : I believe they are not allowed to enter the military or naval service as officers here. There are Bengali troops and soldiers, but they generally are commanded by Europeans ; perhaps the Government thinks it dangerous to place a Bengali regiment under the orders of a Bengali officer.

My book is now almost ready ; you will receive it by the end of April. The Prince is now on his way back to Bombay, whence he will start for England. He is now at Indore, I think. Canon Duckworth (who was tutor to Prince Leopold) is very ill ; it is believed he will be unable to accompany the Prince on his way back, as he is very weak : he will follow his Royal patron in a few weeks.

Last night we had a great shower of rain, which has freshened up the trees and flowers amazingly.

As I had been ill, Jeunette and Gentile had an uninterrupted rest of three days ; on the fourth day I went out ; they were

beautiful to see in their eagerness to start ; like a horse described in a book that I was reading lately : ' elles étaient terribles d'impatience ' ; a cart stopped their way just as they started ; they reared ; then, the road being cleared, went off ' comme un trait '.

Have you read any of Mrs. Barrett Browning's pieces ? I like her poetry very much. There are some verses of hers called the *Wine of Cyprus*, addressed to H. S. Boyd, who used to teach her Greek. When I am reading Sanskrit, some of these verses occur to me *malgré moi*. The Sanskrit is as old and as grand a language as the Greek.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When betwixt the folio turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek—

Mr. Boyd was blind and she addresses him thus, in one of the last verses of the piece above mentioned :

Ah, my gossip ! you were older,
And more learned, and a man ;
Yet the shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids, ran
Both our spirits to one level :
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

If Papa laughs when I make a mistake in my Sanskrit (which he does very rarely, but which he can do much oftener, for he understands Sanskrit better than I do), I quote the above two lines :

Ah, my gossip ! you are older,
And more learned, and a man !

Then her piece entitled ' The dead Pan ' is very beautiful too. Listen :

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings !
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities,
Now Pan is dead !

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,
 Whence the thunder did prevail,
 While in idiocy of godhead
 Thou art staring the stars pale !
 And thine eagle blind and old,
 Roughs his feathers in the cold.

.
 Bacchus, Bacchus ! on the panther
 He swoons, bound with his own vines ;
 And his Maenads slowly saunter,
 Heads aside, among the pines,
 While they murmur dreamingly,
 ' Evohe——ah——evohe—— ! '

I shall be quoting the whole piece ! It is founded on the well-known story relating to the death of the Lord ; that while he was being crucified, some boatmen who were on the sea in their boat heard a great cry of ' Pan, Pan is dead '. Her other pieces *Bertha in the Lane*, *Catarina to Camoëns*, *The Swan's Nest*, *The Romaunt of the Page*, and others I like very much also. But I shall be quoting them, so I shall leave off the subject. Her verses entitled *A View across the Roman Campagna* are very good : in them she addresses the Pope in no very flattering terms. *A Musical Instrument* is an exquisite little piece.

I have just come in from measuring out Jeunette and Gentile's *picotin*, and from peeling and cutting in small pieces a long piece of sugar-cane for them. Horses are very fond of sugar-cane, which has the qualities of the carrot, in giving them a shining coat, &c.

Do you see a small mound in front of the house in Baugmarce ? Well, it is one of Mamma's *chefs-d'œuvre* in gardening ; it is composed of pebbles and earth, covered over with green grass and planted with shrubs and trees ; it is supposed to be a miniature mountain. Isn't this making a mountain of a molehill ?

Mamma is now quite well. It was only yesterday that she came downstairs for the first time since her illness.

The weather is extremely hot now, and the punkah has

become a necessity. A large banian tree which stood on a piece of ground lately bought by a neighbour (and in front of our house) has been cut down by the new proprietor. We were all sorry when we saw the men cutting its fine large branches ; it was a tree of long standing ; as far as Papa can remember it has stood there. It reminded us of a French poet, Laprade's, lines on ' La mort d'un chêne ' :

Quand l'homme te frappa de sa lâche cognée,
O roi qu'hier le mont portait avec orgueil,
Mon âme au premier coup retentit indignée,
Et dans la forêt sainte il se fit un grand deuil.

The piece is rather long but rather well written. Speaking of fine verses, I subjoin the following lines, which are extremely beautiful and which show how, with a few touches, a truly great poet can describe scenery. I came across the lines in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* : they are by M. André Theuriot (some of whose pieces you will find translated in my book) and entitled *La vigne en fleurs*. I shall copy a paragraph and the verses from the *Revue* : ' La pièce était à la fois lyrique et descriptive, le poète avait essayé de rendre l'espèce de griserie produite par la fine senteur des vignes fleuries dans une tiède soirée de Juin. Il se peignait pris lui-même par cette enivrante odeur. Il remplissait son verre et buvait joyeusement aux noces fécondes des vignes et à la poésie du vin. Dans ces vers imprégnés d'un naturalisme voluptueux, on respirait l'haleine du printemps et les chauds parfums de l'automne ; on entendait les rumeurs du pressoir, le bouillonnement du moût écumeux dans la cave, les rondes tumultueuses des vendangeurs, la nuit, sur les coteaux.— Puis le poète, sentant sa tête s'alourdir, laissait tomber sa coupe vide, et la pièce se terminait par cette strophe :

' Je m'endors, et là-bas le frissonnant matin
Baigne les pampres verts d'une rougeur furtive,
Et toujours cette odeur amoureuse m'arrive
Avec le dernier chant d'un rossignol lointain
Et les premiers cris de la grive——'

Are they not fine, these lines ? I have very little news to

give you, so you see I have been filling up my letter with quotations; if you get tired of them, skip over without any ceremony.

About my cough, Dr. Cayley says Europe or even the south coast of England in summer would do me a great deal of good. There is nothing serious at present, but that my lungs are very delicate, and so on. I should like to go to England very much, just to see you, dear. Then I should like to go to the South of France in the vine country, to be all day long in the fresh air, to breathe *cette odeur amoureuse* of the vine. I am sure that will set me to rights at once. There are so many things to be done before we can go, and sometimes when I am *attristée* I think it would be better to live here in my own country all my life, but this thought does not occur often.

I must finish my letter to-morrow, and send it off early, for the mail goes to-morrow. I shall stop for to-day, for I have got to dress and get ready for my drive; it is already 5 p.m.

March 14th. Last night as I was thinking about you, I heard the cry of the jackals. You have never heard it, and I am sure you would be startled, if you ever come out to India, to hear it for the first time. In the suburbs especially the jackals are very numerous. In Baugmaree, how often have I been awakened by their dismal wailing in the still hours of the night. I sometimes am unwilling to go to sleep again, for fear that I should be again awakened by their lugubrious cry. It is not so bad when they are close under your window, but when the weird *hurlement* comes from a distance, one is filled with a sense of the loneliness of the place and the stillness of the night.

Yesterday we received two more books from Hachette and Company, books which we did not send for, but which they have forwarded to us, because there was a balance in our favour in their hands. The books are a poem, *Olivier*, by François Coppée, and *Le conscrit*, a tale by Henri Conscience. I have not read them yet, so I am unable to pass any judgement on them.

Have you been to see the Misses Hall ? Please give them my love when you go to see them. I have not read *Govinda Samanta*; I am glad you like it. I am sure the author, Mr. Dey, would be very much flattered if I told him what you think about his book.

I shall give here for your edification the song of welcome sung to the Prince by Bengali musicians at the entertainment given to him at Belgachia. It is from the pen of an influential and wealthy Bengali gentleman, Raja Jotendro Mohun Tagore.¹ He made it originally in Bengali, but translated it himself into English for the benefit of the European part of the audience.

Hail noble prince ! All hail to thee !
 With joyous voice we welcome sing ;
 As bursting into festive glee
 Bengala greets her future King.
 Tho' humble our reception be
 And tho' our strains may halting run,
 The loyal heart we bring to thee
 Is warmer than our Eastern sun.

Isn't he a promising genius ?

The Prince of Wales has started from Bombay for England. The Lahore paper says ' that he has invited Ressaldar Anoop Singh, a well-known native officer of the 11th Bengal Lancers, one of the finest specimens of an Irregular Cavalry officer that could be found anywhere, to accompany him in the *Serapis* to England. The Ressaldar was with the detachment under Major A. H. Prinsep, which formed H.R.H.'s escort during his tour through the Terai. We have just seen a note in which he announces the fact of his approaching departure to Europe to a European officer. He simply puts it thus : " The Prince asked me to come to England, and of course I could not refuse." ' If this is true, it shows a high sense of obedience and discipline and loyalty in Anoop Singh, as it must be with considerable inward qualms that a Sikh made up his mind to cross the *Black Waters*, that is the seas. Anoop Singh is said to be a most handsome man, well made, with a striking appearance,

¹ Afterwards Maharaja Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, K.C.S.I.

and he will in all probability attract much attention as a sort of 'show man' of the Indian army.

The ex-Gaekwar of Baroda, Mulhar Rao, finding time lie heavy on his hands in his prison at Nungumbakum, has devised a means to amuse himself. Twice a week an apothecary waits upon Mulhar Rao, equipped with a suitable apparatus, and to the bewilderment of the ex-Baroda chief and family conducts experiments in chemistry. The apothecary of course receives a remuneration for his performances, but whether the chief thereby receives more instruction than amusement is a moot question.

A new Photographic Exhibition has been opened here. We have not yet been to see it, but we shall go some day. The building from the outside has a very imposing and grand appearance.

Some degrees were conferred on several distinguished men yesterday at the Calcutta Senate House. Professor Monier-Williams was one of them. Papa had a card but he did not go. And now, dear, I must say good-bye. I hope to write to you a more interesting letter next time, *pour vous dédommager* of this one. Give kindest regards of Papa and Mamma to your father and mother, their love to you. Love to all and especially best love to your darling self.

Calcutta.

March 24, 1876.

I send along with this letter a copy of my *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*. I have not had it bound in cloth, but I send it to you in its original paper cover, as it is easier for transmission thus than otherwise. Write and tell me which of my pieces you like best.

I am pretty well just now, but a few days ago my cough increased, and I spat some blood : it was all owing to a window being left open in my bedroom, on account of the extreme heat and closeness of the weather.

Our Governor-General, Lord Northbrook, is going away on the 7th proximo. He will be a great loss to this country, for

he was beloved by the Bengalis, and he highly deserves to be so.

Some of the Prince of Wales's horses were lately sold in the Punjab by auction ; I suppose they were the presents of some of the Rajas here and the Prince finding them to be rather too numerous has sold them. Lord Beresford bought a few, a pair of Walers and an Arab. The Prince has taken with him, besides his three English hunters and his own horses, some more, presents from the Maharajas and Chiefs ; among them are a team of small grey Arabs, a chestnut Arab saddle-horse for the Princess, and a pair of hill ponies, to improve the breed of the Shetland ponies at home. There is rather a good story going about the papers lately, which has highly pleased the Bengalis. At some public reception or other, the Prince of Wales observed a European push a Bengali gentleman roughly from the platform. The Prince immediately sent his aide-de-camp to interfere, and was highly displeased with the European official, and the Duke of Sutherland and others expressed their displeasure at the European's conduct, who, on the other hand, seemed very much surprised at this general condemnation of his conduct, and at the interest of the Prince in favour of a 'native !' You see how my countrymen are treated by Anglo-Indian *Sahibs* !

I have lately been reading *Tolla*, a novel by E. About. The book is founded upon fact ; the scene is laid in Italy. M. About was accused of plagiarism, but he has defended himself by saying that founding a story on a true fact is not plagiarism, &c. It is a very nice and interesting book. *Olivier*, a poem by François Coppée, is not bad reading ; there are some very fine passages, for instance, this charming little picture : the writer is supposed to be a blasé young man of the world, and here is a description of his friend's daughter, a young country girl :

Espiègle, j'ai bien vu tout ce que vous faisiez
Ce matin dans le champ planté de cerisiers
Où seule vous étiez, nu-tête, en robe blanche.
Caché par le taillis, j'observais. Une branche

Lourde sous les fruits mûrs vous barrait le chemin
 Et se trouvait à la hauteur de votre main.
 Or, vous avez cueilli des cerises vermeilles,
 Coquette, et les avez mises à vos oreilles,
 Tandis qu'un vent léger dans vos boucles jouait.
 Alors, vous asseyant pour cueillir un bleuet
 Dans l'herbe, et puis un autre, et puis un autre encore,
 Vous les avez piqués dans vos cheveux d'aurore ;
 Et, les bras recourbés sur votre front fleuri,
 Assise dans le vert gazon, vous avez ri,
 Et vos joyeuses dents jetaient une étincelle.

Mais pendant ce temps-là, ma belle demoiselle,
 Un seul témoin, qui vous gardera le secret,
 Tout heureux de vous voir heureuse, comparait
 Sur votre frais visage animé par les brises
 Vos regards aux bleuets, vos lèvres aux cerises.

The weather is very hot now ; in the middle of the day it is as hot as it must have been in the fiery furnace : except in the mornings and evenings, which are pretty cool and pleasant yet. One would like to sit the whole day under a water-pipe, or in a bathing tub ! One can never appreciate cold water enough till one comes to Calcutta ! Instead of saying : ' O, that I had the wings of a bird ! ' ' O, that I had the fins of a fish ' would be more appropriate here.

All my uncles and cousins have been praising my book to the skies. I am afraid I shall burst with vanity some of these days, like the frog in the fable, who tried to be big as an ox.

Our Sanskrit is going on, we are making but slow progress ; I hope it is sure progress also. By the by, in my *Sheaf*, you will find among the notes two Sanskrit lines, from the *Ramayana*. They are uttered by Dasaratha, King of Ajoudhay (modern Oude), when he was obliged to send his eldest son, Ram, into exile in the forest of Danaka, on account of a rash promise given to one of his wives (Ram's stepmother), to grant her her desire. She asks for Ram's banishment and the coronation of her own son, Bharata. On this the king bursts in a passion of grief. His reply to the queen is beautiful. The lines in my book mean that, ' The world may live without the sun, the corn without water, but my soul will not live in my body

without Ram.' Would you like to pronounce the words in the Sanskrit ? Then read :

Thistai, loko bina shurjong, shoshong ba
might live the world without sun, corn or

sholilong bina,
water without,

Nau tu Ramong bina dahay thistaytu momo
not but Ram without (in) body shall live my

jibitom
life.

I wonder what the papers will say of my book. Of course there will be *for* and *against*, and I have already armed myself with stoicism.

When *Jane Eyre* was first brought out, of course there were some papers which cut up the book. Thackeray, who was a friend of Miss Brontë, went to see her the day after, to observe how she read and took an attack on her book which had appeared in one of the leading daily papers.

Please write and tell me M. Boquel's address, as perhaps I shall send him a copy of my *Sheaf*.

Have you seen the Halls lately ? Do Mary and Lizzie attend any of the lectures ?

We do not go much into society now. The Bengali reunions are always for men. Wives and daughters and all women-kind are confined to the house, under lock and key, *à la lettre* ! and Europeans are generally supercilious and look down on Bengalis. I have not been to one dinner party or any party at all since we left Europe. And then I do not know any people here, except those of our kith and kin, and some of them I do not know.

The remainder of Lord Northbrook's horses are to be sold on the 28th. I have asked Papa to go and have a look at them.

The life we lead here is so retired and quiet that I am afraid you find my letters dull.

Bishop Milman is dead ; he succumbed to an acute attack of dysentery, and congestion of the liver. Bishop Gell of Madras is now in Calcutta, a guest of Lord Northbrook ; he is

temporarily officiating as Bishop of Calcutta, and it is said he is likely to be permanently so.

Jeunette and Gentile are well, so are all my pets.

Have you read a book by Frederika Richardson, published by Macmillan and Co. and entitled *The Iliad of the East*? It is an abstract of Valmiki's Sanskrit poem *Ramayana*. I am sure you will like it, and I can heartily recommend it to you, as it will give a good idea of the heroes and heroines of our mythology. I have no doubt that Mrs. Cowell has one, for you know that Professor Cowell is a great Sanskrit scholar and admirer of Sanskrit literature.

28th. I hope you will excuse the shortness of my letter. It is all due to the dearth of news. Have you ever taken a young coco-nut? I daresay not. Those that we do get in England are old and over-ripe fruits, but a green coco-nut is delightful. The milk on a thirsty and sultry day is most refreshing, better than the best champagne. Water melons are coming into season now: by the by, Professor Cowell considers the water melon the best fruit in India. Mangoes are not ripe yet; the unripe mangoes we eat cooked, put into curries and sauces. Cholera has shown itself in the suburbs and in Calcutta too. I hope it will soon disappear.

I have sent two more copies of my book to Cambridge, one to Mrs. Cowell and the other to M. Boquel. I was saying to Papa that M. Girard, our French tutor at St. Leonards, would be pleasantly surprised if he were to see my book (for he dabbles in poetical translations now and then) and I should rise ten times more in his estimation. M. Boquel, on the contrary, is likely to say, that translating is good, but I would have done better if I had applied myself more to the 'beautés de la grammaire française', and instead of wasting my time on light literature, had learnt 'les verbes irréguliers' by heart!

I must 'shut up' now. I am really ashamed of my scrawl. Give our best regards to your father and mother, and my best love to your dear self.

Calcutta.

April 24, 1876.

I received your nice long and interesting letter yesterday. Many thanks for the same ; by the time this reaches you, you should have received my book. I should like to hear which of the pieces you like best, and also those you dislike most. Papa likes *A Souvenir of the Night of the Fourth* and *On the Barricade*, both by Victor Hugo, most ; he thinks them the two *best* pieces in the volume. I agree with him. The papers have been noticing it favourably. The notices of the *Hindu Patriot* (edited by Babu Kristo Dass Pal), the *Englishman* (Mr. J. W. Furell, editor), and the *Indian Charivari*, I like best. To the last-mentioned paper we did not send my book to be reviewed, and I am thankful to the editor (though I do not know his name) for his kindly and unexpected notice.

The article in the *Englishman* was generous and candid, pointing out some mistakes in the versifying, but altogether very favourable and sincere, with some extracts from the book, namely—*To Pépa* by Musset, and the last sonnet addressed to Papa. We wrote off to the editor in the well-known verses of the poet-laureate :

I forgave thee all the blame,
I could not forgive the praise !

Mr. Furell must have been quite flattered in receiving the poetic note.

Lord Lytton, our new Governor-General, arrived the week before last and has gone away to Simla on Saturday, where he will pass the hot and rainy seasons. Lord Northbrook of course is on his way to Europe. A good many people were gathered to bid him 'Farewell and God-speed' near the jetty. He shook hands with all who were present, taking care not to miss a single person in the crowd ; he wore a sad yet genial expression on his countenance, and very suitable to the occasion.

On Friday we went to the Garden to meet the sister of my younger aunt. My uncle, as I have already written to you, my maternal uncle, that is, has got two wives. The eldest is not

fair, *neither* very pretty (Leah in fact), so my uncle married a Rachel. My 'new aunt' as we call her, though she is no longer new, for she has been married about eighteen years, though she is only twenty-six now—my 'new aunt' is, on the contrary, very fair and very beautiful, and very good-natured into the bargain.

We wanted to see her elder sister, a great beauty, and so my 'new aunt' brought her to our Garden to meet us; also she brought her younger sister, a little lassie of eight, already married, and oh, such a beauty! She has been photographed, and my 'new aunt' gave me a copy; it is a beautiful photo and can vie with any face in an annual of beauties.

I also received a photo of my 'new aunt's' father, Raja Narendra Krista, whose name I dare say you have come across among the reports of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta. He is a very nice kindly old gentleman; I have only seen him once or twice. He was a very handsome man in his youth and very 'fast' too; many an English beauty of Calcutta he has led out for a quadrille in Government House 'when he was young'; perhaps he adds like Coleridge (if he has read that poet, which I doubt very much) 'Ah, woeful *when*!'

I have finished *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*. It is very interesting, and I liked it very much. I heartily recommend it to you. You would then see how grand, how sublime, how pathetic, our legends are. The wifely devotion that an Indian wife pays to her husband, her submission to him even when he is capricious or exacting, her worship of him, 'as the god of her life' as old Spenser has it. The legend of Nala and Damayanti, that of Savitri, who followed 'Yama' (Pluto of the Heathen) even to the lower regions, and by her wisdom, her constancy, her love, made him give back to her her dead husband alive; the legend of Sacountala and Douchmanta; that of Queen Gandhâri, who, because her husband was blind, put a band on her own eyes, thus renouncing to enjoy a privilege which nature had denied her husband: 'Lest I come to reproach my husband for his misfortune,' said she. And last, but not least, the grand legend of Ram and Sita.

Mademoiselle Bader thus sums up the character of Sita:

‘ D’ailleurs, dans quel siècle, dans quel pays, dans quelle littérature chercher un type plus admirable que celui de Sita ? Quelle lyre jamais chanta plus pure et plus touchante héroïne ? Quelle création analogue rencontrer chez les tragiques d’Athènes et les poètes de Rome ? Et, dans les temps modernes, depuis les héroïnes de Shakespeare jusqu’à celles de Racine, où trouver ce suave mélange d’amour, de chasteté, de grâce, noble et naïve, de dévouement passionné, de dignité, de fidélité au devoir, qui font de Sita le modèle idéal de la perfection féminine ? ’

You ought indeed to read the book or even *The Iliad of the East* by Frederika Richardson, to get an idea of the nobleness of my country’s heroines. . . .

The weather is awfully hot now, there is a very comforting and strong south wind to-day, but the sun is as hot and glaring as the fire of the fiery furnace must have been ! I wish we could exchange our weather with yours : send us some of your cold weather and I will send you some of our hot !

Jeunette and Gentille are going on capitally well. I wish you could see them so sleek and fine, with their black manes and their slender black feet ; they are dark bay in colour, not a single white hair have they ; and they are—so beautiful ! Sometimes I take them out to grass, myself, early in the morning ; they never misbehave when with me, neither do they so with anybody. They know my voice and even my step from another’s ; Gentille whinnies with pleasure and Jeunette turns her soft dark eyes wistfully towards me and pricks up her delicate small ears.

I am writing to you from the roof of our house. It is nearly 5 p.m. and the sun is going down in the West. It is very cool and breezy up here. Day and May, our favourite kittens, are basking in and enjoying the last rays of the departing sun. Day has jumped up on my writing table to coax out a pat and caress from me. My inkstand is in imminent danger, as well as my letter. There ! Day has jumped down to run after a crow, without spilling the ink ! . . .

Papa went to see the sale of the last lot of Lord Northbrook’s

horses. There was a splendid Irish gelding, brown, bred by the late Lord Mayo, and his favourite riding-horse, aged eleven years. It was bought for Lord Lytton ; there were also some nice Arabs, among which was the grey which Lord Northbrook used the most often to ride, and on which we saw him three or four days before his departure, when we were taking our evening drive. I like to hear Papa's descriptions of the horses, and he goes, when there are likely to be excellent ones in the auction, to please me, and also himself a little, for he is very fond of horses.

So you are quite rich ! Je vous en fais mes compliments ! What are you going to do with your money ? I should advise you to take a passage out to India in one of the P. and O. steamers and come and see us in our Indian home, qu'en dites-vous ? We should be so pleased to see you ; you can be quite sure of a warm welcome and of hearty friends ; ' pensez-y bien, belle Marie ' (the original has ' marquise ').

Spelling bees must be very amusing. There are funny accounts of how Mr. Lowe, M.P., was floored by the word ' brazier ', which he spelt with an ' s ' though it was clearly told him, that he was wanted to spell the word which means the person who deals in brass ! and the Lord Mayor also made some funny mistakes.

Have you seen, or been at, a skating rink ? It must be pleasant if there were no falls ! Mistress Day is teasing me again, naughty pussy.

The Sanskrit is going on tolerably well ; we are now reading the *Ramayana*.

The census of Calcutta was taken a few days ago ; I asked Papa to put in my column ' Authoress ' as a profession, with which request he did not comply !

25th. I had the first mangoes of the season from our Garden for breakfast just now. They were delicious. I wish I could send you one with this letter !

What beautiful cold weather you are having at present ! I wish I was there !

Do tell me which of the pieces in my book your papa and your dear mother like ? You see I am full of my book ! *Entre nous*, I confess I *am* a little proud of it ! Though I see its faults as well as its merits.

I am quite as rich as you are, dear ! For I have got in the Savings Bank about the same sum as you have in the Cambridge Building Society. If I was not afraid of people calling me extravagant, I would spend the whole amount in buying a splendid stud of horses !

What *shall* I write about ? Our cow, one of our milch cows, that is, did not give any milk for two days running. *Voici pourquoi* : a servant had the stupidity to introduce a large owl into the dairy ; the cows got so frightened that they ran out quite wild from the shed, and it was a whole day's work catching them ! and though this happened about five days ago, the cows do not on any account approach the shed, and we have been obliged to keep them in another. One of our best hens, with a pair of young turkeys which she had hatched, was run away with by a jackal, to Mamma's great sorrow and dismay ! Are not these very interesting items ?

The Maharaja of Pattialla died a few days ago at Simla of apoplexy. His infant son succeeds him.

I am sure you will like *Wives and Daughters*. It is a very well-written and interesting book. All the Brontës were rather inclined to the sensational in their works, but they are wonderfully interesting. *Wuthering Heights* treats of the supernatural, I have heard, for I have never read the book ; I have only read *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë. Though the *moral* is not very high (for the authoress favours bigamy), the work is written with a masterly power, and shows a gift of discerning characters, which is wonderful in a woman. If you once commence the book, you will not be able to sleep unless you finish it ! Have you read any of Thackeray's works ? They are very good. I must stop my chatter for a while to read the paper.

26th. My grandfather has hired a house and garden near ours, where he intends to stay with his family for three or four

months. We went to see them yesterday ; they will remove to-day, and we are to go and see them this evening in their new home. I wish you knew my grandmother ; a kinder, or gentler, or more loving woman never breathed. How all her dear face lights up when we go to see her ! I wish she would become a Christian. She is so much better than many who profess to be Christians, but whose conduct is anything but so. And she is so fond of me and so proud of me, is my grandmother ! She thinks me the handsomest, the best, and the most accomplished girl that ever breathed ! She would spoil me quite, if I lived with her a week ! And she is so proud of Papa ! You know that Hindu mothers-in-law generally do not talk with their sons-in-law. Isn't that funny ? When Mamma was ill she came and stayed with us, keeping awake two nights running. . . .

I have just been turning over a collection of Shirley Brook's poems, which have been chosen out from his contributions to *Punch* by his son. I have come on a piece which I cannot help writing out for you. It is entitled 'Dagon' and is on the death of Nicholas, the Emperor of all the Russias, in 1855. It appeared in *Punch* and created a great sensation at the time. It is finely written and is full of spirit.

Smitten—as by lightning—smitten
 Down, amid his armed array ;
 With the fiery scroll scarce written
 Calling myriads to the fray.
 There—but yesterday defying
 Europe's banners, linked and flying
 For her freedom—see him lying
 Earth's Colossus—earth's own clay.
 Let no triumph-shout be given,
 Knee to earth and eye to heaven !
 God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom ! lightly-spoken
 Vows to thee vain kings have said,
 Many an oath thy priests have broken,
 Many a flight thy guards have fled :

But thine ancient Consecration
 Sealed as oft by stern libation,
 Lifeblood of a struggling nation,
 In the foeman's doom is read.
 Still, O Ark ! the hand that gave thee
 Strikes, in peril's hour to save thee
 Here lies Dagon—dead !

Have you read any of Bulwer Lytton's novels ? The *Last of the Barons* is very interesting and well-written, in the Walter Scott style. He once attacked the Laureate in a satire in Pope's style, calling the Tennyson school, 'Miss Alfred !' The Laureate answered him in verses which were anything but school-girlish and which appeared in *Punch*. Lord Lytton attacked him under the nom-de-plume of the *New Timon*, and the Laureate, after alluding to Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* says :

—here comes the New,
 Regard him : a familiar face ;
 I *thought* we knew him. What, it's you,
 The padded man that wears the stays ;

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
 With dandy pathos when you wrote ;
 A Lion, you, that made a noise,
 And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

What profits now to understand
 The merits of a spotless shirt,
 A dapper boot—a little hand,
 If half the little soul is dirt ?

I quote from memory, so you must overlook mistakes if you find any.

It's dreadfully hot to-day, even the crows seem oppressed by the heat and keep silent, except now and then, when a very thirsty one utters a parched 'caw !' The grass on the lawns has assumed a dry burnt-up appearance, which is never seen in England. In the streets, horses are often falling down, smitten by heat apoplexy. The other day we saw one : poor

animal! it seemed to suffer terribly; it was unable to rise, and dashed its head against the pavement in vain efforts to do so; water, large bucketfuls, was thrown over it to relieve its pain, but to no purpose. I am afraid and never allow my Jeunette and Gentile to be driven during the middle of the day for fear of their getting sunstrokes.

Please give my love to A. L. when you write to her. I am sorry to hear that your dear father has not recovered quite from the effects of his last illness, but I hope he will with the warmer weather. I am keeping well myself; so is Papa and Mamma. My grandmother has made lots of chutnies, Indian jams, &c., which are exceedingly palatable, I can tell you, notwithstanding their extremes of being either too acid or too hot, &c. Best love to your dear self, and love and kindest regards from all to your father and mother.

Baugmaree Garden House.

May 3, 1876.

I am sitting down to write to you, not that I have anything new or special to say, but because I know each letter *from me* is sure to make you write an answer *to me*; and your letters are such a treat, never mind whether they seem to yourself short, dull, long or stupid, they are always very welcome things *to me*. If you could see how eagerly I tear open the envelope, after first reading my address in your dear well-known hand, and looking at all the postal marks, you would write oftener, I think.

You see that we have removed to the old Garden House. We came away from Calcutta on Monday last (to-day is Wednesday), it is so much more pleasant here than in the town.

Mamma got a very bad fall yesterday, but she is all right now. At 2 p.m. (you cannot imagine how hot it is at that hour), she went downstairs, notwithstanding our protests, to give some orders about her poultry house. She was sitting on the steps, when all at once she fell down—the sun and the heat were too much for her—she was so dazed after her fall, that she could not remember anything that had happened the minute before.



BAUGMAREE GARDEN-HOUSE.

'The scene of many family reunions and the favourite playground of all the younger generation.'



We thought she had received a sunstroke, and it was very like one ; however, eau-de-Cologne, cold water, and an unripe mango, boiled and made into a *sherbet*, soon set her to rights. She is quite herself to-day ; I hope this will prevent her for the future from going out of doors during the heat of the day, *malgré nous*.

I am *very* well, so is Papa. Pets also are thriving.

I make the horses go through their morning exercises myself ; I generally take Jeunette, and one of the grooms takes Gentille. Jeunette trots along the long walk (see the photograph), I running by her side, both enjoying ourselves immensely. Gentille and the groom bring up the rear. To-day after the trot, Jeunette's beautiful eyes fell upon the bunch of roses I had at my belt. She smelt them, took one daintily, and ate it with relish ; then she took another and allowed me to keep the rest ! I see them dressed and cleaned before me, except when I am inevitably prevented from being present.

One of our cows was delivered of a fine dark red calf a few days ago. Plenty of fresh milk and butter are the happy consequences.

Our Sanskrit is getting on well enough ; our Pundit will from to-day come here to give us our lesson.

Mangoes are coming now, but those of our Garden are not fully ripe yet. Lichees are still in season, but they will soon disappear, as they are like the strawberries in England, very short-lived. I must stop here for the present, as I am going out to measure my horses' *pittance*. It is already hot now. Excuse this scrawl ; the next sheet, I hope will be written more intelligibly.

I wish I could send you one of these *champa* flowers which are on the table in a glass of water. They are of a pale yellow colour, with six petals, three outside and three inside, and they have a beautiful strong fragrance which fills the whole room. The glass of water also contains one *Gunda-raj* (literally, king of fragrance). It fully justifies its name ; its odour is a *little* fainter than that of the *Champa*, but very sweet. It is a snow-white flower. I wish you could see our Indian flora. Our Garden in

the early morning is full of sweet sounds and fragrance. Just in front of the window, by which I am sitting, is the great Banian tree or Indian Oak, which was planted by my grandfather (paternal grandpa) before I was born, more than twenty years ago. Is it visible in the photo I have sent? I am afraid not. We have received our first basket of *Jum-rools* of the season this morning. They are a boon this hot weather and are of a whitish colour, with just a shade of very pale green, very luscious, large as a nectarine and a great thirst-quencher.

Several days ago, we paid a visit to an old friend of my father's and of my grandfather, too, Mr. Manickjee Rustomjee, a Parsi. This is the second time that I have paid a visit to any friend since our return to India! We only stayed half-an-hour, as Mr. Rustomjee himself was unfortunately out, but his son received us very cordially and introduced us to his sister; his mother also came in; she knew us while we were in Bombay in 1868. They wear the Parsi costume. Mrs. Rustomjee does not know English and spoke to me in Hindustani, and said: I was that height (indicating a certain height with her hand) when she last saw me in Bombay. Her daughter is rather handsome and very fair. She spoke English very well. I was rather amused by her abruptly asking me if I had any children! Was not that amusing? I had to confess that I was not even married. Marriage, you must know, is a great thing with the Hindus. An unmarried girl of fifteen is never heard of in our country. If any friend of my grandmother happens to see me, the first question is, if I am married; and considerable astonishment, and perhaps a little scandal, follows the reply, for it is considered scandalous if a girl is not 'wooded and married and a' before she is eight years old! The other day one of my Grandmother's cousins was not a little taken aback on my replying to his question if I were not married, that I was now going to, since I had his permission, for it was only his permission that I had waited for! He was the more surprised, as I was looking over a picture book, like the meekest and humblest of human beings!

There is something about *me* in the paper to-day; Papa is reading it aloud, so goodbye for a moment.

It is now 2 p.m., and the sun is at its height; it is quite dazzling to look on the scene before me, tanks, lawns, and trees. There is nothing for us to do, but shut up all the shutters, and *se tenir coi* in the room with just one south window open, for the south wind is here always welcome.

I was lately reading Charlotte Brontë's *Life* by Mrs. Gaskell: indeed it is only to-day that I have finished the book. To think of those three young sisters in that old parsonage, among the lonely wild moors of Yorkshire, all three so full of talent, and yet living so solitary amid those Yorkshire wolds! The quotation in the beginning of the book from Mrs. Barrett Browning is very appropriate, at least so it seems to me:

Oh, my God,
Thou hast knowledge, only Thou,
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires
And hear the nations praising them far off.

How sad their history is! How dreary for the father to see one by one all his children die, and to live on alone and infirm, in that solitary parsonage in Yorkshire! In truth there is no greater tragedy in fiction than what happens in our real, daily life.

To-day Papa and I saw a large snake, about six feet in length, just below the steps of our front door; its movements were so rapid that it had disappeared in the round garden plot in front of our house (*vide* photo) before we could kill it: fortunately it was not of a very venomous kind. We caught a small wild hare in our Garden lately; we are going to let it go free this evening, as, poor young thing, it seems home-sick or rather warren-sick! When I told Uncle Girish about it, he was in raptures, a live wild hare! he is a keen sportsman, and fond of guns and fowling-pieces, &c., &c. He means to try and bag a couple of hares in our Garden some day, for Baugmaree is full of them! One of our guinea-pigs is afflicted with a *goitre*. It is very hideous and distressing to look at, the poor animal has got quite thin; it will soon die, I hope, for existence in its present state is a calamity.

Last night Papa and I, sitting out in the verandah, were expatiating on the calm beauty of the scene before us. I am but a poor hand at description, but I shall try to tell you what were then before us. The night was clear, the moon resplendent ; one or two stars glimmering here and there ; before us stretched the long avenue bordered with high *Casuarinas* very like the poplars of England ; dim in the distance the gateway ; around us the thick mango groves ; the tall betel-nut trees, straight, ' like arrows shot from heaven ' ; the coco-nut palms, with their proud waving plumes of green foliage, and all wrapt in a sweet and calm silence. Papa said the scene was as lovely as any we have seen during our sojourn in Europe. I agreed with him.

The papers are still noticing my book ; the *Indian Mirror* has, it seems, noticed it. I have not seen the notice yet ; I must go to town to-morrow and buy yesterday's issue.

This letter is very meagre ; please excuse it ; it is only to get an answer out of you, that I have penned this ; I am going to prepare my Sanskrit lesson, the pundit will soon be here. Kindest regards from all to your father and mother, and best love to your dear self.

Dear ! dear ! what a smearing.

Baugmaree Garden House,

May 13, 1876.

Your long-expected and welcome letter came this morning. Many thanks for the Easter card ; it is very pretty and has pleased me very much, the ' Forget-me-nots ' too are very welcome and pleasant to me. They brought to my mind some French lines :

Lors que je serais mort, oh je vous en convie,
Si vous vous rappeliez une heure de ma vie,
Amis, où d'amitié j'ai oublié la loi,
Oubliez-moi.

The piece is of about eight verses ; I should have copied it out for you, but unfortunately I have not got the book with me. It

ends with the poet's saying that if some one of his acquaintances were to say that he (the poet)

— était un bizarre égoïste,
Un damné misanthrope, un pédagogue triste,
Pas plus qu'en son génie en quelque autre il n'eût foi,
— Oubliez-moi.

But if some other—

— se lève et dit,—Mensonges !
Il croyait au grand Dieu qu'il voyait dans ses songes,—
Et quand il était seul, il priait à genoux,
— Souvenez-vous.

But truce to quotations and poetry !

Mamma thanks you very much for the photo ; you know how she will value it.

Some bits of your letter brought tears to my eyes ; I do not deserve all your kind affection. Papa is so pleased to read your letters ; after reading them, his invariable remark is : ' Let us return to England ; where in Calcutta will you get such warm-hearted friends, Toru ? ' ' Where indeed,' say I. And it is four years since we last met ! How swift Time passes. I was about sixteen then, ' in my life's morning hour, when my bosom was young '—now I am getting quite old, twenty and some odd two months, and with such an old-fashioned face that English ladies take me for thirty ! I wonder if I shall live to be thirty.

Don't fear that I shall resort to any rinks, if they come in use here. I am not very social, or rather, I am somewhat shy of a large company of ladies and gentlemen ' enjoying themselves ' ; whenever there used to be a dance on board (on our way from and to England), I used to beat a hasty retreat into the saloon or in our cabin as soon as I saw preparations going on for it, such as removing benches, lighting lights, opening the piano, &c.

A few days ago, we went to see my Grandfather in his new garden. My uncle gave me a bouquet. Among the flowers were two I did not recognize, but as soon as I smelt them their

Odour, like a key,
Turned noiselessly in memory's wards,
To set a thought of sorrow free.

'Why, Grandmamma,' exclaimed I, 'this flower used to grow in your old house at Connaghur, near your seven Hindu temples!' She was astounded. 'Can you remember it all, dear?' quoth she. 'Why, you could not have been more than four years old when you last came to see us at Connaghur, sixteen years ago!' I was myself surprised at the power of the fragrance of the flower. I did not even care to look at first at the flower, never recognized it even, and when I smelt it nonchalantly, the whole picturesque scene of Connaghur came upon me suddenly and vividly, like a flash of lightning: the seven temples on whose pinnacles the parrots used to build, the old half-ruined house, the vast and placid Ganges flowing smoothly by—I saw it all in a moment!

I wish you could see our date-palms. They are so beautiful now. The dates of a rich orange colour, hanging in immense clusters among the leaves, stand in striking contrast to the green plume-like leaves. If a painter were here, a 'landscape painter', that is, he would revel in this world of variegated foliage. There are so many shades of green; from the light, yellowish and bright one of the tamarind tree, to the dark blue, sombre, green tint of the mango or the dusty brownish green of the sky-reaching *Casuarina*. Such a deep breath sweeps across the *Casuarinas* in the still evening. It is like the heaving of the sea, and brings St. Leonards to my memory.

The *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mrs. Gaskell, induced me to read some more of Miss Brontë's works; *Shirley* is well-written and interesting; *Villette* is a failure; there is one character which is interesting, a French 'professeur', M. Paul Emanuel; he sometimes reminds me of M. Boquel.

By-the-by, I suppose you received a letter, which I wrote some months ago, and which enclosed a note to Mrs. Baker; as the old lady has not yet given an answer, I am doubtful if you received it.

How vividly you recollect old times! Do you keep a diary that you even remember months and dates? I remember the first visit I paid you, after dear Aru's return to Regent House. It was in the morning, at about ten; you had a sprained ankle,

and obliged to keep at home. How you fretted at not being able to take walks with me. The Fishers came in, and I came away soon, rather 'contrariée' I confess it, for not being able to have a longer chat, *tête à tête*. You accompanied me to the door, notwithstanding the bad foot. I wish, I do wish, I were with you again.

About our next-door lodgers. We do not know them except by sight and hearsay, and what we do know, does not incline us to be friendly or even courteous with them. They are quiet as neighbours.

Gentile had a slight attack of heat apoplexy the other day. I was so distressed. Papa had been obliged to go out on business, during the middle of the day; I accompanied him, it was a distance of some nine or ten miles, the sun was fiery; when we came back, the poor horse was panting, with her nostrils,

like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for her eyesockets' rim.

I was almost afraid she'd drop down: such a sight is very frequent in the streets in this tremendously hot weather. However Gentile was cooled, buckets of cold water were poured over her head, as well as wetted cloths applied, and she is quite well now. Jeunette bears the heat admirably.

There was a very good and favourable criticism of my book in the *Madras Standard* a few days ago, only the critic had taken me for a gentleman, and used 'he' and 'his' every time! I was rather amused and (shall I confess it?) perhaps a little flattered at this mistake.

The nights are dark now, but soon they will be as moonlit as they were four days ago. The moonlight nights are so beautiful and silent and peaceful in the Garden. It is a beautiful sight to see the moon rising large, serenely bright, full, behind the tall palm trees. She seems a peaceful watcher sent to watch over our lonely Garden; for Baumaree is a little lonely and very quiet. At nights when I wake, it is so strange and beautiful to look at the moonlight on the floor of my room. Our windows

have got bars, iron ones, it is safer ; and how bright the shadows of the bars fall on the floor in the faint yet clear beams of the moon. It reminds me of convents of nuns. I rise very early, at half-past four a.m., I generally take my bath with the moon benignly looking in through the iron bars ; at five, I am ready dressed and going out for a turn in the Garden with my cats, or for a trot with my horses. I go to bed at half-past nine ; you see I follow the sage proverb :

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Punch says that, ' early to bed and early to rise, is sure to give a man red eyes ! '

It is dreadfully hot just at present. If you could see me now, quite wet with perspiration, you would really pity me. Oh for a cool nor'easter !

That was rather an amusing verdict, which is now going about in the papers, in the case of a sudden death, when the learned jury declared, after deliberating solemnly for a long time—' Died by the visitation of God, under very suspicious circumstances ! ' This reminds me of one of my uncle's stories about his father-in-law, who was a judge in the Small Cause court. At some trial or other, the witness, a Bengali (you see I wrote ' native ', but I have scratched it out), was asked by the opposing counsel what his profession was ? ' A teacher in the missionary school.' ' What do you teach ? ' (Witness). ' The Bible. I read one chapter to the pupils daily.' ' What did you read to-day ? ' No reply. ' Speak.' Still the witness kept silence. (The judge, a Hindu, and who did not know a word of the Bible, encouragingly), ' Answer the question.' (Witness, scratching his head and dubiously), ' I read to-day about—about Jesus plucking the fruit and giving it to his disciples ! ' My uncle was clerk and a Christian, the judge cast a sidelong glance at my uncle, to see if what the witness said was all right and if such an incident is really spoken of in the Bible.

I am glad that ' Maddy ' ¹ as you term her (what is her name ?

¹ Mlle Verry.

I do not remember it, though I remember her very well indeed) is at last able to come to you. I am sure you would show her my book, I should like to know what she thinks about it ; she knows English as well as French ; I am not vain yet, but I am afraid I shall soon be with all the praises showered on me !

I have sent a copy of the *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* to Mary and Lizzie Hall by this mail. While I am on the subject I must tell you that the *Madras Standard* article ended by saying : ' as the taste of the pudding is in the eating of it, we append one of the pieces, a translation of Hugo's well-known satire.' Then followed ' Napoléon le petit '. If you should want any of the originals, I can copy it out in my letter, to compare with the translation.

I wish you were here to see the wild monkeys. You would enjoy the sight immensely. A couple of days ago there were about fourteen of them, in front of our windows, gambolling and eating plantains ; how delicately they peeled the fruit and with what relish they ate it ! There were young and old ones ; quite baby-monkeys there were too ; the leader of the band was an immense brute almost as big as a man ; such are very formidable indeed to encounter when they are irritated ; they are so powerful and fearless too.

Tupsee-fish, or rather mango-fish, are come into season now. They are a very fine-flavoured sort of fish and are greatly relished by Anglo-Indians ; one old gentleman's remark after tasting them (I mean the fishes not the Anglo-Indians) was, that it was worth a journey to India to taste the *tupsee*. He was an enthusiast, an *épicurien*, wasn't he ?

Our Sanskrit is going on but slowly. We are now reading extracts from the Mahabharata.

Sometimes I wish I were out of Calcutta ; especially this feeling comes upon me when in our town-house ; Calcutta is such a horrid place, socially and morally ; backbiting and scandal are in full swing. But the Garden, dear old Baugmaree, is free from every grievance, so quiet and peaceful ; I asked Papa which was the place he would like to live his days out in ; he

answered, 'Baugmaree or St. Leonards'; I quite agree with him.

As I am writing, I am taking a look now and then at *Villette*. I was just now quite amused at a description of M. Emanuel's bearing 'en classe'; it is like M. Boquel.

The Prince is at last home again in merry old England; the Princess boarded the *Osborne* with her children while the vessel was in the Solent. She must have been anxious about the Prince and quite happy to see him again.

Lord Lytton is gone up to Simla. He had been suffering severely from a bilious attack, but is recovered now, I believe.

I am at a loss how to finish the two pages which are remaining. I am very glad that Cambridge has won this time; also there only remains one victory of Oxford to pay. Cambridge, I know, will pay it next year and then the two Universities will be square.

I have no idea who that Bengali gentleman may be, whom you describe as a boating man; don't you know his name?

I liked your father's 'Address to a young lady' very much; it is very amusing.

Do you like the Misses Hall? We used to very much, when we were in Cambridge; they were such a nice quiet sort of girls and very handsome too; whom do you think the prettiest and whom do you like most? As for you, you are 'my friend'; do you know, since you sent me your last photo, you seem to me more 'like me'. I mean no disparagement; before, I looked quite too old to be a friend of yours, you looked so young and girlish; now there is a kind of *fellow-look* in your face, which pleases me much.

I must close my letter now, as I have really nothing to write about. I send you a few dried leaves from the creeper from which I take my name. Mamma sends you her love, as does Papa; our kindest regards to your father and mother, and best love to your dear self.

How carefully and neatly my letter begins and with what a scribble it ends! On inspection of the leaves, I'd better not send them; they are pitifully dried—shrivelled would be the word.

Baugmaree Garden House.

June 1, 1876.

I received your welcome letter about five days ago, and as to-morrow is mail-day I must try and write an answer to-day.

I shall gladly send you copies of any of the originals of my translations that you may like to compare with them. Several of 'Roland's' verses are very fairly done, though I say it myself, who should not, but I am afraid I have not been able to keep up the spirit of the original throughout. The 'Wolf' is one of Uncle Girish's favourites, but Papa and myself consider it very mediocre. 'The Rose and the Tomb' is, we (Papa and I) think, smooth and literal. Here is a translation of the same piece done some years ago by a Civil Servant, Mr. Hodgson :

With those bright tears of limpid dew,
Which on thy leaves each morn I view,
What dost thou, flower of beauty, do ?
One day demands a Tomb.

The Rose replies : In stilly night,
With those sweet tears of pearly white,
Are fed my flowers of rich delight,
That all around perfume !

And what awaits, demands the Rose,
Those at the eve of life's last close,
Who with their weight of sins and woes,
Are cast in thine abyss ?

All pass my portals, Death replies,
For every mortal being dies,
But from my womb they all arise,
Angels of love and bliss !

Which do you like best ? Do not flatter me, but say frankly which you like. I shall copy the original out also, so that you may compare both the translations with it :

La tombe dit à la rose :
— Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose
Que fais-tu, fleur des amours ?
La rose dit à la tombe :
— Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe
Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours ?

La rose dit : — Tombeau sombre,
 De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre
 Un parfum d'ambre et de miel.
 La tombe dit : — Fleur plaintive,
 De chaque âme qui m'arrive
 Je fais un ange du ciel !

The other pieces you mention are among the first I did. Here is the Principal of the Benares College (Griffith's) rendering of the Sanskrit lines which I have quoted in my book. He has translated the whole of the *Ramayana* :

The world may sunless stand, the grain
 May thrive without the genial rain,
 But if my Rama be not nigh,
 My spirit from its frame will fly.

To-day's telegram is that the Sultan of Turkey has been dethroned and his nephew is to reign as Sultan in his place. What does this ordering of the ten ironclads to Besica Bay mean ? Is England going to ' fight it out ' with Russia single-handed ? If there is a war, the seas will become unsafe for travelling.

We shall have to leave the Garden soon. There have been several preliminary showers and the rains will soon begin. A week ago there was such a thunderstorm. It began at 6 p.m., and lasted till three the next morning. The night was pitch dark, the sky was covered by thick black clouds. It was a sight worth seeing. The trees swung their boughs to and fro with a weird moaning sound, the rain fell in torrents ; suddenly a bright dazzling flash of lightning darted across the heavens in fiery zigzags, lighting up the gloom for one moment, then it became dark as ever, you could hardly see a yard before you, a loud peal of thunder followed, then other flashes and other peals. It was a tropical storm, a sort of cyclone, such as one would never dream of seeing in Europe. It was a grand sight.

So poor Mrs. Humphrey has broken her arm at the rink. I am sorry to hear this ; but her husband, being one of the best surgeons in England, has, I fervently hope, set it all right long ere this. We all liked Dr. Humphrey very much ; he was

so attentive and kind during dear Aru's severe illness at Cambridge.

I got a letter from Mrs. Cowell along with yours. Such a nice kind letter ! It seemed as if Mrs. Cowell had suddenly come before me in flesh and blood and talked with me in her warm impetuous way.

The papers are, as I said before, noticing the book more or less favourably. Nine newspapers in India have already noticed the book. I cut out the ' critiques ' and paste them in a book. The *Madras Standard* noticed the book very favourably and selected ' Napoléon le petit ' as a specimen.

The monkeys in our Garden have been exceedingly troublesome for the last few days. One, a very large one, five feet on its hind legs I should think, frightened one of our cats (May, a half-Persian) so much that the next day it gave birth prematurely to a dead kitten. Poor May was in such a plight ! She ran to me and then to her little dead kitten, licked it, and then looked up at me, mewling most piteously. Luckily she has got another kitten to-day and has evidently forgotten the dead one. The monkey would not run away, though Papa and I both threatened it with shouts and loud clapping of hands ! It sat bolt upright, grinning and showing its teeth in the most fierce manner. We were obliged to shut the door, and after a minute I saw it leap down to the ground and disappear among the trees. This morning I was in our dining-room (There ! just now as I write, I hear the cry of the monkeys, a deep ' Whoop ! whoop ! whoop ! ') playing with a cat. (The dining-room is the first room beginning with the right-hand side, which has a glass window, and which belongs to the second storey.) Well ! I was sitting in the dining-room, when all of a sudden I heard a loud step, descending the stairs leading to the third storey. I looked up. A black face was peering over the banisters at me ; I gave a startled cry of : ' Hunuman ! ' (that is the Bengali name for monkeys), and ran to our sitting-room. My voice frightened it and it fled. A quarter of an hour after, we saw five just under our windows ; some had young ones in their arms. They would not go off in spite of our threatening gestures, till at last I brought out Papa's revolver and pointed it, unloaded as it was,

as though I were going to shoot them, when they all scampered off in the greatest hurry. It is, in my opinion, very heartless to kill a monkey for the mere pleasure of using one's gun : the poor animals, when wounded, look so fearfully human in their agony, and in their vain efforts to staunch the blood of their wounds.

The weather is dreadfully hot now. Here go a few verses by the late Mr. Parker, B.C.S., which seem very appropriate and which exactly describe my own present sentiments. It is entitled:

CALCUTTA STANZAS

FOR MAY

Happy the man whose hair and beard
Are glittering stiff with ice and snow,
Whose purple face with sleet is sear'd,
His nose also.

Happy the man, whose fingers five
Seem to have left him altogether,
And feet are scarcely more alive
In wintry weather.

And happier he, who, heavenly cold,
From warmth and sunshine far away,
Lives, till his freezing blood grows old,
At Hudson's Bay.

He in a beauteous basin, wrought
Of frozen quicksilver, his feet
May lave in water down to nought
Of Fahrenheit.

The whole year round too, if he pleases,
Far from the sun's atrocious beams,
He may unbaked by burning breezes
Live on ice creams.

And if for comfort, or for pride,
He wants shirt, breeches, coat or vest ;
Let him but bathe, then step outside,
And, lo—he's drest,—

Drest in habiliments of ice,
More bright than those of old put on,
At royal birthdays, by the nice
Beau Skeffington.

Happy the man, again I sing,
Who thus can freeze his life away,
Far from this hot blast's blustering,
At Hudson's Bay.

Oh, that 'twere mine to be so blest,
For while my very bones are grilling,
The thoughts of such a place of rest
Are really thrilling.

Instead of jackets, I would wear
A coat of sleet, with snow lapelles,
Neatly embroidered here and there
With icicles.

Snow shoes should brace my burning feet,
And how I should enjoy a shiver,
While snow I'd drink, and snow I'd eat,
To cool my liver.

I'd tune my pipe by icy Hearne,
By frozen Coppermine I'd stroll,
And now and then, might take a turn
Towards the Pole.

But all in vain I sigh for lands,
Where happy cheeks with cold look blue,
While here, i' the shade, the mercury stands
At ninety-two.

June 2nd. Such a large fish has been caught by our coachman to-day. It is a *Roheet*, and is often called the Indian salmon. The one that has been angled to-day weighs fully twenty-five pounds. The other day, also, another was caught by our coachman, but it was smaller than the one of to-day; it weighed sixteen pounds only. Every morning for breakfast I have whitebait (that is, Indian whitebait) caught fresh from the tank. Sometimes we call in a fisherman, who, with his net, once caught a big eel from one of our tanks, and a large *Bata*, a very sweet-flavoured fish, somewhat like the English bream, besides some Indian whitebait. Our *Baylay* or sand-fish is very like the English whiting; it is highly relished by my countrymen, as it is considered a very clean fish, feeding only on sand, whence its name.

The mangoes are in full season now. How I wish I could send

you some from our garden ! Our Baugmaree mangoes are famous for flavour and beauty. A basketful is now before me, emerald green, or vermillion red, some beautiful and radiant with all the colours of the rainbow ; and oh, so delicious ! The *leechies* are over now, they are very short-lived ; one month, at the most, are they to be had at the shops.

Our new Bishop of Bombay is an Oxford man ; I think his name is Mylne, but I forget. He was consecrated only a few days ago to the See of Bombay in St. Paul's Cathedral, and has not yet left England. By the by, this reminds me of a certain German missionary of our ' *connaissance* ', who spells ' *abbey* ' with an ' *e* '—' *ebbey* '—and who, however, aspires, and even firmly hopes, to be created Bishop of Calcutta some time or other ! *Voilà ce que c'est que l'ambition !*

One morning last week, as I was trotting Jeunette up and down the walk (she had been out of work for two days), a dog crossed our path : Jeunette leaped aside and reared. Oh ! she looked so spirited and beautiful with her ' front hoofs poised in air '. I was a little taken by surprise by this sudden action of hers, but I was not a bit frightened, and quite as cool as ever. I continued trotting her till she quieted down. This coolness on my part raised our coachman's opinion of my presence of mind and courage a good deal.

Poontoo (the coachman) is rather afraid of horses when *out of harness* ; he keeps always at a respectful distance from a horse's hind-legs ! But he is a capital driver, and very careful in driving, using the whip rarely ; and he once broke a horse, known to be vicious, into single harness, after it had been given over as quite unmanageable by the cleverest horse-breakers. Papa bought the animal for a song, it was so perfect in form ; and by force of kindness and good management it became within a month the gentlest and the quietest horse ever seen. We sold it when we went to England, and it is still working hard under its present owner. Poontoo is a very old servant ; he came into Papa's service long before I was born : I think it is twenty-six years that he has been a coachman to Papa.

The Zoological Gardens of Calcutta are now open to the public, but they are far from being complete as yet. Its menagerie

at present consists of a jackal, an otter, a pair of leopards, a black bear, and a wild cat !

Five of Mamma's best hens were devoured by a wild cat a few nights ago. We did not see the animal, but by the foot-prints and the scratches of the claws on the ground we knew that it was a wild cat.

A young wild cat was caught several years ago ; it was so fierce one could not approach it ; at last one of our servants wrapt a blanket round his hand and arm and body, and so caught it. We kept it for some days in an iron cage, but it would not eat anything and moped so much that we were at last obliged to let it go free.

I am very glad to hear that you see Mary and Lizzie so often ; they are such nice girls. Reginald was a great favourite of my mother's. He is such a bright intelligent-looking boy. I hope the Misses Oakes are quite well, and their mother, kind Mrs. Oakes. Please give them my kindest regards when you see them.

Is Blanche A. L.'s younger sister ? Give my love to A. if she comes to see you. I have written three letters by this mail—one to your dear self, another to Mrs. Cowell, and another to M. Boquel. I enclose a small little flower ; it bears my own name, *Torulota* or Creeper-Toru, and I know you would be pleased with it. Please give our kindest regards to your father and mother, and Mamma's and my own love to your mother and yourself.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

June 26, 1876.

Your nice long letter of the 22nd May I received on Saturday, that is, the day before yesterday. I could not answer it sooner as I had just recovered from a slight attack of fever and felt very weak.

Your letter is very interesting indeed. Of course the Rama of Sita is the same whose name occurs in the Sanskrit couplet inserted among my notes. Do read *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, or even *The Iliad of the East*. I should so like to hear what you think of my country's legends and heroes and

heroines. I am glad to hear that you are enjoying the May gaieties of Cambridge.

As for the state of demoralization of English society, I shall neither be surprised at nor afraid of it. Calcutta is a very sink of iniquity. Not only among the Hindus (in the midst of whom there are many respectable and nice people), but even among the Bengali Christians, the *moral* is so execrable. And the saddest thing is, that Hindus have a very bad idea of Christianity and only think it a cloak which some people take to commit under its cover a multitude of sins. But let me stop here; the manners of Bengali Christian Society (with a very few exceptions) are such as would sadden the merriest heart and dishearten the most hopeful.

Did I ever tell you about the Syrian gentleman on board our vessel when we were coming to India? He only spoke French, and knew English very imperfectly indeed. Well, one day, dinner was over, and the dessert had just been put on the table; he helped himself to some fruit; and as the steward in taking away his plate asked him if he would take 'anything else, sir?' he answered 'Nothing', but he pronounced it 'Nutton'. The next minute the steward (a little surprised at the request) brought him a plateful of roast mutton and potatoes! Our Syrian was a good deal taken aback; but as he saw that explanations would only make matters worse, he contented himself with muttering below his breath, in a sad desponding manner, 'Est-ce là qu'on appelle "nothing"?'?

You are indignant at the way some Anglo-Indians speak of India and her inhabitants. What would you think if you read some of the Police reports which appear in the Indian daily papers? I shall tell you of a case which I read some months ago, and which impressed me then very much. I do not remember the details, but I shall tell you all that I can remember about it. Several soldiers went out for a holiday, having their guns with them. In a village they chanced to spy some peacocks, and they began shooting at them. The birds were the property of a Bengali farmer; of course he protested. He was told to 'be off and be ——!' He called his neighbours. From words they came to blows; one soldier was severely beaten; the

others decamped, leaving *nine* Bengalis *dead* and some seven Bengalis wounded. The case was brought before the magistrate; and what do you think his judgement was? The villagers were fined each and all; the soldiers acquitted: 'natives should know how precious is the life of one British soldier in the eyes of the British Government——.'

Yesterday a horse of one of our neighbours was struck with heat apoplexy. It had been taken out to exercise in the afternoon (when it was very hot), and when it came home the groom turned it into the stall without dressing or cooling the tired animal. The consequence was it rushed madly out of its stall and fell in a neighbouring tank (or pond), just behind our house. After a great deal of trouble it was got out. I saw it this morning from the roof of our house. Poor animal! It had been left lying on the damp mud, behind the owner's stable, with not a single man nigh to allay its sufferings. Isn't this cruel and inhuman? After some twelve hours it was lifted up by bamboo props (and a free use of the lash and administration of buckets of cold water into its nostrils and eyes!) and conveyed inside the stable. It is a Waler, that is, an Australian horse. I do not think that it will live. Jeunette and Gentile are well and in excellent condition. Jeunette is very fond of bread; she would follow me about anywhere in the hope of getting some. Gentile prefers sugar cane and other sweet things. They have just thrown off their winter coats and are now sleek and 'satin-skinned' in their new summer ones. I wish you could see them!

Papa was telling me of some of the events of the Mutiny of 1857, the other evening. I was only a year old then. Papa and my uncles enrolled themselves as volunteers, and each bought a gun, the first they had ever handled. He remembers one evening, at some entertainment at Government House, as he was going up the broad staircase, the sort of 'saisissement' he felt as he looked in at the large hall, where a small English guard was going through the evolutions, 'Shoulder-arms!' &c. We had an old Sikh porter, who had formerly been a soldier. It was he who first brought us the news of the outbreak at Barrackpore. We were at that time in the Garden.

When questioned about it he used to shake his grey head and say sadly, 'Ah! the English have mismanaged the whole affair! If they had explained and smoothed away the matter, all would have been well. But now—they have all gone' (meaning the Indian troops), 'all gone! the best, the bravest, the strongest!'

27th. The poor horse over the way! During the night it had somehow or other got out of the stable, and is now lying in the mud, all covered with dirt, and with not even a kindly hand near to frighten away the crows which come to pick its quivering flesh! The eyes are very intelligent still. When it hears the pawing of its stable companions in their stalls it turns a wistful eye towards the stable, as if it longed to get in there. It should have been shot, and put out of this misery. It is sad to see it lift its head as if to rise; then, seeing the attempt vain, let it fall hopelessly on the ground. It was a fine animal, of a dark grey almost turning to black. Australian horses suffer very much from the heat; hundreds die of congestion and sunstrokes during the hot season of Calcutta. The stud-breds are more inured to the climate, being born and bred in India. If the horse, which is now dying, had been properly and kindly treated from the first day of its illness, it *might* have lived.

You see we have removed from the Garden to our town house. The reason is, the rains have commenced. To-day it rained in the middle of the day, and so the late afternoon has turned out cool and fine. It pours continually for weeks sometimes. I was very sorry to leave the Garden; I used so to enjoy exercising Jeunette and Gentile.

We shall be going to Baugmaree again at the end of the rains, that is, in the beginning of November.

I have not read much lately. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been my only solace for the last week. I was reading an article on Baron Stockmar's book, by Saint-René Taillandier. A very ably-written article it is, and gives you the whole of the Stockmar memoirs in a condensed and interesting form, truly delightful.

The papers say that Lord Lytton will resign and return to England by the end of the next year. It is said that he thinks India is very unhealthy. He has been suffering from constant bilious complaints since he has gone to Simla. He liked Barrackpore pretty well when he was there, for he wrote in a telegram to Lady Lytton that he found the above-mentioned place very charming indeed, just like an English country seat.

We were so amused the other day with reading in the *Illustrated London News* that the Prince of Wales created 'Bullen', 'Smith,' 'Degember,' 'Mitter,' as Companions of the Order of the Star of India. 'Bullen-Smith' is *one* gentleman, and not two, as 'Bullen', 'Smith' would seem to imply, and 'Degember Mitter' is ditto! By the by, we saw Babu Degember Mitter to-day as we were taking our morning drive at five o'clock.

The afternoons now turn out generally wet and cloudy, so I am going to take my drives in the morning instead of the evening. I got up at half-past three this morning to be ready for my drive before five. The morning was cool and fine, and I enjoyed the fresh air very much. I wish you were with me, bowling smoothly along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, with the fresh breeze blowing in your face, and Jeunette's and Gentille's wavy black manes glancing in the sun, just visible if you lean forward to look at them. The streets were very quiet; not a soul, except the policemen, was to be seen.

Where shall you go this summer? To the Lakes again? I am sure you would enjoy a trip to the Continent, and who knows if you venture as far as Italy that you might not embark at Brindisi, and just lengthening your voyage a little come to Calcutta! Ah! dear, I long to see you again. I feel a little lonely sometimes. In England life was so much more active and free; here, on the contrary, I lead a rather solitary and sedentary life, but not in the least do I feel it dull, *au contraire*, it is a quiet peaceful sort of life.

28th. The poor horse is dead. I am glad it is out of its misery at last, for the way it was maltreated by the wretches (I mean the grooms) was simply atrocious.

One of our relations, a second cousin of mine, is going to England very soon ; I think he starts on the 11th of next month. He is a very studious lad ; his parents are poor and with a large family. He studied hard and has won the Gilchrist scholarship, which provides for him for life as it were. All Gilchrist scholars have to go to England ; the funds left by Dr. Gilchrist provide them with money for the passage and for expenses in England. They have to study five years in either the University of London or that of Edinburgh, and then to choose a profession for themselves. This relation is a Hindu, so is his family ; there will be a sad break-up of their home circle when the boy goes away.

I am keeping house alone to-day. Papa has gone out and Mamma has gone to see my grandfather and grandmother. She will not return till late in the evening, and I don't expect Papa till four in the afternoon.

Our Sanskrit is going on rather slowly. It is a difficult language and it takes one a long time to master it thoroughly.

29th. I have just returned from my morning drive. I got out of the carriage and walked a little on the Maidan ; but I had to get in the barouche again, as one feels very soon warm and perspiring in this hot weather.

Papa brought yesterday some French books for me. Among them are two volumes of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries de Lundi*. They are standard works, and I have read extracts from them in various books. I am sure I shall enjoy reading the *Causeries* ; you know of course that they are principally critical essays on French prose-writers and poets, in the style of Lord Macaulay's essays.

It is very hot to-day, though there was a heavy shower last evening.

There was rather an interesting letter in the *Daily News* yesterday on the superstitions concerning natural history which prevail among the peasantry of Bengal. The bears are said to be born thus : the she-bear vomits clots of blood, which are subsequently hatched, shapen, and developed into perfect animals by the warmth of the mother's body. The

porcupine is regarded as an animal of ill omen, and a quill stuck in the thatched roof of a hut is considered sufficient to ensure domestic discord. The common water-snake, the most harmless of all Indian ophidians, is said to be extremely venomous on certain days—Friday for instance. A curious story is attached to the green tree-snake, known in India as the *nowdanka*. It is said that after biting a person the snake ascends to the topmost branch of the loftiest tree in the neighbourhood, and there establishes a look-out and refuses to descend until he beholds the curling wreaths of smoke from the funeral pyre of his victim. Those who are acquainted with this feature in the habits of the animal proceed to light a fire in the neighbourhood the moment anybody is bitten, and with the descent of the snake abate also the baneful consequences of its bite, and the patient recovers. Another most popular belief is that the tiger is always attended by an animal, called a *phao* (but which I take to be nothing else than a superannuated jackal, whose dismal and solitary howls may often be heard in the outskirts of our own city), ‘a kind of nasty awkward customer who is always getting into the tiger’s way and warning off his intended victims.’ My aunt had a maid-servant, whose sister, with three children, were bitten by a *nowdanka*. She was personally present at the funeral rites of her sister, who was quite dead, as well as two of the children bitten; but the third, a little girl, had a spark of life in her. My aunt’s maid-servant asserted that she saw with her own eyes the serpent descend from a cocoanut palm. The girl survived, she said, but the mother and the two other children were too long dead to revive. The serpent, I believe, was caught, put in an earthen vessel, the opening of which was shut and sealed, and was thus committed to the bosom of the Ganges to sink or swim as it pleased the goddess of the river, Ganga. Sometimes at nights we have heard in our own Garden the weird cry of the *phao*. The howl is quite distinct from that of the jackal, and can be recognized at once. One of our servants, newly arrived from his native place, hearing the *phao*, immediately said, a little frightened, that ‘some tiger must be near, for there was the *phao*’.

Our bishopric seems to be going a-begging. Nobody apparently will take it. The Rev. Mr. Milman, a cousin of our late Bishop, is said to have refused the offered See; so has another reverend gentleman, I forget his name. Everybody seems to be afraid of the climate of Calcutta.

Have you read Victor Hugo's grand speech in the French Assembly for the release of the French communists? I should like to read it in the original.

My little cousin, Varûna, came the other day to see us. He has got a new brother and is of course a little jealous of the 'baby', with whom his Mamma is consistently occupied. Varûna is so interesting. I wish you could hear him sing 'Ock-of-Ages cleft fo' me' (Rock of Ages cleft for me), slowly and in a solemn way keeping excellent time, with his small hands clasped behind his back (great Napoleon fashion), and walking about with small quick strides.

I must stop now. Thank you again for your very interesting letter; mine seems insipid and dull beside yours, but I live so like a recluse.

Papa's and Mamma's and my own kindest regards to your father and mother, and their love to you. Best love to your dear self from me.

PS. I send you some flowers picked from our garden. Unfortunately they have lost their vivid purple colour in the process of drying.

12, Manicktollah Street,
Calcutta.

(No date, probably July 1876.)

I was very glad indeed to receive your nice long letter of the 30th May. It was quite an unexpected pleasure. Dear, how good you are to treasure up my good-for-nothing letters; they do not deserve to be made so much of; yours are *very* precious to me.

As I have nothing new to write about, I shall comply with your desire and copy out fragments from the notices of my book, which have appeared in the Indian papers. The *Englishman* says: 'There is evidence of rare ability, promise of great achievements, in this volume of poetry by a young Bengali lady. To expect translations made from one foreign language

into another by one so young, as we understand Miss Toru Dutt to be, would be to expect a miracle. Yet, there are pieces in the work before us, which, though they must have presented considerable difficulties to the translator, are almost perfect. "To Pepa" from Alfred de Musset, is one of these, and the concluding sonnet shows not only true poetic feeling but an artistic touch and delicacy of finish, which would do credit to a much older poetess writing in her mother tongue. Miss Dutt's metre often limps, her grammar is not always faultless, and her expressions are sometimes quaint or tame. But faults of this kind were inevitable; and it is in the highest degree creditable to her that they are not more frequent. If the translations were arranged in the order in which they were written, they would probably show a rapid progressive improvement in all these respects. The last piece in the book, a sonnet, which, from its subject, we take to be also the latest in point of time, is faultless' (then follows concluding sonnet, 'À mon père'). 'The other piece to which we have referred is hardly less successful, though in a totally different style.' (Then follows 'To Pepa'.)

The *Friend of India* says: 'We cannot pretend to have read the whole of this volume, but we have dipped into it here and there in leisure moments and have never seen reason to change the opinion formed from the first few snatches, that it deserves very high commendation. It contains a hundred and sixty-five translations in verse from French authors, besides a dedication and concluding sonnet. The versification is generally good, and the translations, we believe, intelligent and faithful. We might have dismissed the volume without further remark, had it been the work of an Englishwoman, as we could easily have believed it to be; but what would have been ordinary commendation, in the case of an Englishwoman, becomes very high praise, when we state that the lady who gathered this *Sheaf* is a native of this country, and that this Bengalee lady has given us a really good book of translations from French poets in highly creditable English verse. Those who have seen the *Dutt Family Album* are aware of the taste and talent for poetry that characterize the family, and we cordially commend

to their attention the present volume by a young lady of that family. The lady was, we understand, educated in Europe, but that fact, though it may lessen our surprise at the excellence of her workmanship, does not detract from the very high praise that is justly due to her. We take the book as a good omen for the future of women in India. We have been told that the fair sex in India is gifted, not only with a strong love of poetry but also with a love for poetical composition, and that in some parts of the country the women are the song and ballad makers of the districts. When child marriage is abolished, and young girls are properly educated, and woman once more assumes her rightful position in India, we may expect that the influence of the sex on literature, and through literature, on the elevation and refinement of the people, will be great indeed. We trust Miss Toru Dutt's high example will not be without effect on her countrymen, and we trust the book will be widely circulated among native gentlemen, that they may see what education may do for their wives and daughters.'

The *Indian Charivari* writes thus: 'I should like to draw your attention to a little volume of poems called *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*. It is a series of translations by a Miss Toru Dutt. But for the name of the author I should not have dreamed that it was the production of a native of this country. The versions are most graceful, and show a knowledge both of English and French which would not disgrace the most polished of British-born translators. Miss Dutt seems specially to enter into the spirit of Béranger; witness her version of "My Vocation":

Le bon Dieu me dit :
Chante, pauvre petit.

I recommend every one to procure a copy of this new addition to the *Lays of Ind.*'

Mark that I did not send a copy of my book to the editor of the *Indian Charivari*, and I think it very good of him to notice the book so kindly, merely from reading about it in other Indian papers. The only little funny mistake in the notice was that 'Toru' was printed with a 'Z'—Zoru. Are

you tired or shall I go on with a few more notices? The *Madras Standard* says: '*A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* is a title of a volume published in Calcutta, containing translations in English of various French authors, most of whom are familiar to students of French literature. Toru Dutt, a member of a well-known literary family in Calcutta, has furnished in this volume to English readers some of the brightest efforts of the French muse in a neat, elegant, and attractive English dress. The poets of France, whose compositions she has translated, are many, from Leconte de Lisle, a creole born in Mauritius, to that noble and eccentric genius, Victor Hugo. There are one hundred and sixty-six translations in the volume, and Toru Dutt has contrived to give the spirit and the life of the originals in a remarkably successful manner. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, we give in another column her version of Victor Hugo's famous poetic satire, "Napoléon le petit".'

Lastly I shall take the notice of the *Bengalee* and then I shall stop. 'There were learned ladies, like *Gargi*, *Khona*, and *Lilabati* in ancient and mediaeval India. But from the dark days of Mohammedan invasion, ignorance and seclusion became the lot of woman in this country. It is only of late that people have come to perceive the necessity of educating her; and though very little has yet been done to improve her mind, some result of the intellectual movement has already become perceptible. Some Bengali ladies have betaken themselves to the field of literature, and written poems and dramas of considerable merit in their native tongue. But Miss Toru Dutt has not only surpassed them all, but has shown a culture very rare even amongst our best-educated men. The *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* which she has presented to us is an octavo volume of 284 pages, containing poetical pieces mostly translated from modern French writers. The extensive knowledge she displays, and the command she shows over the English tongue, appear to us simply marvellous when we learn that the accomplished authoress is yet in her teens. Miss Toru Dutt belongs to a family distinguished for its literary talents, the Dutt family of Rambagan, in this city. Her father, Babu Govin

Chunder Dutt, is the editor of the *Dutt Family Album*, and she resided with him for some years in England and learned French while she was in France. Occasional quotations and references in the book under review show that she has some knowledge of German and Sanskrit. We doubt whether there is any young man of her age in this country who has learnt so much. The work of translation has been so well done that the spirit of poetry breathes through every line. While the original has been followed very closely, there is no slavish adherence to the letter at the sacrifice of the true spirit of song. The following extract will show that we have not exaggerated the beauty of the translation.' (Then follows Victor Hugo's 'The Ocean, an address to the people'; afterwards the notice continues :) 'The authoress appears to be endowed with no mean poetical powers. We hope she will try to write original poetry in her native tongue, and following the footsteps of the greatest poet of the Dutt Family, Michael M. S. Dutt, enrich our vernacular literature with the wealth of her contributions. In a note at the end of the volume, the authoress adds, "the pieces signed A. are by her dear and only sister Aru, who fell asleep in Jesus, on the 23rd July, 1874, at the early age of twenty years." To show what loss our country has sustained by the premature death of this accomplished lady, we give below one of the pieces, to which her initial is attached.' ('The Captive to the Swallows.')

Now, dear, I hope you have had quite enough of it. You see I have become quite a public character, like L. E. L. or Mrs. Hemans!

The M. S. Dutt mentioned in the last notice is not related to us in any way, though the critic seems to think so. I have only taken notices from some of the papers, to give you an idea of the criticisms that have been written on the *Sheaf*. To-day is mail-day, but I do not expect any letter from you, as I received one by the last mail.

I am adding some more translations to the *Sheaf* and revising it, in case there should be a second edition; for Mr. Knight, the bookseller, told us the *Sheaf* was in great demand, and that he had received several orders.

Last week there was a great storm with thunder and lightning ; one house was struck, two persons were killed and part of the house was destroyed.

To-day there has been some rain in the early morning ; then the sky cleared up, but it is looking cloudy and threatening again. The thunder peals so loudly that the houses are shaken to their foundations, and the flashes of lightning are blinding.

I am now reading articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* ; the more I read this periodical, the more I like it. The articles are very ably written and the style is beautiful ; I never tire of reading the magazine.

Aru's pet canary died the other day : I buried it under an arbour in our small back garden. Poor thing, it had been suffering from asthma for the last few days. I am sorry for it. Now there are only two left of the thirteen birds we brought from England, a canary and a goldfinch.

A skating-rink has been opened here since yesterday. I have not been to see it, nor do I think I ever shall.

I was very sorry to hear from Mr. Clifford, a Cambridge man and a friend of ours, that Mrs. Babington¹ has been suffering very much from some affection of her spine, that she is unable to get up, and that there is scarcely any hope that she will ever rise from her bed of illness. Poor lady ! We used to know her very well indeed in Cambridge, and we all feel very sorry for her. By the by, how is the Orphanage that she planned and instituted getting on ? There was a very interesting little inmate of this Orphanage, whom we all used to pet, little Bertie. I wonder if she is still there.

I heard from Mr. Clifford that Mr. Jones (who occupied the ground-floor rooms at Mrs. Baker's while we were at Regent House, and whom and whose family I am sure you have not forgotten), is going from Ceylon for good. Mrs. Jones has been very poorly since they have left England, and it is her delicate state of health that obliges Mr. Jones to leave his mission work

¹ The wife of the late Charles C. Babington, of Cambridge, Professor of Botany, who died in 1895. He was author of the *Manual of British Botany*, now in the fourth edition. His widow died in 1919.

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and return to Europe. Their daughter, Jenny, is now with them in Ceylon.

The day before yesterday there was a very interesting letter in the papers from the Captain of the *Alabama* (I think that is the name of the steamer), which was nearly wrecked, but which, thanks to the efficiency of its captain, reached Bombay in a broken state, it is true, but with no lives lost. The Captain, George Hamlyn, we knew very well indeed. He was Captain of the *Arabia*, in which steamer we returned to Calcutta from Bombay. He is a very religious, and grave, serious man. He used to be very fond of us, especially of our brother, with whom he used often to play chess. I speak of things that happened twelve years ago. His letter is so graphic and modest, yet so terrible in its simplicity.

The ship sprang a leak, and they encountered stormy weather for two days; they gave up all hope, for the water increased in the hold, overflowed into the engine rooms, and so of course the engines became useless.

Baguette, my first favourite cat, is come to interrupt me, and divert my attention; her name is derived from *Bdg*, which means a tiger in Bengali. You know that the Bengalis say that cats are the aunts of tigers, because of the resemblance that a cat bears to a tiger.

There is a sort of serpent in India, very harmless, but which the Bengalis say suck the milk of cows from their udders, winding themselves round the animal's hind-legs in order to keep it still, for of course the cow fidgets, and gets restless. I do not know if this is true, but naturalists say that the serpents are unable to suck, by the formation of their mouths. . . .

I have nothing to write about, so please, dear, excuse this scrawl. Mamma's and Papa's kindest regards to your father and mother, and their love to you. With best love to your darling self from me.

12, Manicktollah Street, Calcutta.

July 15, 1876.

Your very interesting and welcome letter I have just received. I was going to write to you when I received your letter, so

I shall answer it at once. I do not know of any French book of rules for composition both in poetry and prose. I once lighted upon the name of a book, such as you want, in one of Hachette & Co's catalogues ; if I chance to find it out again, I shall tell you the title. Here is a French translation of the ' Hindu wife to her husband ' from the *Dutt Family Album*, by one of my friends, le Chevalier de Châtelain. I give it, because I think you will like to read it :

Pour des yeux étrangers, oh ! non, je ne me pare
De bijoux précieux—lumineux comme un phare !
Ni pour les yeux d'autrui n'entasse les splendeurs
De mes longs vêtements aux si riches couleurs,
Ne souhaite non plus que se soit vu mon sourire
Par tout autre que toi—que toi seul que j'admire.

Sans les plaisirs du monde, on me dit que mon sort
Est triste, est archi-triste, équivaut à la mort ;
Comme un oiseau captif qu'à gémir condamnée
De ce vaste univers je suis l'abandonnée,
Et que les diamants, que l'esprit, la beauté,
Enfouis à jamais, ne valent jours d'été !

Oui, l'on me dit aussi qu'en un festin assise
Être le point de mire est une chose exquise,
Que de trôner suprême est le bonheur parfait,
Que là seul est la vie, et son plus grand attrait !
Que se poser enfin la plus belle des belles
Est le plaisir des Dieux n'ayant de parallèles !

Oh ! loin qu'un tel avis ait accès dans mon cœur,
Je le repousse ainsi qu'on repousse une erreur !
Pour moi je la méprise, et la danse et la foule,
De ces plaisirs mondains me préserve la houle !
Comme une reine heureuse, avec simplicité,
Aux seuls miens je m'impose, avec bénignité !

Pour aller d'autres yeux guigner les étincelles,
Dans leur triste logis, à leurs foyers, ces belles
N'ont elles su goûter le charme de la paix
Et d'un chaste bonheur les séduisants attraits,
D'admirateurs nouveaux pour s'en aller en quête,
Et chercher sans vergogne en faire la conquête.

Pour toi, mon seul amour, je porte ces bijoux,
 Pour toi seul, mon aimé, pour toi, mon cher époux,
 Un gentil mot de toi,—de toi, cher ! que tant j'aime
 Est le roi des plaisirs, fait mon bonheur suprême.
 A toi seul mon sourire et mon plus doux regard,
 Le trop-plein de mon cœur—de mon amour le nard !

You must know that the Chevalier de Châtelain is the well-known translator of several of Shakespeare's plays, of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and many other poetical works.

The short legends at the commencement of F. Richardson's *Iliad of the East* all belong to the *Ramayana*, which epic poem contains in the original Sanskrit many such episodes, in no way relating to the chief subject of the poem.

I know the hymn you mention, I have never heard it sung in choir ; the air is, as you well say, splendid, and in full choir it must be something magnificent.

Serpents generally prefer warm and sunny corners ; Heber says :

Child of the sun, he loves to lie
 'Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder in the gate of death !

Some parts of your letter have gladdened my heart so much, dear, that I read them over and over again. How good you are ! By my last I told you in detail, what the papers were saying about my book. Only one notice has appeared since then. The *Calcutta Quarterly Review* says : 'A collection of charmingly light and tasteful translations from French Lyrics, selected from the works of Béranger, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, and other poets. The translator is, we understand, a young Bengali lady, but she uses the English language with all the facility and grace of a skilled English writer, and we cannot but conclude that she has received much of her education in Europe. In any case, however, this book of short poems is a most interesting and pleasing one—pleasing by its intrinsic beauties, and interesting as showing the high degree of natural

taste, improved by culture and refinement, that may be found amongst the daughters of the country.'

I think I shall give up Sanskrit. It is *very* difficult, and the grammatical rules are legion, and so minute. We have finished the three parts of the *Riju-Pât*, and we are now going to begin *Sakuntala* by Kalidasa. Have you ever read it in any translation, and do you know the story? It is a charmingly written drama. One of my cousins is called Sakuntala after the heroine. The Bengalis are very fond of the name. *Sita* is a name which no Bengali will give to his daughter, because Sita was so unfortunate and had suffered very much. It is an unlucky name.

I have had another attack of fever a few days ago, it is only since yesterday that I have come downstairs. We went to drive this morning at 4.45 a.m. We got down on the Maidan to take a walk, but we had hardly gone a quarter of a mile when it commenced raining, so we got into our carriage again.

I feel very complimented indeed that you call your doves by my horses' names; I am glad you like the names—I am sorry to hear that the cock dove has flown away, but it has been so long in your house that I think it may return.

Jeunette and Gentile are doing exceedingly well. Gentile is the better trotter, she can do her fourteen or sixteen miles within the hour in capital style; Jeunette is good at a gallop, she would have made a splendid riding-mare; she is a grand jumper, there is nothing, I believe, that she couldn't climb or clear; once she got loose in Baugmaree, and the way she cleared the tall fences was beautiful; she never touched them even with her hoof, but leapt clean over; she must have been taught before, I think, by her trainer.

Papa has hired a piano again for me, as I was getting out of practice. This is a beautiful instrument and quite new. I shall do nothing to-day till I have finished this letter, for the mail leaves on Tuesday and this is Saturday.

From the first of this month, the postal arrangements have been altered a little, and the charges have been lessened; now a letter not exceeding $\frac{1}{4}$ an ounce costs only six annas, formerly

it was eight annas. The charges too for newspapers and parcels have been decreased.

Here is a small police case which appeared in yesterday's papers. A magistrate sent out for an afternoon airing, in charge of a boy, four or five amiable dogs, who seem to have been taught by him to snarl and bite at everything that comes in their way. During their promenade, they saw an old woman's goat, and flew at it straightway and worried it almost to death. A lad (a Bengali schoolboy, of some seventeen years), generous and brave, rescued the goat, and hit one of the dogs so, in the struggle, that it died. He was told by the dog-keeper that they were the dogs of the Magistrate-Sahib ; our spirited boy said, he would go himself to the Magistrate, and tell him about the affair ; so he did. Well, what do you think he received ; commendation, praise, for his pluck in fighting with five dogs, for his humanity in saving a poor old woman's goat (on which she depended for her livelihood) from being worried ? Nothing of the sort. He received sentence of three weeks' imprisonment with hard labour. The unjust, nay, the unlawful sentence was confirmed by the Sessions Judge. The High Court emphatically reversed it, that is true, but it was too late, for the boy had suffered the term of imprisonment awarded him already. The Magistrate, Joint Magistrate, and Sessions Judge were of course all Europeans. The papers are speaking against this crying, scandalous shame ; the Magistrate and the Sessions-Judge ought to be dismissed for so monstrous a perversion of the law. Imagine the row that would have been made in England at a Magistrate sending a boy to the treadmill under such circumstances.

Calcutta has no Bishop even yet ; the *Daily News* had some funny verses on the subject a few days ago by a correspondent.

' Conference of eminent divines in London.'

First eminent divine loq. :

' Although I love all heathen souls
Far more than I can utter,
They can't expect me in such
A climate as Calcutta.

Second ditto :

'Salisbury tried it on with me ;
Said I, " My lord, no butter
Of course can draw me to a town
Unhealthy as Calcutta." '

Third ditto :

' Well, for my part, ' a third was heard,
Full dubiously to mutter,
' I'd like the pay, but lack-a-day !
Just fancy hot Calcutta. '

Fourth ditto :

' Well, I'll be honest and say out
I'd rather have a hut, a
Little hut in England, than
A palace in Calcutta. '

Chorus of eminent divines :

' We'd all be glad to go, but then,
Since life at best is but a
Span, we fear to risk it by
A sojourn in Calcutta. '

My maternal uncle is ill with the fever, so Mamma has gone to see him to-day.

I do not correspond with Miss Ada Smith ; I only wrote a letter to her when I sent her my *Sheaf* which Papa had promised her, and got a nice answer in return. She is somewhat older than I am, thirty or thereabouts. She seems to like Amritsar pretty well.

Our relation who is going to England has been unavoidably delayed. He does not start till the 25th. Pity he is not going to Cambridge, as then he would have been soon acquainted with our friends there, who would have been able to help him a little.

There's Papa calling out to me to rest a *little* before the Pundit comes !

I have found out the name of the book I mentioned in the commencement of my letter : it is *Traité de versification française* ; I have not seen the book myself, so I cannot give my opinion on it ; the title seems to indicate the book to be such as will suit you. But I think the better plan is to do away with

all 'traités' and rules, except of course the very essential ones, and only read the French poets, enter into their spirit, understand and appreciate them thoroughly, see how they manage their rhymes, metres, idioms, &c. I can recommend to you several good French poets, modern or ancient, but you must not read *all* their poetry, for they are sometimes very loose and vulgar. Lamartine is always to be trusted. Victor Hugo's poems have nothing *very* bad in them, as far as I know, though there are a few rather bad ones; his recent works are better. Then there is Béranger, but you must be very particular about reading his *good* ones, for he and Musset, though both were greatly talented and full of genius, are often, sad to say, immoral. Vigny, too, is not always what his *Moïse* would seem to indicate. His *Le Cor* is splendid. Then there is a host of rising and living poets, first of whom is Theuriet, then there is Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, Augier, Autran, &c.

As I am writing to you it is raining, 'For the rain it raineth every day' here now.

Dear, your letters are such a comfort. The 23rd July is indeed a sad anniversary for us; the 9th too of July, for my brother, Abju, fell asleep in the Lord on that date in 1865. How hard it seems sometimes, but we have our hope in Christ: what should we become without His blessed promise of the life eternal? There we shall see them again. We were reading this morning the fifteenth chapter of the 1st Corinthians. It is a beautiful chapter, isn't it?

I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, for by the time this letter reaches you, it will be the 21st August. I wish I could tell you all that passes through my mind, when I think about you and our friendship, face to face; I wish I could congratulate you on your birthday in person. But, dear Mary, though we may never meet again here below, we shall meet again in our eternal home. At times, when at night I cannot sleep, I think of you, of the pleasant intercourse we have had together, of your bright face and sunny smile, and then I long to see you again; sometimes, I think the best thing to be done is to sell off the Garden, at any cost, and go off to England. But that cannot well be accomplished. I shall write to you often,

merely for the sake of writing to you, and getting your dear good letters. I feel so much better after reading them : it brings back our pleasant former life so vividly before me.

The Pundit has just gone after giving us our lesson, so I have taken up my writing again.

Do you know that hymn, beginning with the words : ' Toss'd with rough winds and faint with fear ? ' It is a very beautiful little piece and was often sung in St. Paul's Church. The air too is very pretty. I sometimes sing it, for I am not allowed to sing often, and even when Papa does permit me, he adds that I must sing very gently, Papa is so careful ! I tell him, he should keep me under a glass case, for I am not half so delicate as he makes me out to be, or as he is afraid that I am. He says we must go to Europe for my health's sake ; and the slightest cool breeze makes him order me to wrap something about me ! I told him laughingly that I would not go to England for the life he'd lead me there ! what with the wraps and flannels and no going out when it should become a little cold !

The worst of Calcutta is that it is so damp. The atmosphere is sultry and yet moist and damp. I am perspiring, but I am afraid to open the window, because of the wet atmosphere.

We shall not be very sorry to lose our present Lieutenant-Governor ; he is not at all an energetic sort of man. I do not know who his successor will be. The *Daily News* said to-day that Sir John Strachey is likely to succeed our Governor-General and Viceroy when Lord Lytton retires, which he will do by the end of next year, as his health has been suffering very much since he has come out to India.

The rink, which has been opened only a few days, attracts a great many people. I have not seen it, nor ever shall.

Do Mary and Lizzie Hall attend any of the lectures ? Lizzie used to attend the German, French, and Latin lectures. Mary used to go to the two first ones, and instead of the Latin, she used to attend the lectures of Dr. Garrett on harmony.

I am now reading *Maître Gaspard Fix* by Erckmann-Chatrian. It is a well-written book enough, but not in his usual vein ; it is a tale of the *coup d'état* of the late Emperor Napoleon.

We have sent for two books from Hachette & Co. by this

mail, namely, an illustrated edition of Hugo's *Les Misérables* and a new work, *Son Excellence M. Eugène Rougon*, by M. Zola. The latter work treats of the flourishing days of the Second Empire ; we saw a review of it in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which interested me very much. I have been reading lately Pusey's *Commentary on the Minor Prophets*. I liked that on Hosea exceedingly.

There ! Jeunette and Gentile have just finished their evening pittance. I must stop one minute to go and give them some dainties, bread or sugar-cane. They are so handsome, my horses ! I wish I could show them to you ! I ordered the grooms to take off their blankets, and such sleek, shining coats, such beautiful proportions, were displayed to my delighted eyes ! It reminded me of a picture in one of my 'Horse' books, entitled 'Unclothing the beauties of the stud'.

I am glad you are getting warmer weather now ; I remember you never could like the cold weather, or a fall of snow.

M. Boquel has not written to me yet ; I suppose he will as soon as he receives mine.

I should not like to live in that drawing-room at Regent House. The dining-room with its bay-window looking towards Parker's Piece was very comfortable and cheerful, but the drawing-room ! No fire on earth could make it warm and comfortable. It was such a chilly room, I suppose because it was rather large ; the piano used to be kept there and of course we were obliged to practise, but our fingers used to be quite benumbed and stiff !

The fall in the price of silver is the general topic now in Calcutta. Newspapers are full of the subject. I do not take much interest in it. A new Municipal Act has been passed which dictates that the members of the Calcutta Municipality are henceforth to be elected by the ratepayers. So elections are going on, but the general public does not seem to take great interest in the subject, as only as yet some hundred and fifty persons have applied to be qualified as electors in the eighteen wards of Calcutta.

The Zoological Gardens of Calcutta are not advancing much, as to the menagerie : a fox, an otter, a few birds, that is all.